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GREECE AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE eyes of all the world are now turned toward the Greeks. Among the great peoples of Europe they are a feeble folk, the mere remnant of an ancient greatness. In despite of the practical judgment of those who are wise after the wisdom of this world, and in defiance of the restraint of the strong, they have entered their protest against a wrong to their race and to humanity, and have registered their self-assertion, even at the hazard of war and in the face of tremendous odds. The little Greek nation, like a tender shoot sprung up from the root of a grand old tree long since hewn down, had encouraged the hopes of a new life; but practical arboriculture is pitiless of sentiment. In the court of worldly wisdom, sentiment and patriotism find no other sympathy than that the Theban elders meted out to Antigone and her impulse of duty: "For now the light of hope had shone above the last root of (Edipus's house, but now again the bloody pruning-knife of the nether gods slashes it down, — yea, folly of word and frenzy of mind." ¹

The practical politician and the practical diplomat are of the same household of faith. The one abhors the division of parties on the basis of principle; the other abhors the adjustment of national boundaries to sentiments of race, or language, or religion. Austria, built out of a congeries of race and language fragments, is the diplomat's ideal of a nation. The partition of Poland is a speci-

¹ Sophocles, *Antigone*, 599 ff.

men of his handiwork. The absorption of Crete into Greece, on the score of community of blood, language, and religion, is a good representative of the things which he does not like to have happen. In this particular case, too, the precedent would be an unusually bad one. If Crete goes to Greece because it is Greek, why not Cyprus, why not Chios and Samos, why not Epirus, why not the coast of Macedonia? And where would be the end? The balance of power is a business arrangement, and sentiment must always yield to business principles.

Look now at the situation as the Greek sees it. He has not ranged abroad like a knight in the saddle, seeking occasion for the exercise of sentiment. The necessity has come to his doors. Every few years, for the past three decades, tidings have reached him from Crete of oppression, disorder, and massacre, — tidings brought by the unhappy victims themselves. Refugees have swarmed on his coasts, — this year to the number of twenty thousand. The government has been obliged to feed and shelter them. At last it became too much for flesh and blood to stand. That matters came to such a pass is the fault, not of Greece, but of the six Great Powers of Europe who have guaranteed to the Turk the undisturbed right of misgovernment. The utter failure of all attempts to check the Turk in his purpose of exterminating the Armenians spread far and wide among the Greeks of European and Asiatic Turkey the conviction that they were

destined to be next in turn. The instinct of self-preservation became aroused throughout the little race. King George is a sagacious man, by no means given to quixotic enterprises, but, as the leader of a people, he could not afford longer to withstand what had become the people's fixed conviction of duty to themselves and their race. Outmatched they were, of course, on every hand. It was sentimental politics, indeed, but at the base were the sentiment of kinship of blood and kinship of faith, and the instinct of self-preservation. Be it right or wrong, be it wisely or in folly, sentiment at last burst through the barriers by which diplomatic politics had for two generations held it in restraint, and in defiance of the consolidated power of Europe the expedition of rescue set forth for Crete.

Once it was upon the seas, the Eastern Question was reopened. And when the Eastern Question is reopened all the world is concerned. Russia is concerned because it affects her route to the sea, and, what is more, her relations to England in Asia. Austria is concerned because it affects her prospects among the Balkan states on the southeast. France is concerned because it affects her commercial ambitions in the Orient, her claims in Africa, her route to the East, and the interests of her great ally. Germany, although Bismarck has said the Eastern Question is not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier, is yet actively concerned because of her relations to Russia and France. England is concerned because of Russia and her life-and-death interest, as the maintainer of a world-empire, in the Suez Canal. All her colonial interests in southern Asia and in Africa are involved. International politics all over the world, whatever the apparent issue and habitat, are resolvable into some form of the Eastern Question, and stand in some sensitive connection with this great political storm-centre of the world, the *Ægean* and the *Bosporus*. America is well isolated and

self-absorbed, but the great question it is now considering, that of the International Arbitration Treaty, is most delicately articulated with the Eastern Question in its larger bearings.

How should a little state like Greece, practically bankrupt, with a population of but two millions and a territory only half the size of the State of New York, avail to affect interests of so wide a reach by interfering in the affairs of an island only a half larger than Long Island? The answer is a matter of geography, and of history as interpreted by geography.

One who has stood by the Straits of Salamis, wandered over the fields of Marathon and Plataea, coasted among the islands that dot the *Ægean*, entered in at the Dardanelles, disembarked on the plain of Troy; who has seen the restless conflicts of the heterogeneous peoples and creeds which crowd together about the *Bosporus*, has heard the murmurings of discontent in Macedonia and Epirus, has seen the outbreak of revolt in Crete, has noted the greedy, nervous intensity of Eastern diplomacy, cannot well escape an impression of the grim pertinacity with which the Eastern Question haunts the history of civilized mankind.

The Eastern Question is not a question of to-day nor of yesterday. When European history first began to be written, it was already there. It had its being before there was any Russia, or any Turkey, or any England. Indeed, it created the ancient nationality of Greece so far as such nationality ever existed. Greece sprang into being as a nationality out of its discordant elements in order to face the Eastern Question. It is not a problem merely of the possession of Constantinople. This is only a phase of a greater problem, which one must understand in order to have proper perspective in the lesser. It is a question which in its reality concerns the perennial antithesis between Occidentalism and Orientalism, and which in its practical statement for

us and ours means this : Who is to lead, who is to champion, who is to represent Occidentalism in its inevitable conflicts with Orientalism? That is what I call the Greater Eastern Question.

When one crosses the *Ægean*, which at one place is only a hundred miles wide, or crosses the *Bosporus*, which is merely a broad river, deep and strong, flowing down from the Black Sea, and comes to the shores of Asia Minor, he is made aware that he has passed out of one world into another world. He has passed out of the Occident into the Orient; and where the boundary is today, there it was of yore, fixed as by the decree of Fate. Who has crossed that boundary has left the active and ambitious Occident, and has entered into the vast, dreamy, passive, timeless, fatalistic Orient.

The contrast between those two things, Occidentalism and Orientalism, you cannot mistake. You feel it in the air, and yet it may not be easy to define; it may not apply in every case nor fit every man, but in the main it is this: you have passed out of the time-land into the timeless. The Occident lives in time; life is its clock; heart-beats are its ticks. Action followed by achievement is indissolubly joined with the progress of time. Change, development, progress, are the certain products of the union. Action looks to the recombination of old materials for the creation of new. The East, on the other hand, is timeless. There one day is as a thousand years. The great East has time and to spare. In the West, men have so much to do, and so little time in which to do it, that they crowd time by deviceful effort to the full. Action is for the purpose of creation, — of re-shaping, re-forming, creating new things; for personality in the Western sense is endowed with the right of origination. In the East, action looks to continuance, not to creation; for personality is not there conceived of as endowed with the right of origination and crea-

tion. Personality in the governance of the universe has had allotted to it no autonomy even in things belonging unto itself. That empire of the universe the East conceives of as a great despotism of Fate. In it personality has no suffrage, no appeal; there is only the opportunity of abject resignation to the inevitable. In the West, life is a boat, with a rudder and a keel, that can cross the stream. In the East, life, personality, is a chip swept on in the great current. The West is given preëminently to activity in creating and shaping. It deals, therefore, largely with the shaping of the material universe which is the environment of the individual, and in subduing it to his control. The East is given to introspection. The West tends more to materialism, the East to communion with the things of the spirit. The West is full of creation, progress, restlessness, achievement, failure, disappointment, exultation; the East abounds in quietism, resignation, and blissful stagnation.

Such are the main outlines of the difference, but they are outlines which force an absolute frontier through the life, through the nations of men. Right there at the *Ægean* and the *Bosporus* that frontier has stood all the ages, and along its line the conflicts between Occidentalism and Orientalism have again and again been fought out. Over that frontier influences have gone from one to the other. Greece stood there at the gateway, and whatever came from Asia to Europe came through it. Its islands are a bridge. The sea itself is, as it were, a bridge, and over it Asia has come into Europe. Greece is the waist of the hourglass, through which everything that has passed from the one greater to the other greater has been forced to go; and it is an old rule of history that the people which has held that gate has determined the development of European civilization.

The old-fashioned way of accounting

for the beginning of European civilization dealt largely in migrations, and particularly in migrations of races from Asia into Europe. Civilization was conceived of as transported, so to speak, in knapsacks on the backs of men. We are inclined now to think that the migration theory has been applied much too freely. Wholesale movements of peoples or tribes, entirely dislodging other tribes, occurred even in prehistoric times far less frequently than was formerly supposed. Much that has been called migration was movement, not of peoples, but of power.

We have come to recognize, furthermore, that at the time which yields us the first clues to knowledge the general direction of the movement of peoples on the frontier between Asia and Europe, whether it were the push of peoples or the push of conquest, was, not from Asia toward Europe, but from Europe toward Asia. The prehistoric and the earliest historic push was from the north toward the south, or rather from the northwest toward the southeast. We know, however, that the movement of civilization was in the reverse direction. Coming out of Asia into Europe, it followed the reversed track of the movement of peoples or of power. It is not, therefore, the figure of the knapsack which expresses it, but the figure of the lamp-wick. The oil ascends the wick which is thrust down into it.

When the Aryan races first came in contact with the Asiatic peoples they were undoubtedly vastly inferior in cultivation and in the arts of settled life, but very soon, on more intimate contact, they absorbed the Asiatic civilization, and passed it on to those behind them as by capillary attraction. The Greeks were the first to reach the boundaries of the Orient by the Ægean. Through them, when Rome pushed her empire eastward, civilization moved up the wick into Italy; the Gaul, passing over the Alps into the Po valley, drew back

the dangerous oil into France; finally, the Teuton, pushing down into Italy, made it a way into the north countries, and that meant ultimately the civilization of Germany. This is the lesson of early European civilization. Will, force, empire, came down from the north; refinement, sense of form in life, in manners, in thought, and in the arts of settled life, moved back in the reverse of their track.

Later history, too, illustrates abundantly the same general principle. The incursions of the Goths were only repetitions of those early movements which we call the Aryan migrations, and which had placed the dark-haired Mediterranean populations under the domination of a fair-haired aristocracy. Mediterranean civilization over and over again has refreshed its will-power by draughts from the north.

Let us return now to our two types of human life, Occidentalism and Orientalism. The shores of the Ægean have been their natural meeting-point. Here they have come together, and the pressure exerted from either side has brought them in closest contact. The pressure has varied at different times, and as a result of the varying of pressure the Occidental tide has flowed, or stayed, or ebbed. Thus the first pressure from the West begins in recorded history when the Greek colonies pushed over toward Asia from the Greek coast. The first stories about the settling of the Greeks on the coast of Asia Minor belong to that time when the Occidental tide was in the flow. Just as sure as the foreign substance intruded itself into the Orient the oil came back upon the wick with refinement and civilization, and we find the eastern shores of Greece half orientalized. We know that for a long time people in Ionia and even in Athens dressed in Oriental styles, plaited their hair in queues, and wore tunics of linen. Altogether, the dress, the habits of life, were Oriental until the reaction came, and we

can trace the recuperation of Occidental spirit by the adoption, after the Persian wars, of a native costume, going back to the rough woollens of the Dorians.

This first wave, then, that surged over in the form of Greek colonization was in its turn pushed back when Orientalism found leadership in the Persians. The Persians were Indo-Europeans, who had come over the mountains into the Mesopotamian valley and assumed the leadership of an alien civilization. Under Darius and Xerxes the flood of Orientalism swept out toward the west, crossed the sea, but met a barrier in the solid dykes of Marathon and Salamis and Plataea. Then for a while there is a standstill in the waters while the Greeks contend among themselves for supremacy.

The efforts of Pericles toward consolidating Greece and creating a leadership were all made in view of the Eastern Question. The Parthenon and the glories of the Acropolis are due to the agitation of the Eastern Question. The Delian confederacy was a partial unification of Greece, an attempted confederation for the purpose of offsetting the strength of united Greece against that of the Orient. Greece failed, however, for the time, to unite. Then comes, in the next century, the struggle with Macedon. The public orations of Demosthenes belong to the discussion of the Eastern Question. The subject in hand in most of these orations is, Shall we entrust Greece to the leadership of Macedon? There was a party, a most respectable party, in Athens, that believed this to be good policy. Demosthenes believed it was not. He was a states' rights man; he held to the old-fashioned ideas of city liberties, and was unwilling to commit the whole government of Greece into the hands of a military leader, Philip of Macedon. Be it as it may, Demosthenes failed in his politics; Philip became leader. His son, Alexander, in a series of brilliant achievements, led Occidentalism out in one great

sweep over the plains of Asia Minor, Syria, Mesopotamia, and to the gates of India. Those were the richest victories that Occidentalism ever won. As Homer had sung of the first Occidental onrush, and Herodotus had told the story of the Oriental back-flow, so now Xenophon and Arrian became the historians of the second Occidental wave. Just so certain as Occidentalism went out with power, civilization returned on the reversed track with equal power. The great mass of Oriental ideas which enriched Europe belong to that time. Christianity is illustration enough. Then Greece flagged. Alexander died; his successors were not leaders; Greece was unable to hold the tiller, and Rome took it. Rome entered into the administration of the Greek Empire. Civilization, in its back-flow, pushed into Italy. Italy became thus the medium through which the wisdom and manners of the Orient, as well as of Greece, were handed over to northern Europe. The Roman Empire signifies in history a successful administration of the Greek Empire, a successful leadership of Occidentalism, — an Occidentalism which had taken essentially the Greek form.

Because Rome undertook the leadership of what had then become the Mediterranean civilization, receiving it from Greece, we have learned the things which have come from that meeting-point of the peoples by way of Italy. Thus it is that we have a Latinized philosophy, a Latinized medicine, a Latinized art, a Latinized philology, and a Latinized Christianity. What made the Renaissance except the determination no longer to follow the devious route by way of Italy in getting back to sources, but to strike across by a direct route leading straight to Aristotle, straight to Hippocrates, straight to the Parthenon, straight to the pages of the Greek New Testament? If Alexander had not died a young man, if he had lived to solidify his empire, if he had found some one to

follow him who would have been a leader like himself, then we should not have had a Latinized philosophy and a Latinized Christianity ; we should have had a democratic, and not an oligarchic Christian Church ; we should have had a spiritual, and not a physical doctrine of the Incarnation ; we should have learned philosophy, not out of translations and misunderstandings, but from the fountainhead of the great schools of Greece. We should have been spared Latin grammar, and we should have gained in the schools our acquaintance with Greek oratory direct from Demosthenes, and not at second hand through Cicero ; we should have learned what epic poetry is from the great soul of it, Homer, and not from its reflection, Virgil. We should have had in the arts and sciences a nineteenth century instead of a ninth, for Aristotle brought men almost to the gate. But these things were not to be. If we look at history as Providence, it required Rome to insert into Greek history the element of respect for order, and of individual subordination to the general purposes of the community. From this may we not learn how important it has been, for the civilized world of the West, who sat at the gate by the *Ægean* ? For the one who controlled that gateway put his stamp on what came through it.

The reaction from Alexander's inroads upon the East came late, but it came strong. It came in the form of Islam. Mohammedanism is inspired Orientalism ; it is Orientalism set on fire. On Islam hurled itself in tremendous power ; one might think it held within it something of the force gathered from the vehement impact of Alexander's onslaught, a thousand years before, — a force pent up for centuries under the firm weight of the Roman Empire. It came on in a terrible tidal wave, swept across northern Africa, across Spain, half across France, over Asia Minor, up into Europe to the gates of Vienna, and buried old Greece under a bitter slavery of centuries.

The tide of Islam spent itself. Slowly the waters receded. Spain long since became dry land. This century has done noble work in ditching and draining. The Balkan states have been freed ; Greece has been free since the twenties. But the Sick Man lingers still on European soil. He stays where he is by sufferance of the Powers. He stays by virtue of the seeming fact that in the multitude of powers there is weakness. The Persian Empire survived the defeats of Salamis and Plataea for five generations, so long as the Greeks could not agree among themselves as to who should be their leader ; so Turkey tarries in Europe because the forces of modern Occidentalism are not united under leadership. They are suspicious of one another. They unite for the purpose of preventing things from being done. Each thinks he can hold his neighbor in check most effectively by coöperating with him. The concert of the Great Powers is devoted to the rendering of harmonious silence. The Turkey in Europe of to-day is a monument to the saving grace of the balance of power doctrine. So long as the forces of Occidentalism are disunited, or merely united in a sham accord, the Turkish barrier will deny the Western world entrance to Asia ; but when the leader emerges, Occidentalism will straightway push out over Alexander's track to the Persian Gulf, and this time it will build its roads with iron. Who is to be that leader ? Who is to be Occidentalism's champion in the twentieth century ?

It is to hear the answer to this question that the world is waiting now. What it will be no man can foretell. We must wait for the coming century to tell it to us. And yet it would seem to be within our power to narrow the question down within the range of a few possible answers. The factors of the situation, the data of the problem, lie open to our view. Let us review them.

As a state, Turkey is a heterogeneous

assemblage of peoples under the absolute sway of the Sultan. It is a government lacking altogether a sense for the right of a community to choose concerning its own government. It thoroughly represents the Oriental idea, whereby government is transcendent, a power above and outside the people, and not immanent, a power within the people. And herein lies the application of the Occidental-Oriental antithesis to political institutions. The Occidental conception of life as active and creative, inhering in active and self-moving autonomous personalities, begets the political idea of what we call self-government. The idea which represents personality as self-directed in the fulfillment of its own purposes becomes, when applied to politics, the idea that communities shall be self-governed in things belonging to themselves. This is the political upshot of Occidentalism. The opposite thereto is the upshot of Orientalism. A potentate seated on a very high throne under a very broad canopy, and loaded with very costly jewels, with prostrate subjects bowing in obeisance before him, — that is the tableau of Oriental government.

Turkey is thoroughly Oriental, representatively Oriental, in its political spirit. Its location upon Occidental soil is a geographical misfit, an historical anachronism. It is a stranded wreck, left high and dry beyond the sea-wall by a receding tidal wave; but no one undertakes to clear it away, because the land on which it rests is in litigation.

Among the various peoples and races whom the fate of history has assigned to Turkish sway are the Armenians. Though their proper district is a province in northeastern Asia Minor, they are found scattered all through the Orient, nearly a quarter million of them living in Constantinople alone, and constituting almost a quarter of its population. They are in race the Thracophrygians of old, Indo-Europeans like ourselves, descendants of a people some

of whom almost beyond a doubt defended ancient Troy against the Greeks, — the kin, therefore, of Hector and Priam. It is a quaint disposition of historic fate that the modern representatives of Orientalism are finding their chief difficulties to-day in dealing with the modern representatives of Hector and Priam on the one hand, and of Achilles and Agamemnon on the other. So constant are the factors of history.

The Armenians preserve their distinct language, an earlier form of which is embalmed in a rich and various literature, reaching from the first translations of Greek works of science, literature, philosophy, and religion in the fifth century of our era down through a long series of more independent productions to the twelfth century. A modern literature couched in a modern idiom abounds since the eighteenth century. The people are adherents of Christianity, and have had a church form of their own distinct from the Greek since the sixth century. They have a language of their own, a literature of their own, a religion of their own, a well-characterized national and racial type; and we Occidentals believe that a people possessing so many of the elements of individuality and personality have a right to a government of their own. The Turkish Empire, however, in its lack of sense for what we may call distributed government, has no place for their individuality in its scheme. As far as they possess individuality and the tendency to use it, they are to the Turks simply a plague-spot on the empire.

It must be admitted that the Armenians are not an easy people to get on with. They are distinguished by an energy, a busy-ness, and a fondness for acquisition that are almost super-Occidental. They are selfish, personally unattractive, and strikingly lacking in traits of nobility and self-respect. The average Armenian is unquestionably of sharp intelligence so far as small things go. The saying is that it takes ten Jews to outwit one

Greek, and ten Greeks to outwit one Armenian. He is, unquestionably, extremely irritating to the quietistic, resigned, fatalistic Turk. The two have little in common. The Armenian is clearly a pestilent fellow, and the Turk has decided to get rid of him. The Armenian is a persistent source of unrest. He is a "kicker." What men do with "kickers," in the Occidental scheme of things, is to vote them down. The Turk knows no other way than to club them down, cut their heads off, or sink them in the Sea of Marmora. He is applying this threefold recipe with patient zeal as occasion offers.

Crete is another plague-spot on the Turkish map. The population of the island is essentially Greek. Of its quarter million inhabitants, there are perhaps fifty thousand Mussulmans, but all speak Greek. Since the seventeenth century it has been in the hands of Turkey. The insurrection of 1866-68 stirred profoundly the sympathy of Christian peoples, but the governments of Europe as represented by the Powers insisted, even with a severe menace to Greece, in maintaining the *status quo* of Turkish possession. Repeated insurrections have taken place, notably those of 1891 and 1896; indeed, the island has been in a perpetual state of unrest during most of this century. Various promises of reformed administration have been made by Turkey at different times, but no satisfactory government has resulted. Turkey treats the island as spoil, and seeks only to exploit it, not to guarantee it order and the opportunity of self-government. Turkey is unable to administer the government. Local self-government is an impossible and unthinkable thing within her borders except as she is hired by the form of a tribute to stay away. Crete deserves at least autonomy. Autonomy under the nominal suzerainty of Turkey would have been a possible temporary solution, awhile ago. Such autonomy has been accorded the island of

Samos and the Libanon provinces, and is said to work satisfactorily. Delay has made it now more difficult. The Cretan people undoubtedly desire annexation to Greece. A few weeks ago the Greek flag was carried on to its shores, and Greek soldiery assumed the protection of the inhabitants. The stories we have received of the enthusiasm with which this oppressed and suffering people greeted the appearance of their deliverers constitute a touching appeal to every heart in Christendom in which abides a love of liberty, — a love of liberty which teaches that a people have the right to a government whose sources and ultimate sanctions are from within itself. Turkish authority in any form has almost ceased to be a fact in the island. Such order as there is now is maintained by the Greek regular troops, by the insurgents, and in a few towns by the Powers.

To the mind of the Turk, the Greek is what the Armenian is, a nuisance. The Turkish theory of government offers no full solution for the problems raised by his presence except utter subjugation or extermination. Conditions similar to those in Crete exist in the coast districts of Macedonia and in Epirus, although in the latter the discontent is not so acute or so well formulated. In both the prevailing population is Greek, and the language, even of the Mussulman in Epirus, is Greek. The unnaturalness of the situation teaches that postponement of a settlement can only be temporary. These districts represent areas still half submerged in the stagnant pools of Islam's retreating tide. No fresh wave is coming. The sooner they are drained off and returned to tillage the better for the world. Still the selfish cowardliness of the Powers hesitates.

Why are the great nations of Europe united in such apparent earnestness of effort to keep little Greece from her own? It certainly does not seem likely that the addition of an island containing but a quarter of a million of inhabitants

to a state containing only two millions would seriously disturb the balance of power. But that is not the whole of the matter. The Greeks are a people that must, at least to some extent, be reckoned with in the future settlement of Eastern questions. Commercial interests around the entire line of the Ægean are largely in Greek hands. One third the population of Constantinople itself is Greek. Now that the Greek state has been created, it constitutes a rendezvous and *point d'appui* for the sentiment of nationality among the scattered millions of Greek blood and language. The Greek nation itself is bankrupt. The land offers no abundant promise of greatness under present-day conditions. It is not suited to agriculture. It has neither water-power, minerals in abundance, nor coal supply. But it has an energetic, active, optimistic, though restless and impulsive, and as yet half-educated people. They are abstemious and thrifty. In foreign lands they accumulate wealth. They are profoundly patriotic. All the traditions of their glorious past are moulded into the substance of their modern national life. They are thorough Occidentals, and their antagonism to Orientalism, both in spirit and in the concrete forms of Turkey and the Turks, is deep-seated. The conflict between the two is on, and it will last to the death, because it is grounded in an indestructible difference of thought, mood, and character.

If all the territory in which the Greek blood and the Greek speech predominate were to be formed into a nation, we should have a Pan-Hellenic state ten millions strong, that would surround the entire Ægean, and menace, if not control, the waterways to the Black Sea. By ties of religion this nationality would be affiliated with Russia; by facts of blood, of speech, of political instinct, of national traditions, it would be a new and independent element intruded into the political situation, a strong, effective bar in the waterway between

Russia and the Mediterranean as well as between England and the East, and a solid wedge between the Kaaba and the Lateran. The policy of the balance of power does not favor the creation of nationality on the lines of race and speech.

Any disturbance, furthermore, of existing conditions at so sensitive a spot as the Ægean, be the dislodgment ever so slight, is viewed with suspicion and even with dread. There is a long list of claims filed against the estate of Turkey, and the Powers are loath to recognize any preferred creditors. They all wish to be present when the division is made. If Crete is to be assigned to Greece, other claimants must be appeased with some consideration. To release it now were to relinquish elements of a future barter.

But there are other elements of the question. When Russia comes down to the Mediterranean, as she confidently expects to do before many years, she must secure her path through the Ægean. Her claim on Athos was long since filed; Imbros too she will need, and why not Crete? But Crete lies where the waterways of Russia and England meet. The track from Gibraltar to the Suez Canal passes Crete. The world-empire of England demands the maintenance of her route by the canal. Can England be sure that Greece will never become the tool of Russia? The ties of the common faith are strong.

Among the small states of the Balkan Peninsula, Bulgaria is now the one developing most rapidly in strength and prestige. She has become the rival of Greece among the lesser states. They both look with greedy eyes toward Macedonia, whose inland population is Slavic, but whose coast population is Greek. They both, though more remotely, are interested in the question of the ultimate disposition of Constantinople. It has been the dream of Greek politicians for generations, the so-called *grande idée*, that some day Constantinople should be restored to Greek possession. It is an

old-time prophecy that when Greece should have a Constantine as king and a Sophia as queen, then she would return to the throne of Byzantium. These conditions are likely to be fulfilled when the present Crown Prince comes into the succession. This fancy plays some part in the imaginations of the people, and in disturbing times like these no small part. One third of the present population of Constantinople is Greek. The language of its commerce is largely Greek. It is an old Greek town. Within the dome of St. Sophia the face of the Christos Pantokrator peers dimly forth from the grand Byzantine mosaics through the black paint with which the Moslem has smeared it. It waits for the day when the cross shall replace the crescent on the dome. It would be historic justice if the Greek might place it there.

But Bulgaria is on the highroad, and behind is the solid push of Pan-Slavism. Bulgaria is now reconciled with Servia and Montenegro, and by the formal act of allowing the baptism of the Crown Prince into the Eastern Church she sealed her acceptance of Russia's headship. Those were significant words spoken by the Prince of Bulgaria on the occasion of the baptism: "I sunder the ties that bind me to the West, and turn my face toward the East and the rising sun." All the Balkan states, with the exception of Roumania, have therefore now virtually accepted the suzerainty of Russia. Roumania, in her isolation, has reëstablished friendly relations with Greece.

Austria, of all the Great Powers, fears most acutely the reopening of the Eastern Question at this juncture. The Slavic-Balkan states, consolidated under Russia's protection, interpose between her and the Ægean a solid wall. It has been her eager ambition to secure a port on the Ægean (Saloniki), and a right of way to it. She has no chance now. Any dislodgment of conditions in the Orient at this time could bring her no good, and

only relative injury. For the time being her mission in the southeast is closed.

Germany utilizes her influence as a power apparently in Russia's behalf, so far as the Eastern Question is concerned. Direct interest she claims to have none; but she has a great interest in retaining the friendship of Russia. She stands between the upper and nether millstones of France and Russia. If both are hostile, she is lost. It is therefore her policy to trade her Eastern emoluments for Russian favors. The failure of England's effort, a year ago, to extort reforms from the Sultan, the fiasco of Salisbury and Saloniki, was due more or less directly to Germany's duplicity. Germany played secretly Russia's game, with the result that Turkey became practically a province of Russia.

This pro-Russian policy of Germany has taken more visible form in recent years, but it is of long standing. The dying words of the old Emperor showed what was his great solicitude: "The Czar of Russia must be treated with consideration." There were men who feared, and with reason, that Frederick, when he came to the throne, would have English rather than Russian sympathies. These same men tried to prevent his reigning, and rejoiced when the ninety-nine days came to their tragic end. In the recent dealings between the Powers there have been indications of the development of a line of fracture. It runs between France-Italy-England and Germany - Russia. When the time comes that France shall turn to England for alliance, we may know the fracture is complete; then the world's great struggle is at hand.

One reason for Germany's unfriendly attitude toward Greece, at the present juncture, is found in the fact that the Greek debt was negotiated through Berlin bankers, and is still largely held in Germany. War is a menace to values, and the banker is naturally in favor of peace, and peace at all costs to all senti-

ment. How large a part personal dislikes may play in determining the action of the Kaiser it is not easy to estimate. He is an able, energetic, but withal somewhat unaccountable man.

This brings us to Russia. What power is there in the neighborhood of Constantinople competent to enter in and possess it? Russia seems to-day the destined possessor. She was once at its gates, and only England's interposition kept her out. England's prestige in the Orient has just now suffered severe loss by the collapse of her Armenian policy. Russia has made steady gains. The Slavic-Balkan states are her children: first by moral claims, for she freed them; now by formal diplomatic recognition. They are closing in steadily about Constantinople. Russia has, besides, a natural geographic claim. So great a power as that cannot be cooped up away from the seaboard. The Bosphorus is her natural exit. She is a great world-power bestriding Europe and Asia. France and China, as well as Turkey, are her allies, almost her provinces. She is immensely strong in her situation with her back against the ice of the north, and no enemy to menace her there but the polar bears. She is strong for diplomatic aggression, because her whole power can be swung by a single hand. Safe in her position, unmenaced from the rear, she has only to bide her time, and as occasion offers to push forward. The awful consistency of her foreign policy, ruthless of right, reckless of truth, framed on a plan that spans generations, conceived in terms of world-empire, may well appall us. That policy long ago assigned the United States to the list of traditional friends. The purpose was to alienate us from her future rival, England. A recent occurrence exemplifies most grimly how firm the consistency is. When, after President Cleveland's Venezuelan message, our treasury was threatened with embarrassment by the outflow of gold, Russia offered privately through her legation to furnish us fifty millions of gold.

We were to understand that we were not to be losers in opposing England.

She is strong, furthermore, in a certain sympathy her semi-barbarism has with that of the border peoples of Asia. The peoples of the East have always preferred the Russian to the Englishman. The Englishman they find to be blunt. They think him harsh and selfish. They think him blunt chiefly because he tells the truth. Russian diplomacy understands the Oriental use of language. Language is used by the Oriental for the purpose of producing kindly feeling or of inducing another mortal to see things as he does, but certainly not for the purpose of reporting upon objective verities. It is the mechanism for reporting upon the greater subjective verities. The Englishman is not liked, though England is everywhere respected, feared, and trusted.

Many believe that Constantinople has been systematically fortified against the English to the west, but not, at least by land, against Russia to the east. A Russian army can enter Constantinople without great difficulty. When the question of forcing the Dardanelles with an English fleet was agitated, last winter, the English naval authorities estimated that, of the nineteen ships lying at Saloniki, six must be sacrificed to do it. The cards have been stacked for Russia. It looks to-day as if the ultimate occupation of Constantinople by Russia were a foregone conclusion.

What has England to say? The matter concerns her. It seemed for a time that the discovery of the route by the Cape of Good Hope would provide an evasion of the Eastern Question, and free her from the necessity of worrying about the Ægean. But the opening of the Suez Canal has changed things, and, as if by jealous interposition of geographic fate, drawn the issue back to the old fighting-ground in the eastern Mediterranean. If she is to hold India and Australia, England must control the Suez Canal and its approaches.

In severe contrast with Russia, England stands in political isolation, — a grand isolation; strong, not by alliances, but in and by her own intelligence, rectitude, and Anglo-Saxon grit. England has made up her mind that she must be strong enough, if necessary, to face all Europe single-handed. Within the last five years her navy has been doubled in strength. Within the next two years her army will be. She is preparing for an inevitable conflict. That conflict concerns this question: Who is to be the leader and champion of Occidentalism in the twentieth century, — shall it be the Anglo-Saxon or the Slav?

Has Russia the natural right to be the leader of Occidentalism? Occidentalism grounds itself in the right of the individual personality and the individual community to find the law of its action in its own purposes of being. Russia represents government from above and from outside. It means consolidation, not distribution of government. It pushes its interests by appeal to the unreal and by use of deceit. The English Empire, ill defined as it may be in its apparent organization, is so by virtue of reliance on the immanent governing power of self-directing bodies of men of whom it may be said, "The law is within them."

The world is arraying itself in two great camps. Russia spans the north from China to France, and, guiding the foreign policy of Germany, rules, in the last decisions, northern Asia and all Europe except England and Italy. England spans the seas, and holds in a mysterious bond of common interest and guaranteed justice the diverse elements of her world-empire. It is possible that Russia's strength has been greatly overestimated. The bonds which hold her empire together might weaken under the testing of adversity. Those which bind the British Empire together would strengthen. The financial difficulties which Russia would have to face, in the event of a great struggle, are an element

of weakness in her situation. England's resources are unlimited, infinitely varied, and self-supplied. The power of the British Empire as it is now organized has never been called to the test. I believe it to be enormously underrated.

The battle is being arrayed. The prize of victory is the same for which the battle was set of old on the field of Chæroneæ, — the leadership of Occidentalism. It may not, we trust it will not, be a battle of arms. It may well become a battle of latent forces. Whatever be its form, it will be a battle between the Slav and the Anglo-Saxon; and when it comes, the Anglo-Saxon world must not be divided against itself. The question now pending in the Senate at Washington is a constituent part of the great Eastern Question. When England, in the cause of Occidental righteousness, essayed to establish an Occidental principle for the Armenian issue, she found Anglo-Saxonism divided against itself. If out of the Venezuelan controversy shall finally issue an agreement for permanent international arbitration, then Anglo-Saxon spirit may well enough set out to face the world. In the Arbitration Treaty the Anglo-Saxons will say to themselves: We will not spend our strength in fighting each other. In the Venezuelan settlement England says to the United States: We leave you to fulfill your mission as representing the Anglo-Saxon spirit in the New World. We shall not be hampered in fulfilling ours in the Old. That mission means, what in general has come to expression wherever in the past English sway has gone, selfish and coarse as at times it may have been: Equal justice shall be guaranteed to weak and strong. The weak shall not have fewer rights because they are weak, or the strong more rights because they are strong, but men shall have equal rights before the law because they are men. The law shall have its ultimate power in the respect of the governed. Government shall find its sanctions in express-

ing the purposes and interests of the community governed. Equal justice, personal rights, distributed government, immanency of law, — this is the Occidental idea which the Anglo-Saxon spirit offers to champion before the world.

It is no longer a question merely who shall hold Constantinople, or who shall control the Suez Canal, or who shall command the pass of Thermopylæ, or who shall dictate the oracles of Delphi. It is in essence the old question, but it is stated now in terms of greater things. The battle opens on the same old field,

but the habitable globe is involved. The issue is stated in terms of Greece, but it is written in terms of the succession to her ancient leadership in human civilization. In the spoils of the battle little Greece will have small part; but then, it is only one more illustration of the fate of history that has left her desolate, while her ideas have gone forth into the great world, following the course of the wick, and shedding their light through the lamps of others whose strength avails to set them higher and give their beams a wider and a surer reach.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

THE MUNICIPAL PROBLEM AND GREATER NEW YORK.

OUR American capacity for self-government has of late been subjected to more than one severe test. Last year the democracy of the United States gave itself up to the study of monetary science, and decided, by a fairly conclusive majority, in favor of a policy of prudence and conservatism. Regardless of the merits of the question, the result was reassuring, for it evinced a power of self-restraint that gave the whole world a new respect for republican government in the United States. The American people can rise to an emergency, and they can solve their political and social problems. They will, therefore, let us be assured, work out some tolerable solution of that remaining and disquieting problem, how to govern their great cities. I could readily show, if that were my present task, a hundred evidences of hopeful progress toward the reform of American municipal government, even under our practically unchangeable condition of universal suffrage.

One of the greatest difficulties, obviously enough, lies in our apparent inability to reach any stable equilibrium in the matter of the framework of municipal

organization. It is a most unhappy circumstance that we alone, of all people in the world, should be forever recasting and overhauling the mechanisms of municipal government. If our great American towns could only have a uniform charter provided for them, we should at least have some reason to hope for stability. Then we should be able to turn our attention away from the mere structure of the municipal government to those vital questions of municipal housekeeping and modern development and progress that ought chiefly to concern us in this decade of scientific advance and new social ideals.

The baffling diversity and frequent change in the forms of American municipal government are in some part the result of the great number of sovereign States. The one or two big towns in each State cannot easily be made to conform to any regular scheme of organization under terms of general law, and state legislatures are readily enough induced, from time to time, to deal radically with particular local matters. Because England, France, Prussia, and Italy are large countries, it has not been

very difficult for them to systematize municipal government on a permanent plan. In Great Britain, London alone has been excepted from the scheme of general uniformity; and in France, Paris has remained the only city under an exceptional régime. But in the United States we have almost as many sovereign law-making bodies as we have large cities; and the legislative balance-wheels at the state capitals are not heavy enough to revolve steadily under variations of pressure from the great towns.

The people actually pertaining to the metropolitan centre about the harbor of New York constitute half the population of the State. Temporary exigencies in the great town assume, therefore, a large importance, and find ready recognition in the halls of legislation at Albany. It has been comparatively easy, in States like Iowa and Kansas, where the very large town does not exist, to bring municipal government under the terms of general legislation. In Minnesota and Wisconsin, on the other hand, it has not been easy, because St. Paul, Minneapolis, or Milwaukee, being relatively large, and hence occupying a specially influential position, must needs demand a peculiar charter of its own; and this charter must furthermore be subject to constant overhauling at the behest of the party or faction enjoying its little day of brief authority. In Illinois, twenty-seven years ago, a new constitution was adopted, under which local and municipal administration was reduced to a uniform and lucid system, suggesting in some respects the local-government codes of France and Italy. But it was found that Chicago had to stand alone as a "city of the first class." For cities and towns of the lower grades the framework of organization remains, for the most part, permanent and undisturbed; but for Chicago new legislation is constantly pending, because first one element, then another, finds itself able to command the balance of power in the

state legislature at Springfield. I need not multiply illustrations, for it is enough to remark that a somewhat similar situation will be found in San Francisco and New Orleans, in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and in Boston, as well as in New York and Brooklyn.

Evidently, the ease with which the legislature can be invoked by the municipal element or faction which for the time being finds itself influential with the legislative majority, must make it peculiarly difficult to reach permanence and stable equilibrium in the structural features of our American municipal government. This is so importantly true that I am certain we can never have a permanent basis until we have given to our municipal governments, in a very high degree, the qualities of simplicity and unity. Municipal home rule must be achieved in such a form that the people of a large town may feel that they have their own municipal weal or woe clearly and definitely in their own hands. Then a strong public opinion will assert itself for the protection of such municipal home rule; and with or without constitutional safeguards, we shall find municipal government going on steadily, its main features remaining unaltered, just as the essential structure of our state governments is seldom disturbed.

St. Louis, of all the large cities in this country, furnishes us an object-lesson in this regard. Since 1876 it has enjoyed municipal home rule. For a part of the time the city has been well governed, and for a part of the time it has been governed badly. But the people consider that misgovernment is not the fault of the system, and that their remedy always lies in the election of better men for the assembly or the mayoralty. Their system, it appears to me, might be a little less complicated, but it is workable and can be readily understood; and thus local public opinion protects its continuity.

The governmental structure of the existing city of New York, on the other

hand, is a monumental instance of complexity. Its numerous parts do not seem to be vitally related to one another; and since the community at large does not in the least understand the system, public opinion does not assert itself against this change or that impairment which might be thought to destroy the harmony of a well balanced and well understood scheme. The government of the city cannot be comprehended by virtue of its logic or of its analogies, for it was not constructed as a logical whole, nor does it follow the analogy of any other form of government whatsoever. It can really be mastered only as one studies patiently the long course of political history which has gradually given the system its present arbitrary character.

The charter for the proposed Greater New York, furthermore, is even more complicated, if possible, than the arrangements it will supersede; and it may be fairly said that to understand it wholly — an achievement of intellect to which few men can lay claim — one must have learned the peculiar political history of Brooklyn as well as that of the city of New York, and must also know enough about several other American cities to appreciate the manner in which their systems have influenced the work of the commissioners who have drafted the Greater New York charter. The mere bulk of the new charter (it comprises not far from a thousand octavo pages) would incidentally bear out the assertion that it is an elaborate and a complicated instrument. Its intricacies are greatly increased by the method, or rather lack of method, in the arrangement of its parts. An analysis of this remarkable scheme of government can hardly be understood, nor can it be very useful, unless one approaches it with some distinct point of view or some standard of comparison. I am not in any sense demanding that American city government in general — and much less the government of the Greater New York — should conform

to European models. Nevertheless, because municipal government in Europe is very simple, it supplies a convenient norm or measure by which to test the variations and complexities of our American systems.

The fundamental machinery of municipal government anywhere outside of our own country is a perfectly simple matter. No one has difficulty in understanding it, if he cares to try. In England, for instance, the municipal voters elect a large committee of their own number, called the town council; and that is the end of the whole affair. They watch that town council somewhat as the stockholders in a commercial corporation would endeavor to watch the board of directors. The council elects its own chairman, and calls him mayor. It designates its own standing committees, and these are the boards that give oversight to the different departments of administration. Each of these boards, or committees, selects the best man it can find for the salaried executive headship of the department it supervises. The municipal council levies the taxes, votes the appropriations, and is at once a legislative (or rather, ordinance-making), an administrative, and a financial body. It evolves the executive government out of its own authority, and keeps it under full control. In this council is reposed the power to exercise all the authority that belongs to the municipality.

In France, one starts with the same fact: the voters elect their municipal council. The council chooses a mayor, and sets apart a group of its own oldest and wisest members to serve with the mayor as an "executive corps." The members of the executive corps are the chairmen of important committees, are at the heads of administrative departments, and constitute an inner group, which assembles much more frequently than the whole council, and which carries on the practical work of administra-

tion; being responsible, however, to the full council.

In Germany, again, as in England or France or Italy, the single-chambered elective municipal council is the starting-point. But in Germany, where officialism is glorified, this council selects the mayor (burgomaster) quite as an American board of railroad directors might select a president. The German mayor is not to be regarded as a representative citizen, holding an honorary office for a short time, but rather as a highly expert and able administrator, exercising large executive functions, and holding office for a long term, or even for life. The council appoints as his associates in the administrative work a number of efficient and well-salaried specialists, who are known as city magistrates, and who also hold office for long terms. They take their places respectively at the head of the municipal corporation's legal department, its fiscal affairs, its architectural and constructive work, its health administration, its schools, its great supply services of water or lighting, its park system, and so on. This group of high officials, sitting with the mayor and known as the council of magistrates, is charged with most of the ordinary and detailed business of running the city. But it is always responsible to the people's elected representatives in the *Gemeinderath*, or town council. There are many variations in the detailed structure of municipal government in the several European countries, but in them all one finds the same fundamental fact, namely, that the basis of municipal government is the single-chambered municipal council, out of which, or by authority of which, is evolved some system of executive administration.

Now, there was a time, in the earlier history of New York, when the framework of the municipal government was analogous to this European framework that I have described. The people elected

the municipal council, and the council elected a mayor and set in motion the administrative organization. But one change followed another. In our national and state governments we had adopted the plan of the separation of the deliberative from the executive function; and in order that the two branches might be really of coordinate rank, we had allowed each to take its mandate directly from the voters. There is much to be said in favor of such a system in national and state government, and manifestly there is much that can be said against it. However that may be, there was a period in American history when, by common consent, our national and state constitutions were regarded as embodying the finality of wisdom so far as their distribution of powers was concerned, and nothing could have been more natural than the tendency to carry the structure of the State into the organization of the municipality.

The changes that have succeeded one another in the essential frame of New York's municipal government are so numerous that to recount them all would bewilder rather than instruct. To know its ins and outs is not so much like knowing the parts and the workings of a finely adjusted machine as it is like knowing the obscure topography of the great Dismal Swamp considered as a place of refuge for criminals. Thus, those political scientists and municipal statesmen who best know its ways and workings are members of the Tammany Wigwag in Fourteenth Street.

A few main facts, however, in the evolution of the present system, may be recalled. There came a time when the board of aldermen had degenerated and its deeds were found to be evil. Anywhere else in the world, the obvious remedy would have been for an awakened people to elect honest and capable aldermen; but that is not our American way. Having already been relieved of direct responsibility for executive work

by the popular election of the mayor, the board at last was deprived also of the power to confirm the mayor's appointments. As its scope and authority became restricted, its dignity declined; and with its loss of dignity came the opportunity of the smallest and worst ward politicians to secure election to it. The ward bosses in New York have generally been saloon-keepers; and thus the board of aldermen has at times been something like a grand committee of publicans, not to say sinners. Public confidence having been withdrawn, great works of improvement or important public services were no longer allowed to come under the board's control. Education, public health, the water supply, the docks, and various other services were made over to separate administrative boards of commissioners. The city having fallen into the hands of political spoilsmen allied to the Democratic party, the Republican government of the State must needs deprive the municipality of control over elections; and because the work of the police force might at any time have a direct bearing upon the methods and results of an election, the city must also be deprived of control over its own police. Thus there came to be a board of metropolitan police, who supervised elections, appointed at Albany. Gradually, almost every conspicuous municipal service was committed to a separate board of commissioners.

Normally, the primary attribute of a representative body like a town council or a board of aldermen is the budgetary function; that is to say, its first duty everywhere in the world, and its principal reason for existence, is the voting of annual appropriations for the expenses of government and the prosecution of public works, and the levy of taxes to supply a revenue equal to the sums appropriated. But in New York the board of aldermen lost also the budgetary function, and that power was conferred upon a group of five high offi-

cials acting as a board of estimate and apportionment. This board consists of the mayor, the comptroller, the president of the tax department, the corporation counsel, and the president of the board of aldermen.

In Brooklyn, the course of municipal evolution, while different in detail, was somewhat analogous. But Brooklyn succeeded in obtaining a new charter, which concentrated executive authority in the hands of the mayor. It gave him the power of appointment and removal, and it swept away the old boards and placed a single executive head over each department, to be appointed by the mayor and subject to removal. The board of aldermen was permitted to survive, but the budgetary function was transferred to a board of estimate, consisting of five high officials, as in New York. Seth Low was the first mayor of Brooklyn, under the new régime. His powers were autocratic, and Brooklyn realized good city government in a trice. The example had a great influence upon the further course of municipal reform in New York; and the plan of a strong mayor came — as I think, rightly — to be regarded as the only practicable one for the accomplishment of immediate reform. By one enactment and another, the authority of the mayor of New York was increased, and the administrative boards, while continuing to exist, were all made subject to the mayor's power of appointment. The election of the present mayor of New York happened to be coincident with a Republican majority in the state government. For the benefit of Mayor Strong, therefore, a special act was passed by the legislature, giving him for a period of six months a sweeping power to dismiss heads of departments. This enabled him to remove Tammany commissioners, and to select for the various boards and commissionerships which control the working departments a set of men who, in his judgment, possessed "integrity, ability,

and conscientious desire to make the city's interests the first object of their thought." Thus, by virtue of this special enabling act, Mayor Strong entered upon his administration with almost as complete an autocratic authority as that of the mayor of Brooklyn.

There remained, however, a very essential difference in the theory and practice of municipal government in the two cities. In Brooklyn, the mayor's executive authority somewhat resembles that of the President of the United States. The heads of departments form a sort of cabinet for the mayor, following the analogy of the President's cabinet at Washington. The cabinet members at Washington are the administrative chiefs of their departments; but it is also clearly understood that they are carrying out the general policy of a superior. They are accountable to the President, and the President is accountable to the people. In a similar way, the heads of municipal departments in Brooklyn are responsible, not to the public, but to the mayor, and the mayor is responsible to the whole community. He is, therefore, to the full extent, the executive head of the municipal corporation, and in charge of all its activities.

It is otherwise with the mayor of New York. To quote Mayor Strong: "The actual administration of municipal affairs in this city is in the hands of commissioners, and not in the hands of the mayor. The duty of these commissioners and their authority are as clearly defined as are those of the mayor, and after their appointments the real responsibility of the mayor ceases. He is properly chargeable, however, — and for myself I accept the result of my own exercise of that power, — with appointing to these positions men of integrity, ability, and conscientious desire to make the city's interests the first object of their thought."

The Brooklyn system has always reminded me of a corporation fallen into the hands of a receiver. The normal

methods of administration having become disordered, inefficient, distrusted, or corrupt, everything is superseded by one man to whom is entrusted the management of the corporation's affairs. If the receiver be trustworthy and competent, an almost magical improvement results. Such a government, however, at the hands of a receiver — or a periodically elected dictator — would seem of necessity to be a temporary resort, for the simple reason that it makes no adequate provision for the exercise of the deliberative function. A railroad in the hands of a receiver may be kept from utter wreck, it may be economically managed, its resources may be carefully husbanded, and critical emergencies may be tided over. But it is always to be taken for granted that the receivership exists only pending a reorganization. For it is not supposed that a receivership can exercise any broad initiative, that it can create or carry out policies of development, or that it can do anything else except maintain the *status quo* in a decent and economical manner. Now, it happens that we live in a time of enormous social transitions, the largest factor in the movement of our day being the aggregation of population in the great towns, and the evolution of town life to meet the necessities of a population brought under totally new conditions. The splendid and intelligent transformation of municipal conditions in European cities has not been brought about through the mere application of those negative ideals of "good government" which so many of our American reformers cherish. Civil service reform, I admit, is a *sine qua non*, while honesty and economy in government are virtues that cannot be praised too highly. But just as a railroad receivership is not expected to consolidate and develop transportation systems, to create branch lines as feeders, to provide advantageous terminals, or to do anything that involves questions of creative policy, so the government of a city by the Brooklyn plan of

an executive dictatorship does not make due allowance for the exercise of the deliberative function, to which must belong all important innovations of policy.

I do not make this criticism in a controversial spirit, and I can readily understand that exceptions may be taken to my view. I do not assert that the Brooklyn system renders large public improvements impossible, by any means, for there is always open the resort to the state legislature; that is to say, the appeal to an extraneous authority. But I must stoutly affirm that the Brooklyn system lacks equilibrium, and cannot be regarded as a permanently wise mode of municipal government, because it does not make provision for the normal exercise, within the municipal corporation itself, of those full and complete deliberative decisions and judgments without which a town may indeed be policed and administered, but without which it cannot develop and grow on the broad lines of policy that the modern municipal corporation ought to prescribe for itself.

It is not necessary that I should take up the arguments for or against the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn. The amalgamation of these two towns, with adjacent suburban territories, into a larger corporate entity is intended to correspond with the real fact of the existence of a metropolis having organic unity. Brooklyn is as much a part of the actual metropolitan community of New York as London south of the Thames or Paris south of the Seine is a part of its respective metropolitan area. I believe in the advantage of metropolitan union under some form of metropolitan municipal government; but I recognize the many difficulties involved in the actual accomplishment of consolidation, and I think that the process should be deliberate and well considered at every stage. It has been convincingly asserted that the union of New York and Brooklyn could

not be suitably or safely consummated at a date earlier than the beginning of the year 1900 or 1901.

By the new constitution of the State of New York there was provided a rearrangement of electoral periods on a plan which brings municipal elections into the years between general elections, and thus makes possible the consideration of municipal questions upon their own merits, with comparative freedom from an admixture of state and national issues. This separation of elections was regarded by all municipal reformers in New York as the very first requisite for anything like permanent municipal reform, because it was only by such means that good citizens could hope to elect a mayor who would be in any wise independent of the rival political machines. Separate elections thus might bring disinterested and efficient administration.

But it still remained true, as the wiser and more discerning minds admitted, that the municipal progress of New York urgently required the creation of a body of citizens representing the community in the best sense, and charged with the exercise of what we may call the deliberative and budgetary functions. Some sort of municipal parliament, of full dignity and with authority to give the municipal corporation its policies, was declared to be requisite. These wiser and more discerning minds were of the opinion that this body of men should be of considerable size; that its members should be elected entirely, or for the most part, at large on a general ticket; and that they should have long terms and should be divided into classes, preferably three, so that the body should have a high degree of continuity, with the English or German idea of partial renewal. In view of the character of the city of New York, it was also believed that the election of this single-chambered municipal council ought to include a plan of proportional or minority representation.

One reason why the municipal reform-

ers were at first ready to acquiesce in the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn lay in their belief that an intelligent commission, charged with the task of preparing a charter for the Greater New York, could not fail, in the light of local facts and of universal experience, to create a municipal parliament possessing real authority, and therefore real dignity, in which the best men of the metropolis would be willing to hold seats. The example of the London county council, with its splendid array of men of distinction, ability, and zeal, had unquestionably made a great impression upon the minds of many leading citizens of New York. The evils of a reliance upon the state legislature at Albany for the exercise of deliberative judgment upon matters affecting New York city had become more and more intolerable. Everybody perceived not only the inadequacy, but the scandalous iniquity, of the relations between the legislature of the State and the corporate affairs of the cities of New York and Brooklyn.

The first task, therefore, which the Greater New York charter commission, appointed by Governor Morton, recognized as devolving upon it was the creation or revival of a representative body which should exercise, responsibly, in open session, from time to time, in the city hall at New York, those legislative powers respecting local and municipal matters that are now actually exercised, irresponsibly or at the dictation of bosses, by the state legislature at Albany. Municipal home rule was to be the foundation-stone upon which the new charter was to be constructed.

Whatever the details of the new system might be, it was understood on all sides that within the sphere of strictly municipal concerns the Greater New York was to be self-governing. It was evident that this must mean the transfer from Albany to New York of the scores, even hundreds, of measures of a purely local and special nature which are every year

introduced as bills in the state legislature; and it was also commonly thought that there could be no way to transfer the consideration of these matters from the state government to the municipal government except by the creation of some local body which should be analogous in its parliamentary methods to a state legislature.

The inquirer who dips casually into the bulky document which the charter commission has constructed will obtain the impression that there is created for the enlarged city of New York a local legislature almost exactly corresponding to the state legislature at Albany. At present, the state legislature has two different kinds of work laid upon it every winter: first, the proper work of general legislation, such as every law-making body has to deal with; and second, an enormous mass of concrete business relating to the separate affairs of the more than thirty municipal corporations of New York State, every one of which has its distinct and separate method of government. In the field of general legislation, the state legislature will continue to exercise its functions, as before, for all the people; but in the work of local and special legislation, the new charter for the Greater New York undertakes to relieve the state legislature of nearly or quite all of the bills relating to the municipalities of New York, Brooklyn, and Long Island City. For the transaction of this local legislative work the charter commissioners have provided what they call a municipal assembly, and have made it, in outward form, very nearly a reproduction of the Greater New York city half of the state legislature.

Thus the lower chamber of the municipal assembly, known as the board of aldermen, is to be made up of members elected, man for man, from the districts which send members to the assembly, or lower house of the state legislature. This board of aldermen will contain sixty members. If the analogy had been

perfect, we should have had the upper branch of the municipal assembly, which is called the council, made up of men elected from the districts which send senators to the upper branch of the state legislature, but that plan has not been followed. Large council districts have been formed by the grouping of state senatorial districts, and from these large council districts members of the upper chamber are elected in groups of three on a general district ticket. The total membership of the upper chamber (the council) is twenty-nine. The president of this chamber is elected, like the mayor, at large, by the votes of the whole city. The members of the board of aldermen are to be chosen every two years, the entire body retiring together. The members of the council are to be elected for four-year terms, the entire body also going out together. The mayor has a four-year term, and is chosen at the same election with the members of the council, whose presiding officer is related to the mayor in about the same way that the lieutenant-governor of the State is related to the governor: he presides over the upper branch of the municipal legislature, and would become acting mayor in case of necessity.

The reformers were disappointed by the charter commission in their desire for a municipal parliament in a single chamber. They were disappointed in their request for long terms with partial renewal, in order to provide for continuity. And above all, they were disappointed in their expectation that the municipal assembly would be — in large part, at least — elected on a general ticket rather than from wards or districts. It is only fair to explain, however, that the districts into which the city is divided for the election of members of the upper branch are large, having an average population of nearly 350,000, while the small districts which choose aldermen have about 50,000 each.

As one reads the report made by the

charter commissioners, accompanying the document itself, and even as one dips into the text of the charter, the impression is received that this municipal assembly possesses authority coördinate with that of the executive department; and it is natural to infer that we have here another instance of the familiar type of American government, that separates executive from deliberative functions, but gives full legislative and budgetary authority to the representative assembly.

A further study of the New York charter, however, reveals the fact that no such simple and familiar scheme of government has actually been created by the charter commissioners. It is true that the charter provides for the transfer of an immense range of deliberative and legislative business from Albany to New York; and the new municipal assembly would seem, at the outset of our inquiry, to have fallen heir to all those transferred activities. But the real case is very different; for it is provided that the legislative authority of the new municipal assembly is to be limited by grants of authority conferred elsewhere in the new charter upon the administrative boards and heads of departments. One is obliged, therefore, to search the charter through in order to ascertain to what extent the appointive boards and heads of departments are given a power which impinges upon that which would otherwise be exercised by the municipal assembly.

Let us now examine the organization of the executive government of the Greater New York. First comes the mayor, who is entitled the chief executive. He is to be elected for four years and is not eligible for an immediate reelection, and his salary is to be \$15,000 a year. The business of city administration is divided into eighteen executive departments. These are the departments of finance, of law, of police, of water supply, of highways, of street-cleaning, of sewers, of public buildings, lighting, and supplies, of

bridges, of parks, of building, of public charities, of correction, of fire, of docks and ferries, of taxes and assessments, of education, and of health. Some of these departments are to be administered by a single head or commissioner, and others are to be administered by groups of several commissioners. The charter-makers have considered that the work of certain departments involves a relatively large element of deliberation or discretion. Those departments have been placed under boards made up of several commissioners. The finance department has at its head the city comptroller, who is elected by the people. The law department has the corporation counsel at its head, and he is to be appointed by the mayor for a four-year term. The police department is in charge of four police commissioners, appointed for four years, one going out of office every year, his successor being appointed by the mayor, on the bi-partisan principle. Each of the six departments of water supply, highways, street-cleaning, sewers, public buildings, lighting, and supplies, and bridges has a single appointive commissioner at its head, holding office for a term of six years. These six commissioners together form a board of public improvements, with a seventh official (appointed by the mayor), known as the president of the board of public improvements, sitting as their chairman. I shall have occasion to speak further of the functions of this board. The park department, the building department, and the department of docks and ferries are each controlled by a board of three commissioners, holding office for six-year terms, one man retiring every two years. The charities department, the department of correction, the fire department, are each under charge of a single commissioner. The department of taxes and assessments comes under control of a board of five members, one of them designated as president of the board, and all of them appointed by the mayor. The president

of this tax board is appointed for six years, and his four colleagues for four-year terms, one of the four retiring every year. The department of health is under control of a board of six, presided over by the health commissioner, with the health officer of the port and the president of the police board included *ex officio*, and three other members appointed by the mayor. It remains to mention the department of education, at the head of which is a board of nineteen members, evolved out of the several large school boards for the different "boroughs" (that is to say, the main constituent parts) of the Greater New York. These borough school boards are made up of appointees of the mayor, and the general board of nineteen is made up of the delegates of the local boards.

An incoming mayor of the Greater New York will have the right to remove all commissioners and heads of departments by summary process, and to replace them with his own selections. But he will lose this power at the end of six months. After that, his power of removal will be so hedged about as to become practically non-existent. The mayor of the Greater New York is not to be, as is the present mayor of Brooklyn, in charge of the actual executive government. The system provided for in the new charter puts the executive government wholly into the hands of the eighteen departments, which are practically supreme in their respective eighteen spheres, except as they are limited by two important groups, or boards, namely, the board of estimate and apportionment and the board of public improvements. One discovers with some surprise that the ordinance-making power, which would normally belong exclusively to the municipal assembly, is, in the Greater New York charter, conferred upon all the executive departments. The park board, for example, has full authority to make all ordinances which have to do with the regulation and management of the park sys-

tem. The dock board, in like fashion, makes all the rules and regulations which pertain to that very important department, including those that govern the ferries which connect the different parts of the Greater New York. Within the sphere of the six working departments which are grouped together to form the board of public improvements, the municipal chambers are especially restricted in their legislative or ordinance-making authority. In a general way, the new charter seems to intend not only that the executive departments shall make the rules and regulations that concern their spheres of municipal activity, but also that they shall have the initiative in matters that involve change or origination in their respective spheres.

Moreover, the new charter preserves the board of estimate and apportionment, and this board remains in the fullest sense the budgetary authority in the new scheme of government. Thus the eighteen executive departments take away from the municipal assembly the larger part of the ordinance-making power; the board of public improvements in practice controls municipal plans and policies as regards the construction of works, and the board of estimate and apportionment intervenes to prepare the budget, both on the side of income and on that of disbursement.

It may perhaps be said with some measure of truth that the essential nature of any municipal government, or, for that matter, of any other government, will be revealed when one follows the concrete processes involved in the preparation and adoption of the annual budget. Let us see, then, what course the budget must pursue under the government provided for the Greater New York, and then let us follow the process of instituting some work of public improvement.

To begin with the budget. Each of the eighteen departments will work out its own estimates for the coming year. Those departments, it is to be remem-

bered, are so devised as to cover the whole range of the city's ordinary activities. In the case of the six departments which are affiliated to form the board of public improvements, the estimates of the individual departments will be sifted through the board before they are sent on to join the estimates furnished by the other twelve departments. Altogether, the eighteen departmental budgets will come into the hands of the board of estimate and apportionment. This board of five thereupon proceeds to deal with the estimates as it sees fit. It throws its sessions open for a few public hearings, and then completes its work. There is no limit whatever to its right to add to or subtract from departmental estimates. It is under no compulsion, except that it must provide for interest on the bonded debt, for the sinking fund, for the state school fund, and for a few similar items prescribed by the law of the State. The estimates are finally sent to the municipal assembly, which must abandon its two-chamber meetings, and come together as one body for the consideration of the budget. It must complete its action within a certain number of days. It may not add a penny to the estimates at any point whatsoever. It is permitted to throw out items or to make reductions, but it must not offset these by voting increased sums for any object. When it has completed its consideration, the budget goes to the mayor for his final action. The mayor has authority to veto any amendments that the municipal assembly may have made. That is to say, he may restore any amounts that have been subtracted. There are reasons for supposing that the mayor would exercise this veto power, especially in the first year or two of his term; for in the first place, the estimates as prepared come from departments controlled by the mayor's own appointees; in the second place, the estimates are all passed upon and readjusted by the board of estimate and apportionment, of which the mayor himself is chair-

man, while two other members are his own appointees. It is to be presumed, then, that the budget as sent to the municipal assembly would represent the mayor's views. If it should be cut down, it is to be expected that the mayor would interpose his veto power. The assembly can override the mayor's veto of the budget only by a vote of five sixths of all the members elected to both chambers. Ordinarily, it would be impossible to pass any budgetary amendments over the mayor's head; and, as any one can see on a moment's reflection, the consideration of the budget by the municipal assembly becomes merely a grand farce.

Since there is no power that amounts to anything in the carrying on of the municipal government, except the ordinance-making power, the appointing power, and above all, the spending power; and since the ordinance-making power in this charter is for the most part reposed absolutely in the administrative departments, while the appointing power is reposed absolutely in the mayor, and the budgetary power is given beyond hope of modification to the board of estimate and apportionment, the members of the first municipal assembly elected under this voluminous charter may well ask, with some amazement, as the situation gradually dawns upon them, What are we here for? And there can be only one answer: they are there to carry on a debating society, and to rage in vain at their own impotence. It is a somewhat curious fact that this state of affairs is not even hinted at in the report of the commissioners to the legislature. The assignment of powers is so widely scattered through the thousand pages, more or less, of the bulky document, that it takes some study to arrive at the ultimate facts. It would seem likely that the commissioners, entertaining a profound distrust of the average American city council, do not believe that authority can safely be entrusted to the municipal assembly for the Greater New York. Nevertheless, recognizing the de-

mand for a municipal legislature, they provided a showy and specious assembly, which apparently forms the basis of the whole structure, and they then proceeded ingeniously to weave into the scheme checks and balances which will make it impossible for the municipal parliament to do any positive harm.

Now, to show how the system would work in a matter of public improvement, let us suppose that an additional bridge is to be built between the two principal parts of the Greater New York. Presumably, the initiative would be taken by the bridge commissioner. The engineers and technical officials of his department would fix tentatively upon the location, and would work out the architectural and engineering details. For a second consideration, the matter must go to the board of public improvements, where approval or disapproval would be likely to turn upon questions of a technical or engineering character, although it is easy to see how the other members of the board of public improvements, each of them desiring the expenditure of public money in his own department, might, through jealousy, suppress or postpone the scheme of a new bridge. But if the plan at last runs the gauntlet of the board of public improvements, it must go, for a third consideration, to the board of estimate and apportionment. Here it is supposed to be examined in its financial aspects. Can the city, compatibly with its debt conditions and general financial state, afford the new public improvement, and are the proposed plans economical and advisable from the point of view of the municipal purse? While these aspects of the scheme would in theory govern the action taken by the board of estimate and apportionment, it is easy to foresee that political and other motives might actually control the decision of the board. Then, if the scheme is approved, it goes for its fourth consideration to one of the chambers of the municipal assembly, and for a fifth consideration to the

other chamber. If, as is likely enough, the two chambers differ as to the location of the bridge, or the materials from which it is to be built, or its cost, or some other essential thing, there ensues a legislative deadlock to be overcome; and for a sixth consideration the matter must go to a conference committee representing the two chambers. Taking it for granted that an agreement is reached, we need not count the necessary ratification by the two chambers, but will follow the bridge scheme to the mayor, whose right of veto implies a seventh independent consideration. If he should approve, the bridge would probably be built, though there would still remain some possible obstacles.

If the mayor should veto the measure, the municipal assembly could carry it over his head, provided a large enough majority could be secured. And this leads me to say that no man will ever become intimate enough with the provisions of this charter — no matter how many years he may sit in the municipal assembly — to know for a certainty, without careful reference to the document, by what kind of a majority a particular piece of business must be carried to have validity. Some actions in the municipal assembly may be taken by a majority of those present and voting, provided there is a quorum. Other things may be done by a simple majority of all those elected; still others require a two thirds majority of all those elected, others a three fourths majority, others a four fifths majority, others a five sixths majority, and others absolute unanimity. I suspect that there may be still other percentages or proportions requisite for certain actions; but the seven that I have mentioned have caught my attention, as I have endeavored to run through the document. I cite them as instances of the astounding complexity of the government that seems destined to go into operation at New York within a year.

If, under this charter, the mayor had

absolute power to remove commissioners and heads of departments summarily throughout his term, and to appoint their successors, the city would have a municipal government more autocratic than any of which I have ever heard, for it would be the Brooklyn plan idealized. Apart from the shadowy municipal assembly, however, it would have the merit of unity and effectiveness for purposes of ordinary administration. But as the matter stands, let us suppose Tammany to be victorious, and to elect what we may term without euphemism a bad mayor. He has six months in which to turn out of office all the good department heads and commissioners, and to replace them with machine politicians, ward bosses, and subservient creatures of his own. It is true that these men may not continue to be his creatures after the end of the first six months, for then he loses his power to remove them; but he will probably have made the government of the city thoroughly bad; and, for good citizens, it may not matter much whether it is harmoniously bad or inharmoniously bad.

Now let us suppose, on the other hand, that the Citizens' Union — which is taking its place in the field somewhat hopefully at the present moment — should succeed in electing, next November, a good and efficient mayor. Such a man will dislike to make sweeping and arbitrary removals. He will, however, to the best of his ability, in the course of the first six months, appoint good men for the boards and commissionerships. After that he will continue to hold office for three years and six months longer, with no power residing in him to make changes for the sake of efficiency and harmony. Most of the departments, doubtless, will go on fairly well, but some of them will be almost sure to get into trouble, which can be satisfactorily remedied only by a change in one or more commissionerships.

The ordinary administration of the great city will, then, after the first six

months of every four years, be carried on by eighteen separate departments. The charter does not make these departments directly responsible or accountable to anybody. They do not derive authority directly from the people, and they certainly owe nothing to the municipal assembly. On the other hand, there is no power in the mayor to hold them accountable, for there is no practicable way to get rid of them unless they have committed some heinous crime. The mayor will have spent six months in winding up the machine, and he will have forty-two months in which to watch it gradually run down. This is government, not by the municipal parliament, not by an autocratic mayor, nor yet by the familiar American system of an executive and a legislature counterbalancing each other. But it is bureaucracy pure and simple. I am not ready to assert it positively, but I am of the impression, from some knowledge of the subject, that the very shadowy municipal assemblies provided some years ago for St. Petersburg and Moscow had a greater legislative and financial authority than the new municipal assembly of the Greater New York; and I am inclined to believe that neither in the administration of those Russian cities nor in the administration of the Russian provincial governments will one find a bureaucratic system so complete and so indirect in its responsibilities to the public as the bureaucracy which the Greater New York charter creates.

The arguments advanced by the commissioners for a municipal assembly in two chambers seem altogether amusing when one considers how carefully they have guarded against any real exercise of power by the people's representatives. Their provision, so they declare, of an assembly sitting in two chambers is to insure careful and deliberate action and to guard against the evils of legislative haste. But in view of the processes by which the budget is to be adopted, and by

which other matters sift through the bureaus and boards before they can reach the municipal assembly, haste would seem to be the one thing most to be desired at the end. Moreover, the municipal assembly is in any case to sit as one chamber in consideration of the budget; and why it should not transact all of its other business as one body is not explained in the report.

President Seth Low, of Columbia University, and Mayor Strong, protested strenuously against the six months' limit on the mayor's power of removal, and the gravely objectionable scheme of a police commission of four members, to be appointed on the absurd and impossible bi-partisan plan. And it is well known, furthermore, that President Low, if he could have had his own way, would have merged the two chambers of the municipal assembly into one. He also greatly desired to secure the election of a part, at least, of the members of one or both houses of the municipal assembly on a general ticket. It should be said, too, that the commissioners as a body were decidedly friendly to the idea of proportional or minority representation, and that in their report they declare that the only reason for omitting that principle was their fear lest it should be found unconstitutional. They have therefore submitted the draft of a constitutional amendment, which they ask the legislature to adopt, clearly granting to municipalities the right to try some form of proportional representation in the choosing of boards of aldermen or municipal councils.

The chief difficulty this charter will meet in practice will be found to lie in that great law of nature by which water flows downhill, and everything else tends to follow the lines of least resistance. For it should be remembered that the Empire State express train will continue to fly from New York to Albany every day, and that the legislative power at the state Capitol which confers

this elaborate charter upon the city of New York can at any time amend it or supersede it. A member of the state Senate remarked to me, in the mayor's office, the other day, that this new charter was quite too complicated for his purposes, and that when his constituents wanted anything done (he represented a city district) he should make it his business to take the matter straight to the legislature and carry it through. With several scores of politicians from New York city districts sitting in the state legislature, there will be no public opinion strong enough to prevent the resumption of the present and long-continued practice of state intervention. If the city falls into bad hands under the new charter, the municipal reformers and good citizens will assuredly not wait for the next municipal election, but will hurry to Albany with a movement for getting the bad commissioners legislated out of office. If good men hold the reins of authority in the metropolis, while the tools of the boss fill the halls of legislation at Albany, the boss will undoubtedly conclude to alter the charter, and incidentally to legislate the good men out of office.

The very complications in the charter, the very system of bolts and combination time-locks which form so amazingly ingenious a scheme, are what make it certain that everybody in turn will take the short cut to Albany. The only kind of municipal government which can make municipal home rule for New York a tolerably assured fact must be one possessing the utmost simplicity, responding readily and obviously to the will of the community. Public opinion would then ordain that New York should attend to its own affairs. As I have shown, St. Louis has attained real home rule because its organization is sufficiently responsive to meet local demands, and public opinion would condemn frequency of resort to the state legislature.

This prediction that the Albany short

cut will inevitably be used has striking confirmation already; for no sooner had the new charter been approved by both houses of the legislature, in the latter days of March, than there were taken up for consideration great public improvements for New York city, and also for Brooklyn, involving expenditures in the aggregate of probably \$50,000,000. One of these special measures attempted to create a board of commissioners to have full control of a proposed boulevard system for the upper part of New York city. Several practical politicians were named in the bill as commissioners, and were given authority to spend a vast amount of money every year for an indefinite number of years, each commissioner to draw a large salary from the date of the passage of the act. There was no urgency about this matter, and no one could deny that it was intended to take a critically important public enterprise out of the hands of the street department and board of public improvements, as provided for in the new charter. Meanwhile, another bill called for the creation of a great trunk sewer in the valley of the Bronx, also in the upper part of the Greater New York area. This public work, too, according to the bill, was to be entrusted to a separate commission, the commissioners being named in the act; and the sole urgency lay in the desire to take the proposed improvement away from the sewer department and the board of public improvements, which, under the new charter, should have full control of all such matters.

It is sufficient to name these two illustrations. Both bills seemed likely to pass. It may be mentioned that the rapid transit scheme, which has been pending for a long time, is also in charge of a special board of commissioners, who will presumably have the oversight of the expenditure of a sum of public money that will not fall below \$50,000,000. What will be left for the board of public improvements? If the very legislature which

has enacted the Greater New York charter (with the avowed object of transferring legislative work of a local character from Albany to New York) proceeds in the order of its calendar to make the charter unavailing by setting up special commissions to do the business that properly belongs to the municipal authorities, what can be expected of future legislatures? Assuredly, they will not hesitate for a moment to override the charter and set it aside, whenever an inducement offers.

The real hope, of course, for good government in New York, as everywhere else, lies in the development of a sound and true civic spirit. The mechanism of municipal government is a secondary matter. Nevertheless, it is of high importance that the mechanism should have simplicity and unity, and that it should be obviously responsive to the public will. In New York, as in many cities, the crying demand at the present moment is for nomination reform. Until the party organizations give us a radically improved nominating system, it will, in the opinion of many experienced men, be the duty of municipal reformers to assume the aggressive, and to put into the field independent citizens' tickets on a non-partisan platform. There has been good government in New York city (except for a few weak spots) for more than two years. But this fact is wholly due to the action of the Committee of Seventy, formed by the business men of New York and the municipal reform elements, led by the Chamber of Commerce. The Committee of Seventy selected Mayor Strong, and secured the power of removal act. Incidentally Mayor Strong is a Republican, but primarily he is a business man of high character, whose sole motive is the true welfare of the

municipality. New York will have fairly good government, probably, for several years to come, if all the disinterested elements that are working for that end unite and succeed, next November, in electing their ticket. But as for an ideal municipal charter, or any equilibrium or stability in the structure of the municipal system as such, there are no bright prospects in the neighborhood of New York. The country must look elsewhere if it seeks instruction in the framing of charters.

In justice to the work of the framers of the New York charter, it must be said that their great document is very much more than a municipal constitution. It is also a municipal code; and in the framing of particular chapters of this code very admirable work has been accomplished. Those chapters, however, form a distinct subject, or series of subjects; and it would be impossible for me even to allude to them here. An intelligent regard for municipal rights and municipal progress has been shown in such matters as the treatment of franchises, of docks and ferries, and of public assets in general. Moreover, at many points of detail in the chapters regulating the various departments, positive improvements have been made over existing arrangements. Nevertheless, the chapters have been so framed as to continue, with incidental improvements, such administrative arrangements as now exist in the Greater New York. The signs of real progress are to be found in the improved quality of much of the departmental work. Public opinion will never again tolerate filthy streets, for example; and the average standard of municipal housekeeping in New York is advancing hopefully, regardless of charter-building controversies.

Albert Shaw.

THE LOCK-STEP OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE usual system of grading pupils in the public schools and of promoting them from one class to another is mediæval; for although the American graded school was not transplanted from the Old World, in its methods of grading and promotion it differs but little from the first school of the kind, founded by Sturm at Strasburg. In spite of the progress that has been made in other ways, it is almost as rigid as its prototype of three hundred and sixty years ago. In the ungraded school, so far as possible, the instruction has been suited to the individual. This adaptability to individual teaching is its strong feature, and it must be acknowledged that for the favored few it has a manifest advantage. Although the graded school yields the greatest good to the greatest number in the least time, at the least expense, it does not often provide properly for the individual differences of the pupils; it is not sufficiently flexible to accommodate itself to them, but it demands that they accommodate themselves to it: therefore, the usual method of grading, which was intended to serve the children, has become their cruel master. It keeps all the pupils in an intellectual lock-step, month after month, year after year, for their whole school lives.

The course of study is usually divided arbitrarily into a number of grades, generally a year apart, and the work for each grade is laid out for either bright, slow, or average pupils. Many schools are graded for the bright pupils, and all the rest, dragged over far more work than they can understand, become discouraged and drop out of school. Many more schools are graded for the slower ones, with manifest injustice to those who could go forward more rapidly; and not only is the progress of all kept to the pace of the slow, but habits of

indolence and inattention are acquired by the alert, who are thus injured both mentally and morally. By far the largest number of schools, however, are supposed to be graded for the average pupils. At first sight this system seems reasonable; but the truth is that, neglecting the individual pupil of flesh and blood and soul and life and infinite possibilities, most of us have attempted to reach all the pupils by shaping the work to the mythical average pupil. Then, at a season when the sun has reached a certain altitude in the heavens, and the thermometer registers ninety-five degrees, and the pupils' energy is low, we subject all to a useless examination, which the lucky ones pass, while the rest lose a year or leave school. Thus in chain-gangs are the bright and the slow bound and forced to move at the same pace. Yet many wonder why eighty per cent of the pupils finish only four years of a twelve years' course; why but two per cent are graduated; and, worse than all, why the graduates do not illustrate the law of the survival of the fittest.

Another serious weakness in the present system is that even the brightest cannot gain time, and if any except the brightest are absent for but a short period, they are unable to pass to advanced work, and therefore lose a whole year when they may be only a month or two behind. Less than one per cent of the pupils of the public schools can successfully skip the work of a whole year. About thirty-five per cent fail to be promoted. Some claim that those who fail do better work the following year, but statistics that I have collected show that the large majority of the pupils do not return, and few of those who do return do good work. In a vague way, everybody knows that there is an amazing loss of pupils' time, yet none but those who

have studied the matter carefully can know how great the loss is. Statistics, gathered with much labor and care, show that eighty per cent lose from one to four years. For every one hundred pupils in the schools that I myself examined, there had been from one hundred and twenty-five to three hundred and seventy years lost during their course of study. Such loss is inevitable whenever the teacher is forced to forget that the class is composed of fifty individuals, and to think only of the fact that all must reach a certain place by a given time. It is not too much to say that on all sides interested parents and thoughtful educators are dissatisfied with the usual system, which cuts short the school period of the majority, and menaces the intellectual life of every boy and girl in the graded schools.

For several years I sought diligently, but unsuccessfully, for some better method. By letters of inquiry, by examining courses of study, and by visits to fifty different cities, I procured information concerning the needs and conditions in more than two hundred cities in different parts of the United States, in the hope that I should find a plan which was satisfactory. While all thoughtful teachers felt the need of some reform in the manner of grading, practical methods for correcting the evil had not appeared. Nearly all agreed that grading for annual promotion was a failure. Some had tried semi-annual promotion, but the results showed this plan little, if any, more pliant. Others had set apart an ungraded room in every building, but they found that by this device they reached only a very small part of the pupils. A few others, despairing of anything better, had returned to the system of the ungraded school, only to learn that with so many classes good results could not be secured.

At last I worked out, and put into operation in three different cities, under

varying and unfavorable conditions, a plan of grading and promoting pupils which adapts the training to the individual. It is not necessary to explain the many devices which some years' experience has evolved, but it may be of interest to mention the most important methods and results. The plan has now stood the test of several years' trial, and has proved to be very satisfactory. Although its main features were worked out ten years ago, while I had charge of a school in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, it was further developed in the schools of New Castle, Pennsylvania, whither I went as superintendent for the single purpose of proving that it was possible to carry out a more pliable method of grading than any I had been able to find. It is now in operation in the city of Elizabeth, New Jersey.

The promotion examination has been abolished, and its abandonment is a necessary first step to any more pliant plan of grading; for the making of the time-limit the same for all pupils is the very basis of the disastrous "uniformity" in school work. This uniform time-limit came with Sturm's iron-clad system, and even now it is the greatest obstacle to a more flexible arrangement. So long as it remains, so long will the serious complaint that "the graded school machinery requires uniformity in every child" be well founded. It is encouraging that from all sides there come unmistakable indications of a strong reaction against the promotion examination. Although the teaching test is a necessary part of all true teaching, yet those who have considered the promotion test from the standpoint of the pupil, or of the parent, or of the teacher have been led unhesitatingly to condemn the test used to determine promotion. The attempt to cure the evil of wrong grading without entirely cutting off the promotion examination is as senseless as trying to cure any other malady without striking at its root. Few cities now dare

cling to the promotion test as they once did. In many it is a small factor in deciding on promotion. The results show that though lessening the importance of the promotion examination may have lessened the strain on the pupils, the hope that its abolition would mitigate the acknowledged evil in grading was unfounded. Yet, strange to relate, some who claim to have an "ideal system of grading" still hold to the final examination, and in reality have what all authorities condemn as a "Procrustean bed of grades."

The promotion examination is a test of memory rather than of power. It may show some things that the pupil does not know, but it cannot show what the pupil does know; it destroys or prevents broad and intelligent teaching, makes of the teacher a grind, and turns out pupils by machinery. It forces pupils to go over far more work than they can grasp or understand, and it causes many to leave school. It brings senseless worry to the nervous, who often fail to pass, while the less worthy succeed. It is, moreover, a great temptation to deceit. It demands one third more time than is necessary to impart the same knowledge and to give better training. It puts a premium, not upon the work done day by day during the year, but upon the amount of "stuffing" that can be done at the end of the term. These are a few of the many reasons why it has been condemned as a moral injustice to pupils and teachers, and as one of the greatest of educational blunders.

The promotion examination having been abandoned, the teacher's estimate of the pupil's ability to do advanced work settles his promotion. As the teacher's estimate is shown on the report, the pupil and his parents with him know monthly what progress he is making towards advanced work. In the primary grades the teacher's judgment determines the record, and in the higher grades the teacher's judgment is cor-

rected by written recitations and tests. This method puts a premium on the daily work, and affords a moderate but continuous stimulus rather than an excessive and a spasmodic one. Tests given by the principal and the superintendent show the proper completion of work, and are useful to direct and broaden the instruction, but have nothing to do with promotion. Pupils promoted prematurely are returned whence they came, and teachers become more careful thereafter.

It may be said that the teaching test is only another name for the promotion examination, but a moment's thought will show that there is a great difference between the two. One is a careful diagnosis at frequent intervals for the purpose of discovering the disease in its incipency, in order to apply the proper remedies and to save the patient. The other is a blundering post-mortem to learn the cause of death. Common sense and experience unite in declaring that every efficient teacher knows which pupils are ready for advanced work better than a superintendent can know. All who have had experience with this method of promotion agree that never before were promotions made so satisfactorily, and never before did the teachers study individuals so closely.

A distinguishing feature of this plan is that in essential studies the pupils of every grade or class are subdivided, according to ability and acquirements, into several small classes. The number of divisions in a grade varies with the number of rooms of the same grade in the building, with the importance of the subject, with the efficiency of the teacher, and with other limiting conditions. The number of divisions in each subject is also determined by these conditions, after a careful consideration of the subjects in each grade, and by the results of an analysis of the records of ten thousand children of different grades. This study of the pupils' records shows that in al-

most every case the difficulty that they encounter arises at certain points in each grade, so that by providing for individual instruction at these danger-points all cause of failure is removed. Likewise, the number of pupils in each division varies with limiting conditions. The larger the number of pupils to select from, the greater the number that can go together without injury. The more nearly uniform the pupils of a class are in ability and attainments, the better can the instruction be suited to their needs, the greater is the power of emulation, the larger is the number that can successfully be taught together, the easier it is to hold the attention and concentrate it upon the subject presented, and therefore the better is the training given. No matter how closely we grade, it is found that there is always sufficient difference in the pupils of each group to give that quickening influence which is such an important result of class teaching.

The accurate grading of pupils into classes of from eight to twenty, instead of roughly herding them in classes of from forty to sixty, furnishes a practical method of reaching the individual, and thus makes possible the mental growth that is dependent upon constant, healthy, beneficial activity. It not only secures from each his best work, but it prevents overwork on the part of the nervous pupils, and on the part of others who, for any reason, should not have severe mental labor.

It has not been found necessary to divide the grades into small classes except in the essential branches, which vary somewhat with the courses of study and are different in the several grades. The number of recitations is not greater than is usual in those schools which have more than one grade to the room. Take, for example, a grade where there are six studies. Since many schools have pupils of two different grades in each room, twelve daily recitations are required. In those schools which have three grades

in each room, provision has to be made for at least eighteen recitations. Under the new plan of grading, three or four divisions are made in each of the two most important subjects, and two divisions in the next most important subject. As the pupils in each room are nearly equal in acquirements, it has proved very satisfactory to have them recite together in the other, the less important branches, in which it is easy to hold the attention, and in which future work is not so dependent upon what has been learned. Thus by providing for but twelve or fifteen daily recitations the desired end is reached. Since most public school buildings have from two to four rooms of the same grade, it is easy to have, not three or four, but ten or twelve divisions in the essential subjects of each grade. Under such conditions, there could be in the usual eight grades from seventy to eighty divisions below the high school, instead of the eight large classes which the usual plan requires. But experience has proved that a much smaller number than seventy or eighty meets all the requirements. New divisions are made by the teacher when they are necessary properly to accommodate the pupils in her room, and they are not continued longer than they are beneficial. Instead of making the pupils fit the grades, the purpose is to make the divisions suit the needs of the pupils. As the divisions are quite small, better results can be obtained with shorter recitations, and time is saved for individual work at those points where the study of the pupil's record shows that individual work is most needed. The records that I have gathered in Elizabeth, New Jersey, show that in one grade ninety-two per cent of the failures were in arithmetic and grammar. By providing for small classes and individual work in these subjects the cause of failure was removed, and but few pupils were kept back. While the apparent increase in the number of recitations led teachers to look with disfavor on the plan before

they understood it, at the end of the first year's experience with it they not only favored it, but ninety-four per cent of them have written their reasons for preferring it to any other plan of which they have knowledge.

Since all pupils are placed in divisions with those of the same ability, the instruction can be carefully adjusted to the needs of each. That the instruction should be accurately adjusted, both in matter and in method, to the ability and attainments of the individual pupil is a pedagogical axiom. Yet everybody knows that it is violated daily in almost every school in the land; for, as schools are graded, the extremes of the class are so far apart that the individual does not receive accurately adjusted instruction. The most careless observer of children knows that they naturally love to learn what is new, and are always interested in doing what they can do with reasonable ease. When suitable work is assigned to them the tendency to idleness is greatly lessened, and many a listless "time-killer" is transformed into an earnest worker; the necessity of punishment is greatly diminished in all classes, and has entirely disappeared from many. Indeed, the new plan of grading has practically solved the problem of the bad boy, and has proved that the majority of the so-called bad boys are the logical result of a bad method. The bright boys are not kept busy under the usual plan; therefore they are the ones who get into mischief, for the idle brain is still the devil's workshop.

Another all-important feature peculiar to this method of grading is that no fixed amount of work is demanded of any division within a given time. Every division goes as fast as it can do thorough work, and no faster. The greatest mistake of the usual plan is that, though there can be no uniformity of conditions, uniformity of results is demanded of all. The teachers are now no longer compelled to drive their pu-

pils through a course of study. Courses of study we must have, and perhaps it is even necessary to give all pupils the same drill in grammar, the same exercise in arithmetic, and the same number of miles of writing to do. But no effort is now made to give all the same amount in the same time, regardless of the differences between them. While, under this system of grading, pupils are required to do thoroughly all the essential work before passing to advanced work, pupils and teachers know that they are not expected to finish it in a shorter time than is required to do it satisfactorily. The consequent relief to the teacher is as great as the benefit to the pupil. Many a faithful teacher endures a terrible strain for years, lest she be blamed if all her pupils do not finish the given course in a fixed time. One teacher expressed a common sentiment when she said: "It seemed as if this new plan had raised from my shoulders a terrible load which threatened to crush me. I knew that it was an outrage to drive some of the pupils as I was obliged to drive them, but what was I to do? I was told that by June all had to be ready for the examinations. Now my task is a very much more pleasant and satisfactory one. I am no longer forced to be a pupil-driver, but I can be a teacher in the true sense of the word; and school is, to pupils and to teacher, an entirely different sort of place." It is time that blame for many failures be taken from teachers and principals, and placed on the shoulders of those who are responsible for the system. Let them bear this great responsibility.

Instead of waiting till all are ready, and then moving forward by battalions, pupils are promoted whenever they are prepared. A pupil's promotion is determined, not by the lapse of time, but by his ability and preparation to do advanced work. While there are still general promotions to higher grades at the end of the year, each division goes forward just as far as it can, and at the be-

ginning of the next year pupils take up the work where they left off. The majority of the irregular promotions are made at the end of each month, but no pupil need remain where he is one day after he has demonstrated his ability to do work in advance of his division. The classification is so accurate that the changes from division to division are not so frequent as to affect the stability of the division.

Although most superintendents favor the promotion, at any time, of a pupil who is prepared to be put forward, yet all know very well that, under the usual plan of grading, it is practically impossible to advance such a student. Even the best pupil, who can keep up with his class by attending two days a week, cannot successfully skip the work of six months or a year. Statistics prove that the majority of those who seem to do so lose more time later.

An important feature of the new plan of grading is the keeping of a complete record of every pupil. This record is given to the new teacher whenever a pupil is promoted. The record shows clearly the exact amount and character of the work done by each child in every subject. It shows also all that the previous teachers and principals have been able to learn concerning the children's mental, moral, and physical defects; all they know of their likes and dislikes; all that has been found out concerning their home life and social environment; and everything else that may have a bearing on the character of the work which may reasonably be expected from each, or that may be of use in properly understanding the individual characteristics. Thus each teacher has the accumulated experience of other teachers. Ten minutes' study of a pupil's past record, if it has been made and kept accurately, gives more valuable information than many a teacher gets in months by her own observation. Surely it is time to act on the principle that it is necessary

to know an individual before you try to instruct or to govern him. Only thus can the teacher find that ever present but often hidden germ of character, which, when found and brought into contact with the warm nature of the earnest, sympathetic teacher and principal, is so developed that it transforms the lazy, listless school "terror" into an obedient, thoughtful pupil.

One very important result is the more thorough work done by pupils in essential branches. As no teacher is expected to take the pupils of any division faster than they should go, it is not found difficult for the teachers to secure the thoroughness required. Every teacher knows that, under the usual plan, a great many who are promoted to advanced work have not mastered what they have passed over. Under this new plan, all other requirements are secondary to thoroughness in essentials, and no pupil is allowed to move forward until he is so well grounded in the work gone over that he is thoroughly prepared for advanced work. Much has been done to clear up the old mystery why pupils went to school so many years and knew so little when they stopped.

Another important result is this: since the pupils are divided into small divisions and work as individuals, child study becomes not only practicable, but necessary. There are times when the teacher comes into close contact with every pupil. Otherwise there cannot be proper mental growth. By the study of the individual child's needs and the separate ministering to those needs, and only in this way, can the true teacher come into life-giving contact with the weaker mind of the child, for restraint, guidance, and development. Only thus can the teacher properly influence the pupil, warm into life his dormant powers, and stimulate the neglected capacities into healthy and well proportioned growth.

When the brighter pupils from a lower class enter a higher class they are at

a slight disadvantage; therefore, those members of the higher class who have not before shown great ambition are stirred up to excel the newcomers and to advance with them. Such an effect upon this kind of pupils, though unforeseen, has been to me one of the most gratifying results of the plan, and has repaid me for the many hours spent in the study of this problem and the many conflicts with those wedded to the old method. The slower pupils, under the old classification, not only lose the confidence of parents, teachers, and friends, but, worse than all, they lose confidence in themselves. When the lazy ones find that they are likely to be left behind even by the plodders, it is inspiring to see them take on a new life and show what they can do if they make up their minds to work. Indeed, most pupils, when a chance for promotion is constantly within reach, are inspired with enthusiasm. If promotion to a higher grade does not depend upon the time of year, nor upon the ability of all in the school to advance at a certain pace, nor upon the result of an examination, but upon the work that the individual pupil does day by day, a new sort of stimulus is given to the whole school. One teacher testifies: "I should not have believed it possible there could be such a change in the spirit of all." Another says: "Even the 'dummies' are surprising their best friends, and proving that they were not dull, but that their only trouble was that they were dragged too rapidly forward. All they needed was a chance to work where they were prepared to work. Who can estimate how many so-called 'dummies' have been forced out of school and had life's prospects blighted?" Such expressions are heard almost daily from teachers who at first were opposed to this method of grading.

The plan makes possible frequent reclassification, and frequent reclassification is the only means of preventing the sacrifice of the pupils to the mere ma-

chinery of the school. In a school, as in every other living organism, many forces are at work to produce disorganization, and constant reorganization is necessary to preserve the health of the organism. Such pupils as fall behind need not lose a whole year, but only a part of it, and because of the ease of reclassification this may soon be regained. In spite of limiting conditions, more than forty per cent of the pupils in the schools where the plan has been tried were reclassified during the first eight months; that is to say, when the pupils had been classified according to their acquirements and their ability, it was found that forty per cent had been put into other divisions where they could work to better advantage, — classified as they could not have been under the old method.

Since in the essential studies there are many divisions a short distance apart, instead of eight divisions a year apart, it is possible to "sift the pupils up" instead of always "sifting them down." Except for absence, few of the slow are put back, but the brighter pupils are frequently promoted.

There has been a great increase in the number of pupils in the grammar schools and the high school in Elizabeth, New Jersey. In fact, the present graduating class of our high school is a hundred per cent greater than the largest class that ever graduated. Many pupils remain in school longer than they would have remained under the usual plan of grading. Some would have gone away because they were disgusted with the treadmill; others, because they became discouraged when forced to go faster than they could grasp the work; others, because they failed to pass the examination, or feared lest they might fail; others, for many different reasons which the present plan has entirely removed.

Such a change is important, for where the old method prevails eighty per cent of the pupils attend the public schools four years or less. A late report of

Newark, New Jersey, gives the following facts, which show a better state of affairs than exists in other cities: Forty-six per cent of the children of school age in the city were not in the public schools. Eighty-three per cent of those in school were under thirteen years. Seventy-seven per cent did not reach the grammar grades. Thirty-one per cent of those in school attended less than half a year. Less than four per cent reached the high school. Not one fourth of one per cent finished the four years' course in the high school.

Though the improved mental training is one of the most important benefits of the plan, it must not be forgotten that there is a great saving of time and money. While under the usual method seventy-five per cent of the public school pupils lose from one to four years, under this plan seventy-five per cent will save from one to four years. Those who attend school only until they are of a certain age will receive considerably more training than under the old system. Those who wish to attend school only until a certain point in the course of study is reached will get to that point in less time. If all pupils are given the same training that they would receive under the usual plan, they will get it in from one to four years' less time. When this gain per pupil is multiplied by thousands, the financial saving becomes apparent. Even if pupils did not gain time, but simply passed regularly through the grades without unnecessary loss of time, there would be a great saving of time and money. In fact, the loss caused by the shortening of the productive lives of thousands and the financial loss to both the pupil and the community become so appalling that one can hardly believe that attention has not been called to it long ago.

Thus I have explained briefly some of the most important steps leading to a plan of grading that has proved far more satisfactory than the usual method. My experience in working out this plan and

putting it into operation shows that the opposition to it comes from those who have grown to believe that the schools are for them rather than for the children. Being more anxious to save themselves trouble than to benefit the children, they prefer to continue in the "good old way" rather than to make the necessary effort to get out of the rut. It is a pleasure to say that the beneficial results to pupils and teachers have been so many and so marked that not only are the principals and teachers who have worked under the new plan almost unanimous in their hearty approval of it, but parents and pupils also are enthusiastic in their praise of the method.

When, less than two years ago, I became superintendent of the schools of Elizabeth, New Jersey, this plan of grading was introduced into all the schools of the city. I will briefly summarize the beneficial results following its adoption in one of the grammar schools: By the end of last June the pupils of the advanced division of the seventh year grade had done all the work of that grade and part of the eighth year work. When they returned to school in September, they took up the work where they had left it. By the end of December they had finished all the work of the grammar grades. To the satisfaction of superintendent, principal, and teachers it was proved that no class had ever accomplished the work more thoroughly. Those who wished to do so entered the high school in January instead of waiting nine months. The teachers of the high school bear witness that the pupils are not only doing better work than any previous class, but, because of the methods of study during the past year, they have gained the power of close application which so few have when they enter the high school. In two months they made such progress as to be able to recite with that division of the September class which had fallen behind the rest. It is hardly necessary to say that the

sight of pupils overtaking those who had started so far ahead of them has had a stimulating influence all along the line. The next division of the highest grammar grade finished the work of the grade in March, and at once entered upon the high school work, instead of waiting until next September, when the others in the same room will be able to advance. Similar results are found throughout the schools, even to the lowest primary grade. The reports of the principal show that during the past year and a half, in addition to the regular promotion, twenty-three per cent of the pupils earned irregular promotion to advanced work. Not less than eighty-five per cent of the pupils are from one to nine months further advanced than they would otherwise have been, and sixty per cent have been reclassified and placed where they could do better work. The number in the grammar grades has increased twelve per cent. Teachers who before failed to hold the attention and to secure satisfactory order now succeed in both respects.

These results are the more gratifying because they have not required the employment of an additional teacher nor the expenditure of an extra dollar. Having put the plan in operation under varying and most unfavorable conditions, I know that it is as practicable for schools having three teachers as for those having thirty teachers. It can therefore be adopted in the schools of any town or city.

The great interest manifested in the plan by prominent educators and journals in every part of the country, from Boston to San Francisco, indicates that the general need of a change from the stereotyped system of grading is keenly felt. I believe that the day is not far distant when, with a system of grading which exists for the proper development of the pupils, with better teachers, — for whom there is an ever increasing demand, — and with a course of study suited to the growth of the mind, we shall have a system of public education superior to any other in the world.

William J. Shearer.

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE AND HIS CRITICAL METHOD.

I.

"THE French," says Joubert, "seem to love the arts less for themselves than for the pleasure to be had from criticising them." It is a striking proof of this naturally critical bent of the French mind that, since the time of Ronsard, criticism in French literature has always preceded or accompanied creation. Of late, it has been tending more and more to take the place of creation. It forms the most interesting and important part of French literary production at the present day. The critics are already beginning to have no resource except to criticise one another. It may be said,

indeed, that French literature is suffering from a surfeit of criticism, whereas in English there is a conspicuous lack not only of good individual critics, but still more of a recognized critical method and of a critical tradition.

We may admire and imitate French literary criticism as we admire and imitate French art, but with very much the same reservations. We receive the impression, when in the presence of the pictures of a French Salon, that mere *procédé* — the mastery of technique and execution — has taken in large measure the place of creation. In like manner, in recent French criticism, an adroit manipulation of a large critical vocabulary

and of highly perfected critical methods frequently serves as a substitute for insight and original reflection. Sainte-Beuve said of the critics of his day that they abounded in all the needful critical virtues except the essential virtues of authority and judgment. It may be said with even more truth of many of the present generation of French critics that what they have gained in brilliancy and versatility they seem to have lost in weight and impressiveness. The critic is too often only a clever dilettante, who has no aim beyond that of entertaining the public with a display of his own intellectual virtuosity.

It is the distinction of M. Brunetière to have avoided the reproach of Sainte-Beuve, and to have given back to the word "critic" something of its former meaning. He has had an ideal and convictions, and has insisted on judging with reference to them, at a time when ideals and convictions, at least among the educated classes, have almost completely gone out of fashion. He has possessed something of the power that usually belongs to those who have convictions, to impose themselves upon those who have none. He has persisted in the somewhat antiquated notion that books exist primarily to express ideas, whereas most people nowadays turn to books, not for ideas, but for entertainment, or at best for elegant æsthetic sensation. The first impression, indeed, the reader of M. Brunetière receives is that of a man who, by temperament and instinct, has found himself thrown into natural contradiction with his contemporaries. He has made himself the champion of the classical tradition and proclaimed the supremacy of reason at an epoch when art has been given over to every form of morbid subjectivity. He has been stern and ascetic in his attitude toward life in a period of easy-going self-indulgence, and strenuous in the midst of general relaxation. He has produced work marked by eminently masculine qualities at a time

when literature has fallen to a great extent under the influence of women. He has restricted his style to the syntax and the vocabulary of Bossuet in an age which has seen the publication of the sonnets of Mallarmé and of the *Journal* of the Goncourts.

We feel in reading M. Brunetière as we feel in reading Taine, that something of scholasticism still lingers in the land of its origin. Though they have both tried to apply the methods of inductive science, they remain scholastic in their passion for vast structures of original ideas conceived with geometric symmetry, and with reference less to the observed facts than to a logical requirement of the mind; they are scholastic by their use as well as by their abuse of dialectic, by their proneness to mistake ratiocination for reason. There has survived in the case of M. Brunetière something also of the scholastic temper. He is imperious and dogmatic in tone, and at slight provocation grows disputatious and polemical. In default of a real adversary, he frequently addresses himself to an imaginary one. A modern Siger of Brabant, he has looked upon it as his mission to syllogize truths unpalatable to most of his countrymen. He has been called the inventor of "militant" criticism. "Behind his battering-rams," says M. Jules Lemaître, "there is always a reserve of catapults."

The history of M. Brunetière's work as a critic is, to a great extent, the history of his polemics. Three of these polemics in particular deserve attention. At the very beginning of his career as a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* he singled out M. Zola and the naturalists for his attacks, and continued these attacks in a running fire of articles extending over a period of nearly twelve years. Later on, he proclaimed that modern science was bankrupt, that it had failed to keep its promise, and he thus became involved in a war of pamphlets with M. Berthelot and other ad-

vocates of purely experimental methods. And finally, for a number of years he has never lost an opportunity to assail M. Jules Lemaitre and M. Anatole France and the partisans of "impressionistic" criticism. He has thrown himself with special ardor into this last controversy. It has been for him a conflict *pro aris et focis*, involving as it does the very life of criticism. Man, according to the impressionists, is absolutely imprisoned in his own subjectivity, and the most the critic can hope to do is, not to pronounce judgment, but merely to express his own tastes and preferences. The cultivation of literary criticism in France for several centuries has had the somewhat paradoxical result of producing critics who deny the possibility of criticism. "As for myself," says M. France in the preface to the fourth volume of his critical studies, "I am not in the least a critic. I have no talent for working the threshing-machines into which ingenious persons put the literary harvest in order to separate the grain from the chaff." His utmost endeavor, he adds elsewhere, is to tell pleasantly of the "adventures" of his soul as it ranges at large in the ample domain of books. M. France, it may be noted in passing, is fond of talking of his "soul," when he means in reality his nerves and sensibility. M. Lemaitre and M. France are both *des féminins*. To the personality of M. France in particular there attaches something of that elusive feminine charm which makes its possessor a baffling problem to others, and very often to himself. The debate between him and M. Brunetière has at times taken on the aspect of a warfare between the masculine and the feminine principles. Strength has been pitted against charm, and reason has been arrayed against sensibility.

While it is not easy to confine in a formula such subtle clerks as M. Lemaitre and M. France, we may say that in the general position they have taken in de-

nying all fixed standards they have only given an extreme expression to what was already in germ in their masters, Sainte-Beuve and Renan. Sainte-Beuve, instead of judging literary work with reference to an absolute standard, had sought rather to explain it, to show how far it was purely relative, — the necessary result of the temperament of the writer and of the time in which he lived. Criticism, during the classical period of French literature, had rested on the assumption not only that this æsthetic absolute existed, but that it had found expression in a code of established rules. The individual author, isolated from his environment and looked upon as a free agent, was awarded praise or blame according as he approached or fell short of the perfect standard. Each advance of criticism during the present century has tended, on the one hand, to limit personal responsibility in literary creation, and, on the other hand, to weaken the belief in an absolute beauty. The last step was taken when Taine attempted to prove that a writer is the necessary product of his race, heredity, and environment. With the determinism of Taine, both art and artist pass from the domain of the absolute into the region of pure relativity.

The substitution of the notion of the relative for the notion of the absolute, — this indeed would seem in the retrospect to have been the characteristic achievement of the nineteenth century, not only in literary criticism, but in all departments of thought. From Hegel to Darwin, the idea of "becoming," of growth and development, has, in a hundred forms, so penetrated and transformed the mental habits of the modern man as to make it increasingly difficult for him to look upon anything as fixed and final. Emerson, says Mr. Chapman in *The Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1897, "is probably the last great writer to look at life from a stationary standpoint," to live in the habitual consciousness of the

permanent rather than of the transitory. "The absolute is dead!" exclaimed Edmond Scherer in 1860. But the heart refused to ratify this verdict of the head. It was in the conflict between the modern doctrine of the relative and the temperamental craving for an absolute that lay the life tragedy of Scherer, and, in a lesser degree, of Matthew Arnold. Renan's attempt to reconcile in himself the old man with the new resulted in his theory of a God who does not yet exist, but is in process of "becoming." It was left for the disciples of Renan, and especially for M. Anatole France, to rid themselves of these weak scruples, and to arrive at what may be termed the doctrine of the absolutely relative. The affirmation of M. France that he is absolutely imprisoned in his own personality, that there is no ideal standard to which he may refer either his own opinions or those of others, has as its corollary a doctrine of universal illusion. The immense indulgence that he professes comes in part, indeed, from his power of sympathy, but it arises even more from a tranquil contempt for human nature thus looked upon as the mere puppet of illusion. The new sect of "flowing" philosophers to which M. France belongs has arrived at a conception of life closely corresponding to that of the "flowing" philosophers of old.

"All thoughts, all creeds, all dreams, are true,
All visions wild and strange;
Man is the measure of all truth
Unto himself. All truth is change."

The Oriental doctrine of illusion has thus appeared in Western thought, but not accompanied, as it was in the mind of the Hindoo, by a vision of the One. *Leconte de Lisle*, who is the poet of this modern doctrine of illusion, is the diametrical opposite of Emerson: he excels in seizing and rendering with extraordinary intensity the most fugitive appearances of space and time, and all without the slightest sentiment of a spiritual reality either in man or behind the shows

of nature. There has passed into his verse something of the horror and vertigo that come from thus contemplating the meaningless flow of phenomena as they start up from vacancy, stand out for a moment on a background of deepest black, and then vanish into the void.

"Éclair, rêve sinistre, éternité qui ment,
La Vie antique est faite inépuisablement
Du tourbillon sans fin des apparences vaines."

II.

In a society which can no longer offer its members any ideal ends to which they may aspire in common, the individual is left largely to his own resources. In the absence of any fixed rule of conduct he follows his temperamental leaning, and frequently ends by falling, as the French adage puts it, in the direction in which he leans. M. Berthelot, the eminent professor of chemistry at the Collège de France, naturally inclined toward a blind faith in experimental methods; he proved that he had fallen victim to this inclination when he proclaimed, a few years ago, that science holds the key to all knowledge, and that "there are no more mysteries." M. Brunetière has protested, though in a different spirit from Emerson, against the "impudent knowingness" of contemporary science. M. Berthelot's readiness to reject all knowledge not derived directly from observation and analysis has been characteristic of one very large class of minds during the latter half of the century. Emerson's distrust of this whole modern view of knowledge was based on the perception that it would lead to a loss of faith in the freedom of the will. It is interesting to compare what he wrote, in his essay on Experience, of the dangers of a scientific fatalism with what has actually resulted from the diffusion of the doctrines of Taine.

M. Émile Zola took as motto for one of his first novels a phrase of Taine's: "Virtue and vice are products, no less than sugar and vitriol." He proposed to

prove by examples what Taine had thus stated abstractly, and to show by means of "human documents" that a man's character is determined by his blood and nerves. M. Brunetière, in the pitiless polemic he has waged against M. Zola and the naturalists, has taken special pains to demolish their scientific pretensions. He has stripped from their work its veneer of pseudo-science, and has shown that at bottom, so far from being a reaction against romanticism, it is in many ways its logical continuation. "French literature," says Taine in his essay on Édouard Bertin, "has followed since 1830 a rapidly descending path;" and he adds elsewhere in the same essay that this path has led always in one direction, — in the direction of "sensation, absorbing, physical, and personal." Naturalism is only a more advanced stage than romanticism in this lapse of literature from the region of ideas and objective thought into the region of pure sensation. The best critics are agreed that the temperament of M. Zola reproduces on a lower plane the temperament of Hugo. Naturalism, indeed, is already in germ in the confessions of Rousseau. What was only morbid subjectivity in the earlier of Rousseau's descendants has, in the case of men like M. Zola and M. Huysmans, passed over into a state bordering on hallucination. "I await impatiently the appearance of his next nightmare," says M. Lemaitre, referring to the approaching publication of a novel by M. Zola.

M. Brunetière has taken a distinctly hostile attitude not only toward M. Zola and the naturalists, but also toward romanticism and the whole literature issued from Rousseau. He has been one of the first to point out what he calls the essentially "lyrical" character of the great romantic writers: and by this he means their complete self-absorption, their unwillingness to occupy themselves with anything except their own emotions, their imperviousness to ideas. At the

distance of nearly a century, the attempt of Chateaubriand to stem the current of modern thought, and to react in the name of religion toward the Middle Ages, is seen to have resulted, not in the maintenance of a Christian ideal in literature, but in the profound isolation of literature from life. It had been the ambition of André Chénier to effect a reconciliation between the artistic imagination and modern science, but the writers who followed in the lead of Chateaubriand took a certain pride in remaining ignorant of the intellectual and scientific aspirations of their age. The penalty they paid was an increasing incapacity for ideas. Chateaubriand himself was concerned more with the images and the musical cadences of his periods than with their intellectual content. Resolutely silencing in himself any velleity he may have had to think, and bidding defiance to the *bourgeois*, Gautier gave himself up exclusively to the search for rare and refined æsthetic sensation. In the case of Gautier and the "Parnassiens" his imitators, this sensation consisted, for the most part, in the attempt to produce with words the effects of painting and sculpture. The poetry of Paul Verlaine marks the transition from the "Parnassiens" to the "symbolists," who have sought to obtain æsthetic enjoyment not so much through forms and colors as by the medium of sound, by dissolving the personality in vague and voluptuous musical reverie. As time has gone on, the means employed by the different schools to arrive at a titillation of the æsthetic faculty have grown increasingly complex and incomprehensible to the uninitiated. "Literature," says M. Lemaitre, "tends more and more to become a mysterious diversion of mandarins."

If such has been the fate of a literature devoid of intellectual qualities, science, bereft of the succor of the imagination, has only too often fallen into arid analysis. The result has been the formation in society of two classes, one com-

posed of æsthetes and the other of analysts, — *les artistes* and *les intellectuels*, — mutually incapable of understanding each other. In spite of their apparent divergence, however, the two classes have had one important point of resemblance. The artist has pursued his æsthetic sensation, and the scientist his analysis, mechanically, and as ends in themselves, without reference to any ideal which would have brought them into contact with life as a whole. They have refused equally to take cognizance of that higher region of their own natures which is independent of both sensation and analysis, and they have thus cut themselves off from the insight which alone makes possible a belief in the freedom of the will. In this way it has come to pass that M. Zola, one of the extreme representatives of a literature of pure sensation, is able to agree with Taine, one of the extreme representatives of a science of pure analysis, in the affirmation that "virtue and vice are products, no less than sugar and vitriol!"

M. Brunetière has not only deplored this isolation of literature from life, but he has also had a clear insight into the remedy. He has declared that literature may escape from dilettante trifling only by proposing for itself some ideal aim. It is likewise through his sense of the need of an ideal and of a principle of authority in modern society that he has been led on various occasions to make concessions to Catholicism which may very well seem excessive. It is in defense of what he believes to be the ideal rights of man that he has been drawn into all his polemics. He has been hostile to M. France and the "impressionists" because they have denied that, in addition to an apparent self of sensations and impressions, there exists in each man a real self which he possesses in common with all men. He has attacked M. Zola and the naturalists because of their disregard of those qualities which are most truly human, because of

their attempt to reduce man to the plane of animal instinct. And finally, in the face of a science of pure observation, he has affirmed that there are faculties in man which learn, not by observation, but by intuition, and whose needs are not the needs of the senses and understanding. According to his own definition, his work has been a reaction against nineteenth-century naturalism, a protest against the absorption of man into nature. "There is surely," says Sir Thomas Browne, "a piece of divinity in us; something that was before the elements and owes no homage unto the Sun." Much of what M. Brunetière has written has been a plea, in one form or another, for this transcendental portion of man which distinguishes him from nature; and yet he differs from Sir Thomas Browne in that he seems to have arrived at the notion of this supersensuous self more by logic than by direct vision. His idealism, resting as it does on ratiocination rather than on insight, remains essentially negative, and so has failed to console him. There is abundant evidence in his work that he too has suffered from the despondency and low spiritual vitality from which few French men of letters of the present generation have escaped.

M. Brunetière is fond of speaking of Christianity and Buddhism as the great pessimistic religions, and of identifying their doctrines with those of Schopenhauer. In one of his essays, indeed, he seems to put the system of Schopenhauer above Christianity and Buddhism. He fails, on the one hand, to feel the essentially negative character of the philosophy of Schopenhauer; and on the other hand, he has no organ to appreciate that positive principle of joy and illumination which is the saving element of both Christianity and Buddhism. "Let us live happily, then, though we call nothing our own; for so shall we be like to the bright gods feeding on happiness." There is something in the ring of this passage which will serve once for all to

mark the difference between the temper of Buddhism and the acrid disillusion of Schopenhauer; and what is true of Buddhism, it scarcely need be added, is still truer of Christianity.

III.

Sainte-Beuve, almost alone of modern critics, succeeded in practicing criticism both as a science and as an art; or, as he himself puts it, in combining poetry with physiology. Taine, the most distinguished of Sainte-Beuve's disciples, attempted to make of criticism a pure science, while others, like M. Lemaître, have cultivated criticism almost entirely as an art. M. Brunetière also has aimed to make of criticism both a science and an art, but it is evident at a first glance that his art is not the art of Sainte-Beuve. By his dogmatic temper he is naturally fitted to keep alive that tradition of classical criticism which, begun in Latin by Scaliger, was continued in French by a series of critics extending from Malherbe and Boileau to Nisard. If he has been more than a mere "dogmatic" critic, it is because, in addition to his cult of the past, he has had a certain amount of scientific instinct, and at the same time a strong sense of historical development.

It is this sense of historical development which has led M. Brunetière to his attempt at constructive criticism. In his first series of lectures on *L'Évolution des Genres*, at the École Normale, in 1889, he declared his intention of seeking the same help from the doctrines of Darwin that Taine had sought from the doctrines of Cuvier. This literary Darwinism of M. Brunetière is in general an attempt to demonstrate that the different *genres*, or kinds of composition, evolve in much the same way as the animal species. He has proposed to show "in virtue of what circumstances of time and place they originate; how they grow after the manner of living beings, adapting or assimilating all that helps their develop-

ment; how they perish; and how their disintegrated elements enter into the formation of a new genre." For instance, the mediæval *Chansons de Geste* ramified into prose chronicles and Round Table romances, and these romances, in the course of evolution, have passed over into the modern novel.

M. Brunetière's evolutionary theory is admirable when thus stated in general terms. It is only when he begins to descend into details that we hesitate to follow him. We feel that in the working out of his system his scholasticism has often got the better of his science, and that he has been led astray by his love of logical symmetry. For example, Darwin has attempted to account for the origin of species by supposing that certain animals tend, for some unexplained reason, even under the same influences of environment, to diverge and become different from others of their kind. In the same way, M. Brunetière tells us, individuals appear from time to time who have the power to modify the course of literature and to originate new literary genres. He thus uses a doubtful analogy with what is in itself most hypothetical in Darwin's doctrine to explain the one supremely important event in art, namely, the rise of a creator. It is hard to find a firm foundation for a belief in inspiration on the shifting sands of evolution. If M. Brunetière's parallel be exact, the individual who innovates in literature does so in obedience to a blind cosmic impulse rather than by a deliberate act of his own will. The genres, as M. Lemaître points out, become in his hands pure scholastic entities, vegetative abstractions, evolving in virtue of a life of their own, and with little reference to the authors through whose brains they pass.

But how does M. Brunetière, after thus abandoning to evolution, to the region of the relative, nearly everything that was regarded as fixed and stationary by old-time critics, manage to find a basis for

"dogmatic" criticism? What standard is there raised above the realm of flux and change, with reference to which a work of art may be ranked as good or bad? How are we to escape, in our literary judgments, from the web of illusion thrown about us by our own temperaments, and from the fancies and passing fashions of the society in which we live? How, finally, are we to be rescued from the "impressions" of M. Anatole France? M. Brunetière's immediate answer to these questions is that we must subordinate our sensations and emotions to reason. If we enter more deeply into his thought, we find that he has been led, in the search for an absolute, to what may be termed the belief in an absolute man, to the Platonic, or the scholastic conception of "humanity." Emerson, with his admirable instinct for what makes for unity rather than diversity in human nature, says somewhere that the masterpieces of literature seem to have been written by one all-wise, all-seeing gentleman. In the same spirit, M. Brunetière would measure the value of a work of art according as it expresses this universal and essential humanity; according as it unites the power of giving a high degree of æsthetic pleasure with that of suggesting truly human thoughts and emotions. This standard does not differ fundamentally from Matthew Arnold's when he attempted to classify writers by the depth and seriousness of their criticism of life.

The doctrine of the absolute man is in itself only a metaphysical abstraction, and M. Brunetière has refused to rest his criticism directly upon it. For an absolute based on this speculative unity of the human spirit he has substituted in practice an absolute based on the unity of the human spirit as it has manifested itself in history. To the personal preferences and impressions of any particular man he opposes the testimony and experience of all men as embodied in tradition. That writer is most truly

human, and consequently most worthy of praise, who has appealed through successive generations to the largest number of men. An opinion carries weight with M. Brunetière in proportion as it is ancient and universal. He has given a new application to the old church maxim, "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*;" he has not hesitated to curtail the individual's right of independent judgment, as he has curtailed the individual's right of independent creation, and all to the greater glory and profit of human nature in general.

IV.

It will be seen from the foregoing study that neither the idealism nor the evolution of M. Brunetière is altogether satisfactory; but it is in the effort to unite these seeming opposites, to reconcile idealism with evolution, the absolute with the relative, that the real originality of M. Brunetière lies; it is this which makes him one of the most noteworthy figures in recent European thought. In this respect, so far from being a mere reactionary, he may have given some indication of the way in which the men of the twentieth century will attempt to complete the thought of their predecessors of the nineteenth.

For one who has lived like M. Brunetière in an age of spiritual and intellectual confusion, it is no mean achievement to have attained, as he has done, if not an essential, at least an outward and logical unity in his work. This logical coherency has given him an easy superiority in his polemic with the impressionists. In the eyes of the more serious part of the public, M. Lemaître and M. France have tended to fall to the rank of clever entertainers, while M. Brunetière, for a number of years, has been gaining steadily in authority. His influence in the main has been tonic and invigorating, and, unlike Taine and Renan, he has been honored in his disciples. What reservations are to be made fall mainly upon matters of detail; he

has been justly reproached with a certain ungraciousness and lack of amenity in his tone. M. Brunetière says of the images of Leconte de Lisle that they are too precise and sharply defined, and that they are deficient in power of poetical suggestion. In much the same way, the ideas of M. Brunetière may be said to be deficient in power of intellectual suggestion. There is a certain angularity and lack of atmosphere in his thought. His style is always lucid, but rarely luminous. M. Lemaître, on the contrary, has written admirable single pages, pages which Sainte-Beuve would probably be more willing to sign than those of any other living French critic. Animation, sprightliness, sparkling wit, and at the same time the power to insinuate deep and penetrating reflection under cover of a light and airy irresponsibility, — these and other literary virtues abound in M. Lemaître. Yet his work as a whole is almost entirely without the sense of direction. It bears marks of that spiritual bewilderment which seems of late to have overtaken most educated Frenchmen.

It is possible, again, to lavish praise on particular features of the writings of M. France. With his exquisite sensibility and profound appreciation of the sensuous side of life, he is an artist even more than a critic; and yet, once beyond the allurements and fascination of his form, we find that his philosophy of life is nothing better than a subtle hedonism. In our total estimate of M. France we are forced to agree with M. Gréard, who, on receiving him, a few months ago, at the Academy, contrived to slip some very disagreeable reservations into the midst of much unctuous eulogy. The books of M. France have encouraged what M. Gréard calls "*les songeries malsaines et les dilettantismes dissolvants*." He has exercised an unwholesome influence on young men in France, for much the same reasons that Walter Pater is said to have exercised

an unwholesome influence on the youth of Oxford. Culture like that of Walter Pater and M. France represents the running out of a certain type of humanism. Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard, apart from its charm of manner, offers in the person of its hero the spectacle of humanism fallen into its dotage.

V.

From the visit of M. Brunetière to this country, and from the lectures he has given at different American universities, only good can follow, though unfortunately it has hardly been possible for him, in so brief a stay, to make his influence fully felt. He has furnished American scholars with a much needed example of the way in which vast and exact learning may be united with a sense for literary form, and with the love and capacity for general ideas. There exists in many American college faculties a division similar to that in France between "*les artistes*" and "*les intellectuels*," the aesthetes and the analysts. Only on this side of the ocean the second class greatly outnumbers the first; and such aesthetes as we have are of inferior quality as compared with the analysts. One of the first things that struck M. Brunetière, on coming into contact with our university life, was this predominance of purely analytical scholarship, — a predominance which he attributes to an excessive imitation of German models. He even agreed with the opinion expressed by one of the Harvard professors, that several of our great universities are in danger of degenerating into mere technical schools, as a result of losing hold on the old humanistic ideal; and yet M. Brunetière would be the first to recognize that it is too late to think of an entire return to the humanistic tradition. M. France, as we have seen, represents in some respects the running out of this tradition. It has rather been the aim of M. Brunetière to gather up what is vital in humanism and to com-

bine it with modern science. By this endeavor to humanize science, as well as by his other qualities, he deserves to rank as a French scholar of the best type. As such, he stands for many things which we in the United States appreciate imperfectly as yet, but which we may profitably learn, if we are to

avoid a one-sided development in our national culture. Matthew Arnold has said of Voltaire that people of Anglo-Saxon blood are in no danger of catching his faults, whereas they are seriously in need of many of his virtues. This remark may be made with equal truth of M. Brunetière.

Irving Babbitt.

TENDENCIES OF HIGHER LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

IN a recent number of *The Atlantic* I endeavored to describe certain characteristic features of the inhabitants of the various Southern States, and to discuss the condition of the section as a whole from the point of view of economics and politics. In the present paper I shall essay the more complex task of describing the progress that the South has made in literature and education, in manners and morals, or, to be brief, in the higher phases of culture.

I have attempted to determine what is the present status of criticism in the South and what the chances are for its development, since it is almost self-evident that it is only through adequate criticism of themselves that any people can hope to evolve a consistently great literature or a rational system of education, or to make appreciable progress in their manners and morals. That such an undertaking should be difficult follows from the elusive and indeterminate nature of those protean terms "criticism" and the "critical spirit" which we have so constantly to employ; that it is doubly difficult in the case of the Southern people follows from the fact that few of them have ever been critical enough to gather materials that would be useful to the student of their culture. That this is true of the Old South has long been generally admitted, but that it is at least partly true of the New South is

clear from a tribute lately paid to the literary ability of his forerunners by a Southern writer of wide and deserved reputation, who informs us gravely that "there was sufficient poetry and wisdom delivered on the porticoes and in the halls of the Southern people to have enriched the ages, had it but been transmitted in permanent form," — an extravagant statement, which would not be true of Athens in the days of Pericles.

It is fortunate for the purposes of the first branch of our inquiry that nowadays few intelligent persons will dispute the proposition that sound criticism is an indispensable basis for the development of a consistently great national literature; it is unfortunate that so much has been said and written recently about the literary awakening of the South. That there has been an awakening, and that many individual Southern men and women have done excellent work in certain lines, is plain; but the chorus of laudation that has followed in consequence has led to an almost complete ignoring of the fact that very little attention has been paid to criticism, and that there is as yet no stable foundation laid for the development of a literature of high and lasting value. What assurance have the editors and critics of other sections, who have so generously welcomed the young writers of the South, that the vaunted literary outburst illus-

trates anything more than that phase of the parable which relates to the seed that fell on stony ground, which sprang up, but soon withered because it had no depth of earth?

It is by no means surprising that there is already a literature of the New South that possesses a certain original flavor and consequent value. There was never any great lack of mild literary aspiration in the Old South, as will be clear to every student who does not rely wholly on histories of literature compiled by Northern writers. There was never any dearth of intelligence, though it was generally diverted to other than literary channels, and suffered from the effects of the provincialism and kindred evils engendered by slavery. When, therefore, men's minds were more or less liberated by the overthrow of the "peculiar institution," and when, in the common upheaval, it behooved every one to exert to the utmost whatsoever talents he felt himself to possess, it was natural that here and there a man or a woman should turn to a way of making money that required for visible capital only a few postage-stamps and sheets of paper. At first circumstances were unfavorable, even a veteran author like Simms finding little market for his wares. But with returning prosperity manifest on all sides publishers grew less cautious, and the magazines, which had taken a great leap forward in the fifties, became still more enterprising and influential. A change, too, had come over literature itself. The day of the romance and of the sprawling novel of domestic manners was past for the time being, and provincial fiction of a more or less realistic type was the prevailing mode. The short story, also, was gaining ground daily. For the short story and for provincial fiction in general the new Southern writers were well equipped. Their want of training, their inability to criticise themselves, their lack of grasp upon life in its complexity, stood less in their way in this *genre* of

composition than would have been the case with any other form of literature, and they had admirable materials to work upon. The South as a field for fiction had never been really exploited, Simms and Esten Cooke having merely skimmed over its surface. The negro and the "poor white trash" and the primitive mountaineer were subjects fully equal in attractiveness to Mr. Hardy's Wessex peasants, and it would have been a miracle of stupidity if, in the midst of the literary revival and in the heyday of provincial fiction, the writers of the New South had missed their golden opportunity.

It would not be fair or sensible, indeed, to deny or to detract from the merits of some of these authors, whose works have found their way wherever the English language is read, and whose names are familiar to all who care for good literature. The creator of Uncle Remus — or, if we prefer to be more accurate, his intermediary with the public — is not simply a man endowed with a genius for story-telling, but is truly a benefactor of his kind. The writers of fiction grouped around him have produced a body of work that will compare most favorably with whatever has been done in the last twenty years by their rivals of the East and West. In the higher domain of poetry, also, the South has one name which is steadily gaining lustre, although some of us may shake our heads and wonder at the phenomenon. Sidney Lanier is considered by many to be the best poet that this country has produced since the New England school was in its prime; and though this may not seem to be high praise from some points of view, it has a distinct bearing on our endeavor to estimate the relative importance of the contributions made to American literature by the respective sections of the country. In face of these facts, it would be as idle as it would be wrong to belittle the work of the writers of the New South. But it is just as idle

and just as wrong to magnify it. Say what we will, there is as yet no positive proof that, to borrow a figure of Whipple's, these authors have struck a lead rather than an exceptionally rich pocket. Picturesque and attractive subjects lay ready to their hands, and they proceeded to exploit them with whatever of untrained talents or genius they possessed. Of careful analysis of social conditions, of profound study and comprehension of the principles of human action, and of serene, self-contained art there are still few traces in the Southern literature of the present generation. The most fruitful subject for fiction that ever novelist had — to wit, the social relations between the old aristocracy which has lost its wealth, and has been slowly losing its prestige, and the non-slaveholders and newcomers who have pushed themselves, by means of their freshly acquired money, into formerly exclusive circles of society or into the emerging middle class with its eager social aspirations — has been, comparatively speaking, untouched; while the negro and the primitive mountaineer, who are sluggish obstructions to progress rather than active constituent forces therein, have been simply worked to death, to use an expressive if somewhat inelegant phrase.

But, some one may ask, while all this may be true of the writers of the New South, is it not also true of the writers of the entire country? Can one point to a thoroughly great creative artist in prose or verse in America at the present time? It is fortunate that an answer to this question is not important, since it would be attended necessarily with unpleasant consequences to the person rash enough to make it. What is important is the fact that there seems to be, in the East and in the West, a steady growth of the faculty for self-criticism, which is the only basis for a permanent literature, and which is at the same time an almost certain sign that a period of comparative literary sterility will be followed by one

of healthy literary activity. Such a critical faculty, on the other hand, though by no means non-existent in the South, is nevertheless in a very rudimentary stage, and affords no clear warrant that the next generation of Southern writers will be able to maintain the position won by the painful and ever laudable labors of their predecessors, who since the close of the Civil War have demonstrated that, for native literary ability, the South is inferior to no other part of the Union.

That criticism in the South lags behind creative literature will be apparent to any one who will take the trouble to run over a list of the really important Southern books published since the war, or to read what passes for criticism with the easy-going people of that section. No stress need be laid on the absence of critical journals, for the whole country has too few of these, and they could not well be kept up outside the large publishing centres. One must emphasize, however, the gush that Southern newspapers continue to lavish upon every native who makes the least name for himself in literature, provided he does not run counter to the prejudices of his section. One must also consider the uncritical character of most of the textbooks on literature and history specially prepared for Southern schools, and the ingenuous *naïveté* of the demand for such books, as well as the unremitting flow of bad rhetoric, bad logic, and bad history, in the shape of orations, pamphlets, and even volumes which give us metrical chronicles belated by five hundred years, and ethnological speculations as remarkable as those of a worthy clergyman who has recently connected the mound-builders of Tennessee with the inhabitants of the Ganges by discovering in the former traits and characteristics which he asserts to be "positively Hindoic." Other points to be noticed are the sensitiveness of Southern writers themselves, and of their friends and neighbors, to any treatment of their work that is not laudatory in the ex-

treme; the almost complete lack on the part of the public of facilities for getting books — the bookstores are execrable, as a rule — and for keeping in touch with literature; the apathy of the people with regard to literary matters in general, and their failure to recognize the transcendent importance of criticism and culture to the accomplishment of the political and economic reforms that are pressing upon them, — witness the late presidential campaign; and finally, the baleful intolerance, political, religious, and other, which, though weakening, still manifests itself in the press, in the pulpit, on the rostrum, and in the parlor, whenever it becomes necessary to question, even in a tentative way, the importance, or the propriety, or the truth of any idea that has in any way been labeled Southern.

This lack of the critical spirit displays itself in a special degree in one particular department of human thought. Strange to say, this department is one in which the Southerner has from time immemorial considered himself most proficient. He has pointed with just pride to great lawyers and jurists like Wirt and Marshall, and to such legal texts as Benjamin on Sales, and he has always been glad to see his sons undertake the study of law; yet it must be maintained that on no other subject are his ideas more confused. This is true not merely of constitutional law, in respect to which he makes serious errors because he does not take sufficient account of the lessons of constitutional history, but also of the most essential portion of juristic science, that which treats of the relation between the spread of ideas of legality and the political and social progress of a community. Law, like literature, in the South as in the rest of the country, is too often regarded as something to be studied apart; its relations to life are not thoroughly understood. Men will calmly admit that the law commands one thing, and then justify themselves for doing some-

thing just the reverse; and yet they believe that they are orderly, law-abiding citizens, and are conscious of no self-stultification. They will redress injuries in a fashion permissible only in countries where law has no sway, and will nevertheless claim that their civilization is of the highest grade. They undertake to reform bad courts and bad codes by committing fresh offenses against that majesty of the law which, as good citizens, they are under a moral obligation to defend, yet in business and in private life they are in every respect thoroughly awake to the demands of duty and honor.

Now, there can be but one explanation of such a state of things; and this is not found, as is usually supposed, in the presence of an alien and semi-barbarous race which has to be coerced by violent measures. It would seem possible to govern such a race without recourse to such measures; witness the experience of the English at Hong-Kong. If it be not possible, then the South is in a most deplorable state, and the revolting crime which brings a swift death to its black perpetrators will be followed by a far worse consequence, — the deterioration of a noble people. The trouble lies deeper than race antagonism. It lies in the fact that the educated classes of the South have not clearly understood the relations of law to society. They have not seen that when once the authority of the law has been questioned or defied among a civilized people the wedge of anarchy has entered the social and political fabric, and that it is in the nature of things for one violation of the law to lead to another, and to open the way for the wedge.

This fact has been only slowly perceived in America at large, owing to the newness of the country and to the mixed nature of its population; but while it is quite possible for a lynching to occur in Ohio, it would be surprising to find leading lawyers and clergymen of that State defending the perpetrators of the deed. The truth may as well be owned that the

educated men of the South — the divines, and lawyers, and even teachers and writers — either have not clearly understood what they were doing when they abetted or silently watched the numerous lynchings and homicides that have taken place around them, or have simply been afraid to speak out. The probability is that they have not really understood the matter, on account of their ignorance or forgetfulness of the fundamental ideas of legal science and of the rudiments of comparative history. It is only such ignorance that can prevent them from seeing that their connivance in crime is leading to its increase in forms so aggravated that at times one rubs one's eyes and wonders whether one is not reading an old chronicle rather than a modern newspaper. It is only such ignorance that keeps them from perceiving that the exercise of the natural authority they possess over uncultivated minds would quickly put a check on lynching and homicide. Nothing can be plainer than that a higher consideration for human life and property can speedily be secured in the South and in America at large, if the normal leaders of public opinion — the clergymen, the lawyers, the teachers, the editors, and the writers — will speak out, regardless of consequences. They are beginning to speak out in the South, and a few newspapers deserve high praise for the stand they have taken in the interest of law and morals. But criticism has still much to do in order to implant proper notions of legality in the minds of lawyers, who are supposed to be the guardians of that common law which is the proud heritage of English-speaking peoples, and proper notions of the sanctity of human life in the minds of clergymen, who are supposed to be the chosen ministers of the gospel of Christ.

The hindrances to the growth of a critical faculty that are enumerated above are not in the least exaggerated. The Southern critic of the present day is an isolated and struggling being, with

few fellow workers whose successes he can emulate and whose mistakes he can avoid. Like the pioneers of old, he has to strike out alone through an unblazed forest, and to bide unaided the attacks of foes who rarely forsake the cover of their sheltering trees. Yet if his lot be hard, equally so, indeed, is the fate of the men who are allowed to exploit their own ignorance, and of the people who are gulled by such impostors. Sharp, plain criticism on the part of the daily press would speedily put an end to the production of the literary monstrosities that are so frequently issued in provincial towns, and would also destroy the market for the absurd "county histories" and other subscription books which wily agents, generally of alien birth, are daily unloading on innocent communities. The press does not speak out for fear of "hurting some one's feelings;" and so the ignoramus puts on his fool's cap, and the agent pockets his cash. So, too, the unscrupulous politician, relying upon the credulity of his audience and the tender-heartedness of the press, can deliver unrebuked, even in the larger cities and in university towns, harangues in which he has no difficulty in making political economy, history, in short all learning, sacred and profane, in the words of the poet, "blush, turn giddy, rave, and die."

The thorough-going pessimist, however, is quite as uncritical as the inveterate optimist; and it is time to look on the bright side of things, — for there is a bright side. The spirit of criticism, though not yet very active in the South, is by no means dead or dormant. Indeed, it is growing, and growing in a healthy way. Perhaps the most obvious sign of this growth is the fact, already mentioned, that intolerance of every kind is slowly passing away. A more concrete sign is the higher tone with regard to politics and lynching that some of the newspapers are able to take without losing many of their subscribers. But the best sign of all is the increase in the number

of young men who are turning their backs upon the traditional professions of law, medicine, and divinity, and taking special courses of study in Germany or at the North, with the intention of devoting themselves to teaching. These young men are rapidly gaining control of the colleges and schools of the South, and while not radical in their tendencies, they are, on the whole, liberal rather than conservative. They have hitherto done little strictly literary criticism; but they have imported critical and scientific methods into nearly every study, and the leaven is slowly but surely working. This is especially true of historical work, where the preconceived opinions of the average Southerner may be expected to be most influential. Thus far, few books have been written in which a bold stand has been taken with regard to questions that are at least smouldering, if not burning; but every monograph that is issued furthers the progress of critical inquiry, and nearly all bring facts to light that batter against the strongholds of prejudice. Even if there were no other evidence of progress, the work that is now being done by the various historical societies, from Richmond to New Orleans, would afford ample basis for a happy augury for the future.

Yet it is not in the literary or historical work of the New South, or in the increasing interest in art and science, that we find the most encouraging evidence of the growth of the faculty of self-criticism. Such evidence is furnished by an investigation of the progress that the New South has made in its systems of education, a progress which, beyond all doubt, marks the greatest advance that the present generation has made over its predecessors. Not that the ante-bellum South had no good colleges and cared little for the training of its youth. The old-time Southerner, whatever may be said to the contrary, valued education highly; but it was the education of his own children and of his own class. It is just here

that the great difference between the old and the new order of things becomes manifest. The son of poor or middle class parents to-day has a thousandfold better opportunity to get an education than such a youth had two generations since. With all its deficiencies, there is a working system of public instruction in the South at present; fifty years ago a few of the States had a poor system in practical operation, and others a worse one on paper. The truth is that the first requisite for good free schools was wanting in the Old South, — to wit, real and intelligent interest in the subject on the part of the better classes. They could not see that there was a necessary link of causation between wretched "old-field schools" and a shiftless class of poor whites. Nor were they much more alive to the necessity for good private schools in the towns; for their civilization, delightful in many respects though it was, lacked the principle of solidarity. Here and there a good boarding or day school was in existence; but one has only to read the advertisements inserted by the schools in the newspapers of the period in order to see how backward Southern education was.

Now all is changed. In nearly every city of importance may be found one or more good or fair private schools that prepare for college, and the number of country boarding-schools is increasing. Some States are still backward, it is true, and there are too many pretentious academies that give only a smattering of learning, — a condition of affairs that is not surprising when everything is considered. But the main progress has been made along just the right line, that of truly public education for both whites and blacks. There is nothing in the history of the South that reflects greater credit upon its white citizens than the way in which they have borne taxation in order to educate the children of their former slaves. That their action was manifestly dictated by an enlightened self-interest

does not lessen the praise that is their due, for the prejudices which they had to overcome were enormous. They have spent millions for the education of a race that pays little in taxes, and is hardly capable of appreciating the benefits it receives. They have done this in spite of the fact that no good results of any moment will be seen by them or by their own children. They know the negro well, and they know that it is idle to hope that his race can be really elevated for centuries; they know also that with him it is especially true that "a little learning is a dangerous thing;" but they have acted on the principle that they must do for their wards (for the negro is the ward of the South, not of the nation) the best that is in their power, and so they have built schoolhouses and trained colored teachers, and are willing to raise whatever money may be necessary to render the work more efficient. If they have paid greater attention to their own needs, this is natural and plainly right, for the future of the South depends chiefly upon its white population. When the general poverty and the former supineness in the matter of public education are considered, the development of the white free schools in the South will seem no whit less remarkable than the interest that has been taken in the negro. The cities have shown surprising progress. Richmond, Charleston, Atlanta, Norfolk, Nashville, Houston, and other places have established schools which even the wealthiest citizens often prefer to private academies. The white high school of Houston, for example, gives instruction in Latin and German for four years and in Greek for two, and its graduates can easily pass into almost any college of the section.

But the good work is not confined to the large cities. Even the smaller towns and villages are trying to secure well trained teachers and to keep their schools open for as many months as possible. In the rural districts, owing partly to sparseness of population, no such progress has

been made, but schools are increasing in number, are open for longer periods, and are at least supplied with better teachers than was the case a decade ago. There is, of course, much to be desired everywhere. Ignorant politicians blunder incessantly in the selection of textbooks and of teachers; salaries are too low, and the women teachers especially are overworked; mechanical methods of instruction prevail to a distressing extent; the bane of commonplaceness has set its seal everywhere: but these are faults common to the system, and not peculiar to the South. There is, however, one difficulty that confronts the Southern educator to a greater degree than his brethren of the East and the West can have any conception of, — the intellectual torpor of the lower classes. Not only is a larger and more inert mass of illiteracy to be overcome in the South than elsewhere, but there is less active and effectual desire for knowledge on the part of the common people, and perhaps, one is sometimes tempted to think, of the upper classes. Any one who has taught both in the South and in the West will immediately contrast the intellectual apathy of the one section with the almost pathetic desire for information characteristic of the other. Lack of genuine culture is apparent in both cases, but the field of the Southern teacher is and must long remain less fruitful of results. Yet there are signs that even this great stumbling-block is being removed through the self-sacrificing labor of men and women whose best and almost only reward will be the approval of their own consciences.

In the department of higher education the outlook is likewise hopeful. All the Southern States, with one or two exceptions, have at last followed the example of Virginia, and are supporting in good earnest the universities they founded years ago. These state institutions do not vie with the better Western ones as yet, but that could hardly be expected, and in spite of all obstacles they are

steadily progressing, as will be apparent to any one who will consider the growth of the state universities of North Carolina, Texas, and Tennessee. The same statement may be made of the two large Church universities, Vanderbilt and Sewanee. In all these institutions good work is being done on modern lines by thoroughly competent men. The day of the broken-down clergyman-professor is over, and the trained specialist has taken his place. This change is not altogether for the better, since the delightful personality of many a genial old-time teacher has not been fully replaced by that of the self-absorbed doctor of philosophy, who sticks to his own subject, and does not lead his students wandering over the fields of culture, especially of the classics, in which the South has always excelled; but, on the whole, the combined forces of the specialists are producing more excellent results than the scattered forces of their easy-going predecessors ever did. In some of the denominational colleges, however, with which the South is literally cumbered, the old methods of instruction still prevail, or else have been replaced by methods that can be best described as "half baked." The small college that knows its own place and does its work thoroughly, like some of those long established in Virginia, is an excellent institution and ought to be preserved; but a college that is little more than a bad high school should be got rid of at once. The South has not a few such institutions, yet they are not showing any intention at present of committing hara-kiri. In fact, their number is increasing, and the churches are being squarely rivaled by prohibitionists, by various secret orders, and, if report says true, even by railroad employees. There are twenty-odd "universities," in Tennessee, to match their equally numerous sisters in Ohio. Of such is the kingdom of ignorance.

Yet if the small ordinary colleges cumber the field of education in the South,

this is certainly not the case with the technical schools, for both whites and blacks, that are springing up in every State. Alabama has already done well for each race in this respect, and her example is being widely followed. For the negro, this sort of education, as President Booker T. Washington has shown, will be of prime importance, but its value to the lower and middle classes of the Southern whites will be scarcely less. With all her lands and mineral treasures to be exploited, the South has paramount need of trained farmers and engineers and mechanics, and these she is now able to get from the ranks of her own sons. Then, again, the intellectual torpor of the negroes and the poor whites will be best reached through the channels of technical and manual education, — a consideration of great weight in view of what has just been said about the deficiencies of rural schools and the small colleges. The agricultural and mechanical institutes ought to have the youths who get a smattering of culture at the inferior denominational colleges, and are then let loose on the community to become incompetent preachers and lawyers and physicians.

It may be observed that although the provisions for legal and medical education are still lamentably poor in the South, except in a few localities, there is a consistent effort being made to improve them by state requirements, in medicine at least, and by associations with slowly improving standards of graduation. Among the academic institutions, too, steady progress is being made toward the maintenance of rigid entrance examinations, and toward the abolition of the pernicious custom of allowing high schools to give degrees. The best colleges and schools have lately formed an association for the furtherance of these objects, and uniformity of requirements for admission is now being aimed at, in accordance with the schemes already adopted in New England and the Mid-

dle States. Thus the good work is being carried on under ever brightening auspices, even women coming in at last for a fair share of their rights; but it must be admitted that the South is not rich enough, or is not sufficiently awake to the needs of its higher institutions, to endow them fully. They are all struggling under difficulties that money could at once remove, and they have as yet attracted the eyes of few philanthropists.

The education that schools give is not, however, more important than that given by the family, the results of which are seen in the manners and morals of the individual, the community, and the race. Few persons will be found bold enough to deny that the South is better provided with schools and colleges than ever before, but not a few pessimists and sentimentalists never tire of proclaiming that it is daily losing the refinement and charm of manners that once characterized it. "You may have more factories, and even better schools and colleges," they say, "but give us the courtly manners and the easy social life of our fathers, who thought money matters vulgar, and lived for God and for their fellow men rather than for themselves." Put in this way the position of the sentimentalist has not a little apparent strength; and when he goes on to draw an idyllic picture of plantation life, to sketch this and that Southern Sir Roger de Coverley, to claim that even the ordinary conversation of the old-time men was permeated with poetry and philosophy, it is small wonder that impressionable youths swear by the past, and declaim selections from Toombs and Yancey before admiring crowds at college commencements. But it would be just as easy to persuade the same youths to don armor and sally forth to rescue distressed damsels; that is, it would be as easy if the said youths were at all logical and consistent. Like the poor the *laudator temporis acti* is always with us, and like the poor he takes no care of the progeny he may bring into the world.

He is always uncritical, — indeed, he despises criticism, — and when you pierce his sentimentalism he flies into a rage and calls you names.

There is a singular mixture of error and truth in the ideas popularly held about the Old South, and there is little study of the social characteristics of the New. We are always tempted to underestimate our contemporaries and to glorify our predecessors, and this is what the sentimentalist school of Southern writers has consistently done, if not directly, at least by implication. Southern gentlemen of " 't is sixty years since " were not all courtly, and their grandsons of to-day are not all lacking in polish. External manners have undoubtedly changed: there is now less suavity, less punctiliousness, less attention to small details, than of old; but this was true of the South of 1860 as compared with that of 1760, and means nothing but progress in the direction of greater freedom and individuality in conformity with the rest of the world. If we are bent on lamenting the loss of courtly and chivalric manners, let us blame Washington for opposing George III.; or rather, let us blame time for having brought the Middle Ages to an end. Southern life in the past had its good side and its bad, determined, as the life of every generation is, by its environment. A careful study of it will reveal many noble and many ignoble features, just as a study of the life of any people will. Old-time men who were models of polish often had brothers noted for their bearishness and lack of personal neatness. Some men were scrupulous with regard to their debts, while others never thought of paying them. Ante-bellum judges were sometimes removed for dishonesty, and family skeletons, if not illustrated by woodcuts in the newspapers, were familiarly described by every gossip. There were many charms and graces of life which depended upon the aristocratic cast of society, and which are consequently

vanishing to-day ; but there were also many foibles, faults, and even vices engendered by slavery which are in like manner disappearing. There is now less hospitality than of old, but there is more thrift ; there is less refined and leisurely contentment, but there is more successful energy ; there is less courtliness, but there is more individual freedom and originality ; there is less pensive sentiment, but there is more radiant hope.

But while nothing can be more illogical than the position taken by the extreme sentimentalists, it would be folly to assert that the new generation has made an unbroken and uniform progress, or that it is not, at least in one important particular, less fortunate than those which preceded it. We may waive mere questions of ceremony and etiquette, for, as we have seen, the fact that men bow less low than their planter ancestors did does not prove that the courtesy innate in the Southerner has deteriorated in quality. We must admit, however, that there has been a breaking-down of the barriers of society in many localities that has done little good either to the representatives of the old or to those of the new order of things. That the aristocracy of birth and wealth should pass away was one of the natural consequences of Lee's surrender at Appomattox ; but that it should be succeeded by an indiscriminate mixture of people and classes was by no means a necessary result. That a man should be allowed — nay, helped — to rise to any station in life that he is fitted to fill or adorn is one of the fundamental facts in democratic American life ; but that a society of long standing and prestige should throw down its barriers to any newcomer simply because he has made money is not democratic or American in any true sense, but is absurd and destructive of genuine culture and social progress. Yet this is just what has happened in many a Southern city. Instead of preserving intact, even in the midst of poverty, their social lines and

standards, the older families have in too many instances let things take their course ; have received into their homes men and women whose manners betray their unfitness for good society ; have allowed — nay, often encouraged — their sons and daughters to intermarry with the newcomers, and have then lamented to one another the degeneracy of modern times. If this premature promiscuity — which, combining with the free and familiar intercourse possible and proper in an aristocracy where every one knew every one else's pedigree, has developed a "fast set" in many a once innocent and unsophisticated Southern city — were characteristic of the newer States only, one would not be so surprised, but, unfortunately, it is found throughout most of the South. Charleston, indeed, has made a brave fight to keep up social barriers, but her example has been little followed, and her people have been regarded as stiff and old-fashioned. This they may be in a measure, but the fact remains that they have had the sagacity to perceive that social promiscuity is a heavy price to pay for material prosperity.

The comparative lack of social barriers is, then, a feature of the New South which renders it to a certain extent inferior to the Old ; but in the near future social lines will be more strictly drawn, without doubt, and in the mean time the deprecated promiscuity will have infused into the older families new and enterprising blood, and will have rendered the *bourgeoisie* somewhat more amenable to culture than is usually the case in other countries. Nor must it be forgotten that family traditions are still being cherished by survivors of the former régime, as well as by organizations of all sorts among the younger people. Some of these organizations are absurd enough, but they doubtless do good on the whole, and even the most recalcitrant representatives of the past serve as useful brakes upon a rapidly evolving society.

The more one investigates the South

of to-day, the more one perceives that the pessimist has a very weak case; and in no way can this encouraging judgment be better substantiated than by a careful study of the college youths whom the same unfortunate worthy is often able to impress temporarily. No teacher who has been brought into contact with students drawn from most of the Southern States can fail to conclude that they are in the main a remarkably fine body of young men. In essential charm of manners they are not inferior to their grandfathers; in morals they are, on an average, distinctly better in some important respects, certain vices being now more frowned upon than was the case fifty years ago; in knowledge of the world and in intellectual curiosity they are plainly superior; in sheer mental power they are not inferior, at least; and in genial kindliness and *bonhomie*, and in that indefinable but supreme quality, manliness, they are capable of holding their own with the youth of any land and of any age. More high seriousness of purpose might be desired for them, and a better comprehension of the importance of the intellectual side of our nature, but being Southern boys, they have the defects of their own and of their progenitors' qualities. Still, when all is said, they impress any fair judge as being just the stuff out of which a great civilization ought to be evolved. They are as good Americans, in the true sense of that term, as are to be found in any section of the Union; they have inherited the best qualities of their ancestors; they are free from the clogs of slavery; and if they have yet to struggle against political and religious intolerance, they will surely emerge the stronger for the contest. But now let us pass from manners, which are changing, to morals and religion, which ought to be less affected by innovation, in view of the Southerner's intellectual conservatism.

In no respect save in regard to politics do the inhabitants of the various

Southern States show more uniformity of character than in their attitude toward religion and morality. The ancient and inbred piety of the Anglo-Saxon has suffered little or no deterioration in his descendants south of the Potomac. There has always been a certain Puritan strain in the Southerner, even where he has no Scotch-Irish blood in his veins, and he has never quite reproduced the *insouciance* of the Cavalier whom he delights to talk about. He is, of course, a man of varied and strong passions, which he has never been noted for controlling, but at bottom he is more or less religious, and he holds morality in great esteem. He can, it is true, overlook or minimize certain violations of the Decalogue with a considerable amount of *sang-froid*, but they are such violations as have been rendered more or less natural by his environment. He has merely availed himself of a privilege which all nations have claimed, of reading the Commandments in various tones of emphasis. He has laid special stress on the ninth for generations, but until recently has slurred over the sixth. He hates a liar, but can shake hands with a man who has killed a fellow citizen, perhaps a near relative, in a street fight. This naturally seems queer to estimable gentlemen of other and more peaceful communities; they would prefer to elect the liar to Congress, and to put the murderer in solitary confinement. We have already discussed the Southerner's aberrations in the matter of lynching and homicide, and all we need notice here is the undoubted fact, which so many superficial investigators of human nature overlook, that men may be essentially pious and moral, and yet commit, or at any rate fail to condemn, violations of the moral code against which, if they lived under a different régime, they would be the first to inveigh. The Southerner is pious and moral, whatever the census statistics may say about his disregard of the sanctity of human life.

This need not be wondered at when we consider how far piety and morality are matters of feeling and training, and then remember the emotional and conservative character of the average Southerner. Modern liberalism of thought is naturally repugnant to him, and he has scarcely more use for an infidel than he has for a horse-thief. Reading and travel, to be sure, have somewhat modified this intolerance of late years, and various shades of unbelief will be encountered in the cities, in the newer commonwealths like Texas, and occasionally in the smaller towns. But as a rule, what a Southern clergyman has to contend against, in his work among the men of his parish, is not so much intellectual doubt as easy-going indifference. Yet even in the cities and among the men there is probably more attendance upon church than in any other part of the country, though this is chiefly true of the middle and lower classes. Among these, religion of an emotional type flourishes with a vigor that is almost preternatural. In many localities there is practically nothing but the church and its affiliated societies to dispute with the bar-room the laborer's leisure hours; and in such a contest the friend of culture cannot but side with the meeting-house, in spite of the apprehensions to which revivals, camp-meetings, and the other paraphernalia of emotional Christianity of a low type must give rise.

The religious eccentricities of Anglo-Saxons of the lower classes are sufficiently familiar, however, in all parts of this country and in England, and so is the dismal pall with which middle class piety has everywhere chosen to cover itself. Things are especially bad in the South in these respects, both on account of the emotional nature of the Southerner, and on account of the fact that there is not yet a sufficiently large foreign population to widen his ideas, and to teach him how to be God-fearing and happy at the same time. He certainly gets good

and a fair amount of sober enjoyment out of his prayer-meetings and revivals and Sunday-school festivals, while it is reasonable to expect that the library, the museum, the art gallery, the concert hall and garden will in time come to liberalize him. Even now, on Sundays, he can take a spin on his "wheel," or a drive, or a horseback-ride, without exciting the animadversions that such depraved conduct would have elicited twenty years ago. And who knows but that, in the course of a few generations, he may get rid of the long black coat and the lugubrious countenance which make him an object of conspicuous solemnity as he walks to church, surrounded by his numerous progeny?

The lower and middle classes, however, are not the most important to our present purpose. Emotional religiosity is to be expected of them, and of the whole mass of the negroes. What we are mainly concerned with is the relation of the upper classes to the liberalizing movements of thought that are sweeping over the Western world. As has been said, their attitude is conservative, yet it would be wrong to ignore the many evidences of progress that are to be seen on all sides. Within the various churches there has been a decided awakening to the necessity for vigorous work, both social and specifically religious. The sleepy, self-satisfied congregation, that never roused itself save when some innovation like decorating the church with flowers at Easter (holly at Christmas was a permissible and long-honored custom) was proposed, is a thing of the past. Clergymen have stopped preaching in black gowns or swallow-tailed coats. They even do much of their visiting on bicycles as naturally as the frontier preacher used to do his on horseback, with a rifle and a pair of saddle-bags as his chief accoutrements. It is true that these facts relate to mere externals, yet they serve to indicate that in weightier matters a change is at hand. Theoretically dogma

still holds sway in all the churches, but it would be almost as strange to hear a "fire and brimstone" sermon in a fashionable church in the South as it would be to hear a similar deliverance in New York itself. Probably fewer persons would disavow belief in a material hell, or would rationalize on the subject of miracles, or would assume the truth of the theory of evolution, in the South than in the North or the West, but practically the average men of the three sections would understand one another on these points.

Still, it cannot be denied that religious intolerance has done much harm to the South in the past, and that it continues even now to exert its evil influence in the older States. Two of the most learned Biblical students of this country are Southern men, who could never have performed the best part of their work in their native section. Many a promising young man has left the South and gone North or West, because he found himself hampered by the religious, political, and social intolerance of his well meaning relatives and friends. No man likes either to be a pariah or to keep his religious and political opinions entirely to himself; hence when the Southerner outgrows the community in which he was born, he is tempted to transport his intellect and energy to a more propitious environment. This is true not merely of those who attach themselves to modern systems of non-religious thought, but of those whose æsthetic sense fails to be satisfied with the simpler and more primitive forms of worship so prevalent in the small towns and rural districts of the South. For such persons to associate themselves with either of the two great ritualistic churches would often bring suspicion of one sort or another upon them, and would certainly cause great heart-burnings to worthy families. So the young man often

breaks the traces and goes to unnecessary extremes of irreligion, or finds a new and freer home for himself, or braves family displeasure by joining another church, or gives up the struggle and becomes a lukewarm member of a sect with which he has no sympathy. But on the whole, as we have seen, the lot of even these unfortunates is being lightened, and we are justified in concluding that while the South fortunately retains as a basis of character the inbred piety, integrity, and morality that characterized its citizens of the old régime in public and private life, it has nevertheless been affected by the liberalizing movements toward freedom of thought and action, and toward intensification of religious and moral earnestness, that have made themselves felt of recent years in all parts of the civilized world.

We have now traced, in a necessarily imperfect manner, the progress that the South has made in all the chief departments of culture, and have found that the outlook is in most respects distinctly encouraging. We have seen that criticism has yet much to do for the Southern mind, but we have also seen that the cause of popular education is making great headway. We have seen that political and religious intolerance is slowly but surely waning, and that manners and customs are losing the note of provinciality. We have seen that the Southerner's basis of character is a fine one, and that he is becoming, year by year, more thoroughly nationalized. We are therefore justified in concluding that whatever progress he makes in the future will redound not merely to his own credit and happiness and to the fame of his great ancestors, but also to that national glory which should be the object of the aspirations and endeavors of every loyal American.

W. P. Trent.

THE SEA-SHELL.

My love o'erflows with joy divine
The ocean-girdled hills,
And with my breath each blowing pine
And combing breaker fills;
The shadows of my spirit move
The far, blue coast along,
Where of wild beauty first I wove
The rainbow woof of song;
On these great beaches of the North
My voices shoreward roll,
And when the blessed stars come forth,
All heaven is made my scroll.

I take the wings of morn; I soar
Above the ocean plain;
From fountains of the sun I pour
My passion's golden rain;
And when black tempest heaven shrouds,
On eastern thunders far
I show the rainbow in the clouds,
And give the West her star;
Soft blow the winds o'er fallen showers,
And, cool with fragrance, sleep
Lies breathing through the chambered hours;
I only wake and weep.

O mystic Love! that so can take
The bright world in thy hands,
And its imprisoned spirits make
Murmur at thy commands;
As if, in truth, this orb of law
Were but thy reed-hung nest,
Woven by Time of sticks and straw
To house the summer guest;
And so to me the starry sphere
Is but love's frail sea-shell;
Oh, might she press it to her ear,
What would its murmurs tell!

G. E. Woodberry.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS.

VIII.

THE CIVIL WAR.

"Black faces in the camp
Where moved those peerless brows and eyes of
old."

BROWNING'S *Luria*.

FROM the time of my Kansas visit I never had doubted that a farther conflict of some sort was impending. The absolute and increasing difference between the two sections of the nation had been most deeply impressed upon me by my first and only visit to a slave-mart. On one of my trips to St. Louis I had sought John Lynch's slave-dealing establishment, following an advertisement in a newspaper, and had found a yard full of men and women strolling listlessly about and waiting to be sold. The proprietor, looking like a slovenly horse-dealer, readily explained to me their condition and value. Presently a planter came in, having been sent on an errand to buy a little girl to wait on his wife; stating this as easily and naturally as if he had been sent for a skein of yarn. Mr. Lynch called in three sisters, the oldest perhaps eleven or twelve, — nice little mulatto girls in neat pink calico frocks suggesting a careful mother. Some question being asked, Mr. Lynch responded cheerfully, "Strip her and examine for yourself. I never have any secrets from my customers." This ceremony being waived, the eldest was chosen; and the planter, patting her on the head kindly enough, asked, "Don't you want to go with me?" when the child, bursting into a flood of tears, said, "I want to stay with my mother." Mr. Lynch's face ceased to be good-natured when he ordered the children to go out, but the bargain was finally completed. It was an epitome

of slavery; the perfectly matter-of-fact character of the transaction, and the circumstance that those before me did not seem exceptionally cruel men, made the whole thing more terrible. I was beholding a case, not of special outrage, but of every-day business, which was worse. If these were the commonplaces of the institution, what must its exceptional tragedies be?

With such an experience in my mind, and the fact everywhere visible in Kansas of the armed antagonism of the Free State and pro-slavery parties, I readily shared the feeling — then more widely spread than we can now easily recall — of the possible necessity of accepting the disunion forced upon us by the apparently triumphant career of the slave power. It was a period when Banks had said, in a speech in Maine, that it might be needful, in a certain contingency, "to let the Union slide;" and when Whittier had written in the original form of his poem on Texas, —

"Make our Union-bond a chain,
We will snap its links in twain,
We will stand erect again!"

These men were not Garrisonians or theoretical disunionists, but the pressure of events seemed, for the moment, to be driving us all in their direction.

I find that at the jubilant twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society (January 2, 1857) I said, in Faneuil Hall, "To-morrow may call us to some work so stern that the joys of this evening will seem years away. To-morrow may make this evening only the revelry by night before Waterloo." Under this conviction I took an active part with the late Francis W. Bird and a few other Republicans and some Garrisonian Abolitionists in calling a state disunion convention at Worcester on January 15,

1857 ; but the Republican party was by no means ready for a movement so extreme, though some of its leaders admitted frankly that it was well for the North to suggest that freedom was more valuable than even the Union. The Kansas question, it must be remembered, was yet impending, and it was still very possible that it might result in another Slave State, leading the way to others still. Moreover, passports were now for the first time refused to free colored men, under the Taney decision, on the ground of their not being citizens of the nation. It was also understood that, under this decision, slaveholders would be protected by the Supreme Court in carrying their slaves with them into Free States and holding them there. Such things accounted for the temporary development of a Northern disunion feeling about that time ; and a national convention at Cleveland, following the state convention, had been fully planned by a committee of which I was chairman, — the call for this receiving the names of more than six thousand signers, representing all of the Free States, — when there came the formidable financial panic which made the year 1857 so memorable. As this calamity had begun in Ohio, and was felt most severely there, it was decided that the convention should be postponed, and this, as it proved, forever.

In the following year Senator Seward made his great speech in which he accepted fully the attitude, which was the basis of our position, that the whole anti-slavery contest was a thing inevitable, — “an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces,” — and that the United States must and would “sooner or later become entirely a slaveholding nation or entirely a free labor nation.” Either, Seward said, the plantations of the South must ultimately be tilled by free labor, or the farms of Massachusetts and New York must be surrendered to the rearing of slaves ;

there could be no middle ground. Lincoln had said, in the controversy with Douglas, “A house divided against itself cannot stand.” In view of these suggestions, some of us were for accepting the situation, after our fashion, and found ourselves imitating that first mate of a vessel, who, seeing her to be in danger, and being bidden by his captain to go forward and attend to his own part of the ship, came aft again presently, touched his cap, and said, “Captain —, my part of the ship is at anchor.” It was doubtless well that the march of events proved too strong for us, and that the union feeling itself was finally aroused to do a work which the anti-slavery purpose alone could not have accomplished ; yet we acted at the time according to our light, and we know from the testimony of Lincoln himself that it was the New England Abolitionists from whom he learned that love of liberty which at last made him turn the scale.

Then came the John Brown affair, as described in a previous chapter of this series ; and there followed, in the winter of 1860, a curious outbreak in New England itself of the old proscriptive feeling. There ensued an interval when the Boston Abolitionists were again called upon to combine, in order to prevent public meetings from being broken up and the house of Wendell Phillips from being mobbed. Phillips was speaking at that time on Sundays at the Boston Music Hall, and it was necessary to protect the assembly by getting men to act together, under orders, and guard the various approaches to the hall. I was placed at the head of a company formed for this purpose, and it was strange to find how little advance had been made beyond the old perplexity in organizing reformers. There was more willingness to arm than formerly, but that was all. Mr. George W. Smalley has lately given a graphic description of that period, and has described these lovers of freedom as being “well organized ;” but he

was not wholly in a position to judge, because he and another young man — the John W. LeBarnes already mentioned in connection with the abortive Virginia foray — had chivalrously constituted themselves the body-guard of Wendell Phillips, and were at his side day and night, thus being in a manner on special service. Their part of the work being so well done, they may naturally have supposed the rest to be in an equally satisfactory condition; but as a matter of fact the so-called organization was only the flimsiest shell. It consisted, while nominally under my command, of some forty men, half of these being Germans, half Americans: the Germans were inconveniently full of fight, and the Americans hardly awakened to the possibility of it. After going through the form of posting my men at the numerous doors of the Music Hall, each as it were on picket duty, I almost always found, on visiting them half an hour later, that the Americans had taken comfortable seats inside and were applauding the speakers, as if that were their main duty; while the Germans had perhaps got into some high discussion in the corridors, ending in an exhibition of pistols and in being carried off by the police. Expostulating once with one of my nominal lieutenants, an American, I referred to a certain order as having been disregarded. "Oh," he said calmly, "that was an order, was it? I had viewed it in the light of a suggestion." Inasmuch as one or two public meetings had been broken up by gentlemen of property and standing, who at least obeyed the directions of the bully who led them, this attitude of the defenders seemed discouraging. It was too much like that croquet party in Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, where the game was disturbed by the fact that the attendants who were expected to stoop down and officiate as wickets kept constantly straightening themselves up and walking away.

I spent one night on guard at Phillips's

house with his young henchmen, and was struck, then as before, with his high-bred bearing. Always aristocratic in aspect, he was never more so than when walking through the streets of his own Boston with a howling mob about him. It was hard to make him adopt ordinary precautions; he did not care to have the police protect his house, and he would have gone to the scaffold, if necessary, I firmly believe, like the typical French marquis in the Reign of Terror, who took a pinch of snuff from his snuff-box while looking on the crowd. This was never more conspicuously the case than at the annual convention of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, just after a meeting on the anniversary of John Brown's execution had been broken up by a mob of very much the same social grade with that which had formerly mobbed Garrison. I did not happen to be present at the John Brown gathering, being in Worcester; but at the larger convention (January 24, 1861), held at Tremont Temple, I was again in service with the same body of followers already described to defend the meeting and the speakers, if needful. The body of the hall was solidly filled with grave Abolitionists and knitting women, but round the doors and galleries there was a noisy crowd of young fellows, mostly well dressed and many of them well educated, who contrived, by shouting and by singing uproarious songs, to drown the voices of the speakers, and to compel Phillips himself to edge in his sentences when the singers were out of breath. The favorite burden was, —

"Tell John Andrew,
Tell John Andrew,
Tell John Andrew
John Brown's dead;"

with more ribald verses following. It was not many months before those who took part in the meeting and those who tried to suppress it were marching southward in uniform, elbow to elbow, singing a very different John Brown song.

There was one moment during this session when it seemed as if an actual hand-to-hand conflict had come. There was a sudden movement at the doors, and a body of men came pressing toward the platform, along each of the aisles; and I know that I, for one, had my hand on my revolver, when the invaders proved to be Mayor Wightman with aldermen and police, on an apparently peaceful mission. He turned and announced, however, that he came to dissolve the meeting by request of the trustees of the building. This being promptly denied by the trustees, who were present, and who compelled him to read their letter, it was shown that he had been requested to come and protect the assembly instead, and this, with curious changeableness, he proceeded to attempt; at least securing partial order, and stopping the mob from throwing down cushions and furniture from the galleries, which it had already begun to do. The speakers at this session were Phillips, Emerson, Clarke, and myself, and it was on this occasion that Phillips uttered a remark which became historic. Turning from the mob, which made him inaudible, he addressed himself wholly to the reporters, and said: "When I speak to these pencils, I speak to a million of men. . . . My voice is beaten by theirs [those of the mob], but they cannot beat types. All honor to Faust, for he made mobs impossible." At last the mayor promised the chairman, Edmund Quincy, to protect the evening session with fifty policemen; but instead of this he finally prohibited it, and when I came, expecting to attend it, I found the doors closed by police, while a mob of assailants, under their leader, Jonas H. French, were in possession of the outer halls. A portion of these, bent on mischief, soon set off in search of it among the quarters of the negroes near Charles Street, and I followed, wishing to stand by my friends in that way, if it could be done in no other. Lewis Hayden afterwards said that I should not

have done this, for the negroes were armed, and would have shot from their houses if molested. But there was only shouting and groaning on the part of the mob, with an occasional breaking of windows, the party attacked kept indoors, and I went home undisturbed.

All these things looked like a coming storm. It was observable that men were beginning to use firearms more, about that time, even in New England. I find that in those days I read military books; took notes on fortifications, strategy, and the principles of attack and defense. Yet all these preliminary events were detached and disconnected; their disturbances were only like the little local whirlwinds that sometimes precede a tornado. There was a lull; and then, on the day when Fort Sumter was fired upon, the storm burst and the whole community awaked. One of the first things thought of by all was the unprotected condition of Washington. It seemed to me that there was one simple measure to be undertaken for its defense, in case of danger; so I went, on the very day when the news reached us, to several leading men in Worcester, who gave me a letter of recommendation to Governor Andrew, that I might ask him to appropriate a sum from his contingent fund, and to let me again summon Montgomery and his men from Kansas; going with them into the mountains of Virginia, there to kindle a back fire of alarm and draw any rebel force away from Washington. Governor Andrew approved the project, but had no contingent fund; Dr. S. G. Howe entered warmly into it, and took me on State Street to raise money, as did Mr. S. G. Ward, afterwards, on Wall Street in New York. One or two thousand dollars were pledged, and I went to Harrisburg to see Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania. He said that he would give a thousand dollars if John Brown could be brought back to life, and had my plan under consideration, when the rapid progress of events strengthened the govern-

ment enough to make any such irregular proceeding quite undesirable.

Coming back to Worcester, I was offered the majorship of the Fourth Battalion of Infantry, then hastily called into the United States service; and when I declined this, the position was offered to my old schoolmate, Charles Devens, who, though almost wholly ignorant of military drill, accepted it on condition that our best local drill-master, Captain Goodhue, should go with him as adjutant. My reasons for not accepting were various: first, that I doubted my competency; secondly, that my wife, always an invalid, was just at that time especially dependent on me; and lastly, that it was then wholly uncertain whether the government would take the anti-slavery attitude, without which a military commission would have been for me intolerable, since I might have been ordered to deliver up fugitive slaves to their masters,—as had already happened to several officers. I have often thought what a difference it might have made in both Devens's life and mine if I had accepted this early opportunity. I might have come out a major-general, as he did; but I dare say that the government gained by the exchange a better soldier than it lost. Meanwhile I went on drilling and taking fencing lessons; and a few months later, when the anti-slavery position of the government became clearer, I obtained authority from Governor Andrew to raise a regiment, and had about half the necessary ten companies provided for, in different parts of the State, when one of the sudden stoppages of recruiting occurred, and the whole affair proved abortive. It was understood with Governor Andrew that while I was to raise the regiment, I was to be only second in command, the colonel being Captain Rufus Saxton, U. S. A., an officer with whom, by a curious coincidence, I was later to have the most intimate connection. I had been engaged upon this organization between October, 1861, and

February, 1862, and the renewed disappointment was very hard to bear. In several of my printed essays, especially at the end of that called *A Letter to a Young Contributor*, I find traces of this keen regret; and when finally a new nine months' regiment, the Fifty-First Massachusetts, was called out, in August, my wife being in somewhat better health, I could keep out of the affair no longer, but opened a recruiting office in Worcester. Being already well known among the young men there, through the athletic clubs and drill clubs, I had little difficulty in getting much more than the required number, giving a strong nucleus for a second company, which was transferred to the command of my friend John S. Baldwin, now of the Worcester Spy.

It is almost impossible here to reproduce the emotions of that period of early war enlistments. As I ventured to say in the preface to *Harvard Memorial Biographies*, "To call it a sense of novelty was nothing; it was as if one had learned to swim in air, and were striking out for some new planet." All the methods, standards, habits, and aims of ordinary life were reversed, and the intrinsic and traditional charm of the soldier's life was mingled in my own case with the firm faith that the death-knell of slavery itself was being sounded. Meanwhile, the arts of drill and the discipline were to be learned in practice, and the former proved incomparably easier than had been expected; it turned out that there was no department of science in which the elements were so readily acquired. As to the exercise of authority, however, it was different. It was no longer possible to view a command only "in the light of a suggestion." Moreover, we were dealing with a democratic society, on which a new temporary aristocracy of military rank was to be built, superseding all previous distinction; and the task was not light. Fortunately, I was older than many raw of-

ficers, — being thirty-eight, — and had some very young men in my company, who had been confided to me by their parents as to a father. Within my own immediate command I had hardly a trace of trouble; nor did I find the least difficulty in deferring to the general in command of the camp, who was by profession a working mechanic, and uneducated except in war. But the trouble was that he was on duty only by day, returning to his home every night, during which period the regiment became a heterogeneous mass of men, as yet little trained either to command or to obey. Discipline was not easy, especially in the case of some newly arrived company, perhaps in a high state of whiskey; and we had to learn to bear and forbear. I know that in the effort to enforce order I fell rapidly out of popularity, usually for my merits; and then inexplicably fell into it again, sometimes through acts of negligence. But nobody denied that my own company was at least in good condition, and from the moment we had a permanent colonel, and an admirable one, — afterwards General A. B. R. Sprague, now mayor of Worcester, — all went as it should. I was only a month with the regiment, but the experience was simply invaluable. Every man is placed at the greatest disadvantage in a higher military command, unless he has previously sown his wild oats, as it were, in a lower; making his mistakes, suffering for them, and learning how to approach his duty rightly.

There came into vogue about that time a "nonsense verse," so called, bearing upon my humble self, and vivacious enough to be widely quoted in the newspapers. It was composed, I believe, by Mrs. Sivret, of Boston, and ran as follows: —

"There was a young curate of Worcester
Who could have a command if he'd choose
ter,

But he said each recruit

Must be blacker than soot,

Or else he'd go preach where he used ter."

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As a matter of fact it came no nearer the truth than the famous definition of a crab by Cuvier's pupil, since I had never been a curate, had already left the pulpit for literature before the war, and was so far from stipulating for a colored regiment that I had just been commissioned in a white one; nevertheless the hit was palpable, and I always enjoyed it. I had formed even in a short time a strong attachment to my own company, regiment, and regimental commander; and one day, when the governor of Rhode Island had made his first abortive suggestion of a black regiment, I had notified my young lieutenants, John Goodell and Luther Bigelow, that such an enterprise would be the only thing likely to take me from them. A few days after, as we sat at dinner in the Worcester barracks, I opened a letter from Brigadier-General Rufus Saxton, military commander of the Department of the South, saying that he had at last received authority to recruit a regiment of freed slaves, and wished me to be its colonel. It was an offer that took my breath away, and fulfilled the dream of a lifetime. This was long before Massachusetts took steps in the same direction; Kansas was enlisting a regiment of free negroes, and three similar regiments, formed by the Confederates in Louisiana, had been turned into Union troops by General Butler; but the first regiment of emancipated slaves as such had yet to be mustered in. There remained but one doubt: would it really be a regiment, or a mere plantation guard in uniform? This doubt could be determined only on the spot; so I got a furlough, went to South Carolina to inspect the situation, and saw promptly that General Saxton was in earnest, and that I could safely leave all and follow him.

The whole condition of affairs at what was to be for me the seat of war was then most peculiar. General Saxton, who had been an Abolitionist even at West Point, was discharging the semi-civil func-

tion of military governor. Freed slaves by thousands, men, women, and children, had been collected on the Sea Islands of South Carolina, and were being rationed, employed, and taught under the direction of missionaries, agents, and teachers from the North; these being sometimes admirable, but sometimes incompetent, tyrannical, or fanatical. Between these and the troops there existed a constant jealousy, and General Saxton, in a position requiring superhuman patience and tact, was obliged to mediate between the two parties. Major-General Hunter, at the head of the department, had been the very first to arm the blacks (in May, 1862), and had adhered, after his fashion, to that policy, — my regiment being a revival of that early experiment; but some of his staff were bitterly opposed to this policy, and thwarted him as soon as his back was turned, — a thing not difficult, as he was indolent, forgetful, changeable, and easily accessible to flattery. While, therefore, my regiment had a nominal support, it was constantly hindered: there were difficulties as to uniforms, medicines, and guns; it was often necessary to struggle to obtain more than a Cinderella's portion. This had the farther disadvantage that it tempted us, perhaps, to be sometimes needlessly suspicious; nor was our beloved General Saxton always free from over-sensitiveness. Incidentally, also, we found that in all connection with the regular army we must come in for our share of its internal feuds; and we discovered that old West Point grudges were sometimes being wreaked on our unoffending heads, General Saxton's enemies occasionally striking at him through us. He, on the other hand, distrusted the intentions of certain officers in regard to us, feared lest we should be sacrificed under any orders but his, and sometimes held us back from service when he might better have risked us. All these drawbacks were trifles, however, beside the pleasure of being fairly in mil-

itary harness, and of bringing into the public service the warlike material which many still regarded with doubt.

There was also a happiness in dealing with an eminently trustful and affectionate race, and seeing the tonic effect of camp discipline upon the blacks. In this respect there was an obvious difference between them and the whites. Few white soldiers enjoyed serving in the ranks, for itself; they accepted it for the sake of their country, or because others did, or from the hope of promotion, but there was nevertheless a secret feeling in most minds that it was a step down; no person of democratic rearing really enjoys being under the orders of those who have hitherto been his equals. The negroes, on the other hand, who had been ordered about all their lives, felt it a step upward to be in uniform, to have rights as well as duties; their ready imitateness and love of rhythm made the drill and manual exercises easy for them; and they rejoiced in the dignity of guard and outpost duty, which they did to perfection. It is, however, a great mistake to suppose that slavery, as such, was naturally a good preparation for military life, and the officers who copied the methods of overseers always proved failures. It was necessary to keep constantly before the men that they were much more than slaves, to appeal to their pride as soldiers, to win their affection also, and then to exercise absolute justice; and the officer who did all this could wind them round his finger. Through such influences it was needful to teach them, among other things, to obey the non-commissioned officers of their own color, and this they at first found hard. "I don't want him to play de white man ober me," was a frequent remark in such cases, and the objection had to be patiently met by explaining that color had nothing to do with it; that they obeyed their sergeants only as those sergeants obeyed their captains, or the captains yielded to me, or I took my orders

from the general. In a little while this became perfectly clear to their minds, and they were proud, not offended, when sent on some expedition under a sergeant of their own race. This was made easier by the fact that we had among the non-commissioned officers much admirable material; and the color-sergeant, Prince Rivers, was not only a man of distinguished appearance, but superior in the power of command to half of the white officers in the regiment. He had previously been the swell private coachman in Charleston; there had been a reward of one thousand dollars offered for him when he escaped from slavery; and once, when visiting New York as General Hunter's orderly, he had been mobbed in the street for wearing the United States uniform, and had defended himself successfully against half a dozen men, taking his position in a doorway. After the war he was appointed a justice of the peace in South Carolina.

It was a fortunate thing for both General Saxton and myself that each of us had been satisfied in advance of the essential courage of the blacks. In my case this was the result of a little experience, previously related, at the Burns riot, when a negro stepped into the Court-House door before me; in Saxton's case it came from his participation in the war between the United States troops and the Florida Seminoles, when he had observed, having both blacks and Indians to fight against, that the negroes would often stand fire when the Indians would run away. We were thus saved from all solicitude such as beset for a time the mind of that young hero, Colonel Robert Shaw, when he took the field, six months later, with his Massachusetts colored regiment. When I rode over to his camp to welcome him, on his first arrival, he said that while I had shown that negro troops were effective in bush-fighting, it had yet to be determined how they would fight in line of battle; and I expressing no doubt on this point,

he suggested that it would always be possible to put another line of soldiers behind a black regiment, so as to present equal danger in either direction. I was amazed, for I never should have dreamed of being tempted to such a step; and he learned a lesson of more confidence when his men followed him upon the parapets of Fort Wagner, after a white regiment, in a previous assault, had lain down and refused to face the terrific fire from that almost impregnable fort.

The colored soldiers afforded to me, and I think to their officers generally, no disappointment whatever in respect to courage or conduct. As General Saxton wrote to a Northern committee of inquiry as to the freed blacks, they were "intensely human." They were certainly more docile than white soldiers, more affectionate, and more impulsive; they probably varied more under different officers and were less individually self-reliant, but were, on the other hand, under good guidance, more eager and impetuous than whites. They had also, in the case of my regiment, a valuable knowledge of the country. They were very gregarious, and liked to march together even on a fatigue party, singing as they marched, whereas white soldiers on such service were commonly to be seen tramping along singly. In regard to courage, there was not, I suspect, much difference. Most men have the ordinary share of that attribute; comparatively few are adventurous; the commander of any regiment, white or black, knew perfectly well ere long just which of his men would be likely to volunteer for a forlorn hope. Whether the better education and social position of white soldiers brought them more under the influence of what Sir Philip Sidney calls "the great appetites of honor" I cannot say; this being, it will be remembered, Sidney's reason for expecting more courage from officers than from enlisted men. It is quite certain, on the other hand,

that any want of such qualities was more than balanced by the fact that the black soldiers were fighting for their freedom and that of their families, this being the most potent of all motives. They used often to point out, in conversation, that they had really far more at stake than their officers had, since, if the Confederates conquered, or even if it were a drawn game, the negroes would all relapse into slavery, while their white officers would go back to the North and live much as before. This solicitude was at the foundation of all their enthusiasm; and besides this there was their religious feeling, which was genuine and ardent, making them almost fatalists in action, and giving their very amusements that half-pious, half-dramatic character which filled the camp every evening with those stirring songs that I was perhaps the first person to put in print, and that have reached so many hearts when sung by the Hampton singers and others. Riding towards the camp, just after dark, I could hear, when within a half-mile or thereabouts, the chorus of the song and the rhythmical clapping of hands; and as I drew nearer, the gleam of the camp-fires on the dusky faces made the whole scene look more like an encampment of Bedouin Arabs than like anything on the Atlantic shores.

Before I had joined the regiment, detachments of recruits had been sent down the coast of South Carolina and Georgia to destroy salt-works and bring away lumber; and after it had grown to fuller size, there occurred several expeditions into the interior, under my command, with or without naval escort. We went by ourselves up the St. Mary's River, where the men were for the first time actively under fire, and acquitted themselves well. The river itself was regarded by naval officers as the most dangerous in that region, from its great rapidity, its sudden turns, and the opportunity of attack given by the projecting bluffs. To this day I have never under-

stood why our return was not cut off by the enemy's felling trees, which could have been done easily at several points. We were on a "double-ender," a steamer built for a ferry-boat, and afterwards protected by iron plates. There was often no way of passing a sharp curve, in descending, except by running one end ashore and letting the swift current swing the other extremity round, after which we steamed downwards, the engine being reversed, till the process was repeated. At these points the enemy always mustered in numbers, and sometimes tried to board the vessel, besides pouring volleys on our men, who at such times were kept below, only shooting from the windows. The captain of my boat was shot and killed, and I shall never forget the strange sensation when I drew his lifeless form into the pilot-house which he had rashly quitted. It was the first dead body I had ever handled and carried in my arms, and the sudden change from full and vigorous life made an impression that no later experience surpassed.

A more important enterprise was the recapture of Jacksonville, Florida, which had been held by the Union troops, and then deserted; it was the only position that had been held on the mainland in the Department of the South, and was reoccupied (March, 1863) by two black regiments under my command, with the aid of a naval gunboat under Captain (afterwards Admiral) Charles Steedman, U. S. N. We took a large supply of uniforms, equipments, and extra rations, with orders, when once Jacksonville was secured, to hand it over to white troops that were to be sent under Colonel John D. Rust; we meanwhile pressing on up the river to Magnolia, where there were large unoccupied buildings. These we were to employ as barracks, and as a basis for recruiting stations yet farther inland. It was of this expedition that President Lincoln wrote to General Hunter (April 1, 1863): "I am glad

to see the account of your colored force at Jacksonville. I see the enemy are driving at them fiercely, as is to be expected. It is important to the enemy that such a force shall not take shape and grow and thrive in the South, and in precisely the same proportion it is important to us that it shall." Our part was faithfully carried through, and no disaster occurred, though I had to defend the town with a force so small that every resource had to be taxed to mislead the enemy into thinking us far more numerous than we were; this so far succeeding that General Finnegan — afterwards the victor at Olustee — quadrupled our real numbers in his reports. We fortified the approaches to the town, drove back the enemy's outposts, and made reconnaissances into the interior; and Colonel Rust with his white troops had actually appeared, when General Hunter, with one of his impulsive changes of purpose, altered his whole plan, and decided to abandon Jacksonville.

Once more, after the arrival of General Gillmore, we were sent up a Southern river. A night was chosen when the moon set late, so that we could reach our objective point a little before daybreak; thus concealing our approach, and having the whole day to work in. It was needed on the South Edisto, for we found at the mouth of the river a solid structure of palings which it took the period of a whole tide to remove, and which, had not my lieutenant-colonel (C. T. Trowbridge) been an engineer officer, could not have been displaced at all. Even then only two out of our three small steamers could ascend the shallow stream; and of these, one soon grounded in the mud, and the other was disabled by a shore battery. The expedition — which should never have been sent without more accurate local reconnaissances — failed of its nominal end, which was the destruction of a railway bridge utterly beyond our reach. My own immediate object, which was recruit-

ing, was accomplished, but at the final cost of health and subsequent military opportunities. As I stood on the deck, while we were in action with a shore battery, I felt a sudden blow in the side, doubling me up as if a Sullivan or a Fitzsimmons had struck me. My clothes were not torn, but very soon a large purple spot, called "ecchymosis" by the surgeons, covered the whole side, and for weeks I was confined to bed. I had supposed it to have been produced by the wind of a ball, but the surgeons declared that there could be no ecchymosis without actual contact, and that I must have been grazed by a grapeshot or an exploded shell. This was to have found myself only half an inch from death, yet, in Mercutio's phrase, it was enough. I was long in hospital, my life being saved from the perils of peritonitis, I was told, by the fact that I had never used whiskey. I came North on a furlough in 1863; went back too soon, as men often did; found the regiment subdivided and demoralized; and having to overwork in bringing it into shape, with the effects of malaria added, I had ultimately to resign in the autumn of 1864, after two years' service, foregoing all hopes of further military experience. Up to this time I had stood the influence of a malarial climate better than most of my-officers, and had received from the major, a somewhat frank and outspoken personage, the assurance that I was "tougher than a b'iled owl."

During a part of my invalidism I was sheltered — together with my surgeon, who was also ill — by my friend Mrs. Jean M. Lander, widow of the celebrated General Lander, and well known in earlier days on the dramatic stage, — a woman much respected and beloved by all who knew her fine qualities. She had tried to establish hospitals, but had always been met by the somewhat whimsical hostility of Miss Dorothea L. Dix, the national superintendent of nurses, a lady who had something of the habitual

despotism of the saints, and who had somewhat exasperated the soldiers by making anything like youth or good looks an absolute bar to hospital employment; the soldiers naturally reasoning that it assisted recovery to have pleasant faces to look upon. One of Miss Dix's circulars read thus: "No woman under thirty years need apply to serve in government hospitals. All nurses are required to be very plain-looking women. Their dresses must be brown or black, with no bows, no curls or jewelry, and no hoopskirts." Undaunted by this well-meant prohibition, Mrs. Lander, who was then a little more than thirty, but irreclaimably good looking, came down to Beaufort, South Carolina, accompanied by her mother, in the hope of establishing a hospital there. A sudden influx of wounded men gave General Saxton, ere-long, the opportunity of granting her wish, and she entered with immense energy into her new task. She had on her hands some fifty invalid soldiers, and had for their use an empty building, which had yet to be fitted up, warmed, and properly furnished; even the requisite beds were difficult to obtain. She would come in abruptly some morning and say to Dr. Rogers and myself, "Gentlemen, to-day I must remove every bedstead in this house to the hospital building. You have blankets?" We could only meekly respond that we had blankets, and that the floor was wide. Twenty-four hours after, it would be, "Gentlemen, this day the cooking-stove goes! Your servants can cook by the open fire?" Oh yes, our servants could easily manage that, we replied, and accepted the inadequate results. One day there came a rap at the old-fashioned door-knocker, and Mrs. Lander, passing swiftly through the hall, flung the portal open regally, as if it were in Macbeth's palace. We heard a slender voice explaining that the visitor was the Reverend Mr. So-and-So from New York, just arrived by steamer. "Mr. So-and-So?"

said our prima donna. "Delighted to see you, sir! Can you dress wounds?" — this in Siddons tones. The poor man started back, and said apologetically, "Spiritual wounds, madam!" "No time for that, sir, now, — no time for that; there are still thirty men in yonder hospital with no beds to lie on; we must secure the common comforts first." Timidly explaining that he had come from the North to Beaufort for his health, and that he had been recommended to her for "a comfortable lodging," the pallid youth withdrew. It was no fault of his that he was forlorn and useless and decidedly in the way at a military station; but I could not help wondering if, after his return, he would preach a sermon on the obvious deference due to man as the military sex, and on the extreme uselessness of women in time of war.

I have given few details as to my way of living in South Carolina and Florida, because much of it was described a few years after in this magazine, and again in a volume called *Army Life in a Black Regiment*, which was translated into French by Madame de Gasparin in 1884. There was plenty that was picturesque about the life, and there were some things that were dangerous; we all fought, for instance, with ropes around our necks, the Confederate authorities having denied to officers of colored regiments the usual privileges, if taken prisoners, and having required them to be treated as felons. Personally, I never believed that they would execute this threat, and so far as we were concerned they had no opportunity; but the prospect of hanging was not a pleasant thing even if kept in the background, nor was it agreeable to our friends at home. In other respects my life in the army had been enjoyable; but it had been, after all, one of somewhat obscure duty. I had once received from an officer, then high in influence, what was equivalent to an offer of pro-

motion, if I would only write a letter to Senator Sumner asking for it ; but this I had declined to do. As my promotion to a colonelcy had come unsought, so, I preferred, should any higher commission. For nominal rank I cared little, and I should have been unwilling to leave my regiment ; but I should have liked to see great battles and to fill out my experience through all the grades, if it had been possible. I came nearest to this larger experience in the case of the aimless but bloody engagement of Olustee, where I should have commanded a brigade had not my regiment been ordered back, even after being actually embarked for Florida.

I never felt at all sure how far up in the service I might have climbed, even under the most favorable circumstances ; for that was always a hard thing to predict of any one, in those days, even apart from the frequent occurrences of favoritism and injustice. I saw around me men who had attained a much higher position than mine without a greater outfit, perhaps, of brains or energy ; but whether I could have shown that wide grasp, that ready military instinct, which belong to the natural leader of large numbers, I can never know : and I am afraid that I might always have been a little too careful of my men. Certainly, I should have been absolutely incapable of that unsparing and almost merciless sacrifice of them which made the reputation of some very eminent officers ; while for the mere discharge of ordinary duty I might have been as good as my neighbors. After all, it must be admitted that marked military talent is a special gift, and a man who has not had the opportunity can no more tell whether he would have displayed that faculty than a man who has never learned chess can tell whether he might or might not have developed into a champion player. For the final result, my sagacious elder brother felt content, he told me, that I should leave

the army with the rank of colonel only. He said, with his accustomed keen philosophy, "A man may go through his later life quite respectably under the title of colonel, but that of general is too much for a civilian to bear up under, and I am glad you stopped short of it." For myself, I felt that to have commanded, with fair credit, the first slave-regiment in the Civil War was well worth one man's life or health ; and I lived to see nearly two hundred thousand (178,975) black soldiers marching in that column where the bayonets of the First South Carolina had once gleamed alone.

When I left the service, two years of army life, with small access to books, had so far checked the desire for literary pursuits, on my part, that I should have actually preferred not to return to them. I should have liked better to do something that involved the charge and government of men, as for instance in the position of agent of a large cotton-mill. This mood of mind was really identical with that which led some volunteer officers to enter the regular army, and others to undertake cotton-raising at the South. In few cases did this impulse last long ; a regular army career in time of peace usually proving unattractive, as did also the monotony of the plantation. In my own case this unsettled feeling soon passed away, and the old love of letters revived ; the editing of the Harvard Memorial Biographies affording an easy transition. The change to the ways of civil life, however, involved almost as great a transformation of tastes and habits as the original enlistment had brought ; and this being the case, the present will plainly be a good point at which to close this series of *Cheerful Yesterdays*, with the understanding that in a succeeding volume of this magazine I may add a few more papers, under detached titles, in order to give a certain semblance of completeness to this whole retrospect of a somewhat varied career.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

IN QUEST OF RAVENS.

"Every pursuit takes its reality and worth from the ardor of the pursuer." — KEATS.

WHILE M. Sylvestre Bonnard, Member of the Institute, was in Sicily prosecuting his memorable search for the Alexandrian manuscript of the Golden Legend, he fell in unexpectedly with his old acquaintances, M. and Mme. Trépof, collectors of match-boxes. Their specialty, as may be supposed, was not exactly to M. Bonnard's liking. Being a scholar and an antiquary, he would rather have seen their affections bestowed upon something more strictly in the line of the fine arts, — upon antique marbles, perhaps, or painted vases; but after all, he said to himself, it made no very great difference. A collector is a collector; and besides, Mme. Trépof always spoke of their pursuit (she and her husband were traveling round the world in furtherance of it) with a mixture of enthusiasm and irony that made the whole business truly delightful.

There we have the shrewd collector's secret. Whatever the objects of his choice, — postage-stamps, first editions, butterflies, or match-boxes, — they become for the time being the only objects worthy of a man's desire; but in talking about them, as of course he cannot altogether avoid doing, he keeps in mind the old caution about the pearls and the swine, and veils his seriousness under a happy lightness of speech. This is the better course for all concerned; and something like this is the course I mean to adopt in narrating my raven-hunt amid the North Carolina mountains, in May, 1896. The work was absorbing enough in the doing, but at this distance, and out of consideration for the scholarly reader, — who may feel about ravens as M. Bonnard felt about match-boxes, — I hope to be able to treat it with a becoming degree of disinterestedness.

My collecting, be it said in parenthesis, was in one respect quite unlike M. Bonnard's and Mme. Trépof's. It was concerned, not with the objects themselves, but with the sight of them. I wanted, not cured birdskins in a cabinet, but bits of first-hand knowledge in the memory and the notebook. Here at Highlands, this little hamlet perched far up in a mountain wilderness, ravens were common, — so I had read; and as I purposed remaining in the place for two or three weeks, I should no doubt see much of them, and so be able not only to "check the name," thus adding the species to my set of the *Corvidæ*, but to acquire some real familiarity with the bird's voice and ways. Such was my dream; but certainty began to fade into uncertainty from the day I drove into the mountains.

One of my first village calls, after a day's ramble in the country round about, was upon the apothecary, who sat sunning himself on the stoop in front of his shop, — a cheerful example of how idyllic a life "tending store" may become under favorable conditions. To begin with, as was natural, not to say obligatory, between a newcomer and an old resident, the altitude and climate of the place were discussed. Then, as soon as I could do so with politeness, I asked about ravens.

"Ravens?" said the doctor. "Ravens?" Surely the inflection was not encouraging. There *were* no ravens, so far as he knew.

"But the books say they are common here."

"Well, I am perfectly acquainted with the bird, and I have never seen one in Highlands in all my twelve years."

This might have seemed to end the matter, once for all; but as I walked away I remembered how often birds had

proved to be common where old residents had never seen them, and I said to myself that the present would be only another repetition of the familiar story. There *must* be ravens here. Mr. — and Mr. — could not have been mistaken.

Let that be as it might, this was my third day in the mountains, — the long ride from Walhalla counting for one, — and when I returned to the village, at noon, my first glimpse of a raven was yet to be had. However, a wide-awake farmer assured me that, as he expressed it, something must be the matter with Dr. —'s eyes. *He* had seen ravens many a time; in fact, he had seen one within two days. Of course he had. The affair was turning out just as I had foreseen. It is a poor naturalist who has not learned to beware of negative testimony. The apothecary might sit on his stoop and shake his head; before many days I would shake a black wing in his face.

That afternoon I took another road, and though I found no ravens I brought back a lively expectation. I had stopped beside a pond, and was pulling down a small halesia-tree to break off a branch of its snowy bells, when a horseman rode up. We spoke to each other (it is one advantage of out-of-the-way places that they encourage human intercourse, as poverty helps people to be generous), and in answer to my inquiry he told me that the tree I was holding down was a "box elder." The road was the Hamburg road, or the Shortoff road, — one name being for a town, the other for a mountain, — and the body of water was Stewart's Pond. Then I came to the point. Did he often see ravens in this country? He answered promptly in the affirmative; and when I told him of my want of success and of Dr. —'s twelve-year failure, he assured me that if I would come out to Turtlepond, where he lived, I could see them easily enough. He saw them often, and just now they

were particularly noisy; he thought they must be teaching their young to fly.

How far was it to Turtlepond? I asked. "Seven or eight miles." And the road? Could he tell me how to get there? Oh yes; and he began. But I was soon quite lost. He knew the way too well, and I gave over trying to follow him, saying to myself that I would procure directions, when the time came, from some one in the village. The man was very neighborly and kind, invited me to get up behind him and ride, gave me his name, answered all my questions, and rode away. Here, then, were ravens with something like certainty and well within reach ("ra-vëns," my new acquaintance had been careful to say, with no slurring of the second vowel), and Dr. — to the contrary notwithstanding, I would yet see them.

The next morning, with a luncheon in my pocket and a minute itinerary in my notebook, I set out for Turtlepond. Important things must be attended to promptly. "You will be lucky if you find it," said the man who had laid out my route, by way of a godspeed; and I half believed him. He did not add, what I knew was on his tongue, "You will be luckier still if you find a raven;" as to that, also, he was welcome to his opinion. Ravens or no ravens, I meant to enjoy myself. What could a man want better than a long, unhurried day in those romantic mountain roads, with a bird singing from every bush, and new and lovely flowers inviting his hand at every turn? With fair weather and in a fair country, walking is its own reward.

To put the town behind me was the work of a few minutes. After that my way ran through the woods, although for the first half of the distance, at least, there was never more than a mile or two without a clearing and a house. This part of the road grew familiar to me afterward, I traveled it so often; and now, as I take it once more in my

mind, I can see it in all its windings. Here, as the land begins to decline from the plateau, or mountain shoulder, on which the village nestles, stands a line of towering conical hemlocks, — a hundred and fifty feet tall, at a moderate guess. Out of them came the nasal, high-pitched, highly characteristic *ank, ank, ank*, of my first Canadian nuthatch, — my first one in North Carolina, I mean. That, by the bye, was on this very trip to Turtlepond. I had been on the watch for him, and put him into my bird list with peculiar satisfaction. He was like a fellow Yankee, as was also the brown creeper that dwelt near by. This same row of hemlocks — beside a brook, as Southern hemlocks always are, with a thicket of laurel and rhododendron underneath — was also one of the haunts of the olive-sided flycatcher, another Northerner, who chooses the loftiest perch he can find from which to deliver his wild *quit-quequeeo*. Should this Carolinian representative of a boreal species ever be promoted to the dignity of sub-specific rank, as has happened to his neighbors the snowbird and the mountain vireo, I should bid for the honor of naming him, — the hemlock flycatcher.

By the time I reached this point, on a sultry morning, I was commonly ready for a breathing-spell, and by good luck here was a most convenient log, on which I used to sit, listening to the bird chorus, and waylaying any socially disposed mountaineer who might chance to come along on his way to the town; for Highlands, whatever an outsider may think of it, is in its own measure and degree a veritable metropolis.¹ The only man who ever failed to pull up in response to my greeting was a very canonical-looking parson. He was traveling up to Zion in a "buggy," and not unlikely was meditating his next Sunday's sermon.

If the religious condition of a com-

¹ All things go by comparison. "I always lived in the country till I came here," said my driver to me one day.

munity is to be estimated by the number of its meeting-houses, let me say in passing, then Highlands ought to be a very suburb of the New Jerusalem. Its population cannot be more than three or four hundred, but its churches are legion. "Yes," said a sprightly young lady, to whom the subject was mentioned, "if there were only one or two more, we might all have one apiece." Baptists, Methodists (of different sorts, — species and sub-species), Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Adventists, Unitarians, — all the sects seemed to be provided for, though I am not sure about the Catholics and the Swedenborgians. It is queer how conscientiously particular, and almost private, the worship of God is made. The Almighty must be a great lover of mint, anise, and cummin, one would say. I was reminded again and again of that sweet old Scripture: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

This digression, though suggested by the recollection of my serious-faced clergyman, is not to be taken as reflecting in any wise upon him or upon his calling. He was trying to do his duty, I have no question. If he felt obliged to have a pulpit and a uniform of his own, it was not that he differed from other people, but that other people differed from him. May his work prosper, and his days be long. He was traveling in a buggy, as I have said. Had he been on foot, no doubt he might have been readier to stop a minute to chat with an inquisitive stranger, — as ready, perhaps, as a more venerable pilgrim who happened along a few minutes later, and who not only stopped, but sat down, and, so to speak, paid me a visit: a little man, bent with his seventy-three years (he told me his age almost at once), who had come ten miles on foot that morning. In one hand he carried a live turkey, — with its legs tied, of course, — and in the other a chicken. Poor things, they were making their last journey. It was a "very

hot day," the old man thought. His cotton shirt was flung wide open for coolness, and as he mopped his face, having put down his burdens and taken off his hat, he talked in a cheerful, honest voice, most agreeable to listen to. Life was still a pleasant experience to him, as it seemed. I doubt whether he had ever tired of it for a day. He would sell the turkey and the chicken, buy a little tobacco and perhaps one or two other necessities, and then trudge the ten miles home again. It is a great thing to have a market for one's produce, and a greater thing to be contented with one's lot.

Not far beyond this favorite resting-place — tempting even in the retrospect, as the reader perceives — is a house with a good-sized clearing, through which meanders a trout-stream, to the endless comfort of one of the younger boys of the family. I saw him angling there, one day, with shining success. What a good time he was having! He could hardly bait the hook fast enough. I leaned over the fence and watched him out of pure sympathy (he did not see me, I think, though there was nothing in the world between us — except the fish), and afterward I mentioned the circumstance to his father. "Oh, he is a great fisherman," was the proud response. For a boy that is a boy a trout-brook is better than all the toy-shops. The good man and his wife (New York State people, who had moved here twelve years before) treated me most hospitably when I came to know them, but on this first morning, having far to go, I went by without calling, pausing only to note the *chebec* of a least flycatcher, which seemed to be at home in their orchard trees. Its name is still Number 60 in my North Carolina list.

Another bend in the road, and I came within sight of the first of two mills. These had figured at considerable length in my chart of directions, and near them, as I now remember, I fell into some uncertainty as to how this chart was to be

interpreted. I turned aside, therefore, to inquire of the second miller; but before I could reach him a blue yellow-backed warbler began singing from a treetop; and as he was my first specimen here, I must out with my opera-glass and find him. The miller surveyed my proceedings with unashamed curiosity, but he answered my questions, none the less, and for still another stage I kept on with the comfortable assurance that I was headed for Turtlepond.

If I failed to arrive there, it should not be for want of using my tongue. From the time I left Highlands I had inquired my way of every man I met. For one thing, I relish natural country talk; and if there is to be conversation, it must somehow be opened. I kept in mind, too, the skepticism of my Highlands informant, and by unhappy experience I had learned how easy it is, in cases of this kind, to go astray through some misunderstanding of question or answer.

So I sauntered along, with frequent interruptions, of course (that was part of the game), — here for a bird, there for a flower, a tree, or a bit of landscape. I recall especially great numbers of the tiny yellow lady's-slipper and beds of the white-flowered clintonia — the latter a novelty to me — just coming into bloom. Then, by and by, the road began a long, sidelong ascent of a mountain; but at the last moment, when I seemed to have left human habitations behind me for good, I saw across the narrow valley through the forest — the branches at this height being still in the bud — two men at work in a ploughed field. Here was one more opportunity to assure myself against contingencies, and with a loud "hullo" I gained their attention. Was this the road to Turtlepond? I shouted. Yes, they shouted back (a man who could not lift up his voice would be poorly off in that country); I was to keep on and on as far as the schoolhouse, just beyond which I must be sure to turn to the

right. Very good, said I to myself, here is something definite ; and again I faced the mountain road.

That was a master stroke of precaution. But for it I might have walked till night, and should never have found myself at Turtlepond. I passed one more house, it is true, but there was no one visible about it, and when at last I reached the log schoolhouse, standing all by itself deep in the woods, it was locked and empty, and the "road to the right" was so obscure, so utterly unlike a road, that only for my last man's emphatic warning (how I blessed him for his good sense !) I should have passed it without a suspicion that it was or ever had been a thoroughfare. As it was, I looked at it and wondered. Could that be my course ? There was no sign that horse or wheel had turned that corner for an indefinite period. Still, my instructions were explicit. This was certainly the schoolhouse, and at the schoolhouse I was to turn to the right. Lest I should be interpreting a preposition too strictly, nevertheless, I kept on for a piece in the way I had been traveling. No, there was no other cross-road, and I came back to the schoolhouse, rested awhile under a big tree, and then took the blind trail. Happily, it very soon became more distinct, more evidently a road in use ; and being now on a downward grade, I jogged along in good spirits.

It was drawing near noon, and unless my jaunt was to measure more than eight miles I must be somewhere near the end of it. The mountain forest was especially inviting here, with a brook now and then and a profusion of ground flowers, beside the laurel and the azaleas ; but I must not linger, I said to myself, as I might be obliged to spend an hour or two at Turtlepond. It was hardly to be assumed that the ravens would be waiting for me, to greet me on the instant. Meanwhile, a pileated woodpecker set up a lusty shout just in advance, and in another moment went dashing off among

the trees, still shouting as he flew. He was no rarity in these parts, but it did me good to see his flaming crest and the flash of his white wing-spots. Then, when I had gone a little farther and could already discern the open valley, a kingfisher rattled and showed himself. He was the first of his kind, and went down straightway as Number 62. Perhaps Number 63 would be the raven !

Well, I emerged from the forest, the road turning rather sharply at the last and making down the valley with a brook on its left hand ; and here I pretty soon approached a house. The two opposite doors were open (mosquitoes are unknown in this happy country), and inside, looking out of the back door in the direction of the brook, stood a woman and a brood of children. They were talking pretty loudly, as people may who live so far from human neighbors, and a hound stood silent behind them. I drew near, but they did not hear me. Then, rather than startle them rudely with a strange voice, I touched the fence-rail with my umbrella. Instantly the hound turned and began baying, and the woman, bidding him be quiet, came to the front door and answered my good-morning. Could she tell me where Zeb McKinney lived ? I inquired. Yes, it was the next house down the road, "about a quarter." Hereabouts, as I knew, a "quarter" means a quarter of a mile. In Yankee-land it means twenty-five cents. The character of a people may be judged in part by the ellipses of their daily speech, — the things that are taken for granted by every one as present in the minds of others.

I believe I did not raise the question of ravens at this first house. For the instant it was enough to know that I had arrived at Turtlepond. But my eye was open and my ear alert. And surely this was a place for ravens and every wild thing : a narrow valley, tightly shut in, with nothing in sight but the crowding walls and a patch of sky. Aloft in

the distance, in the direction of Hickory Gap (so I heard it called afterward, and wished that all place-names were equally euphonious), some large bird, hawk or eagle, was sailing out of sight. What a groveling creature is man, in the comparison! Along the brookside grew splendid halesia-trees, full of white bells, and a more splendid crab-apple tree, — one of the glories of America, — just now a perfect cloud of pink buds and blooms and tender green leaves. Here sang catbirds, thrashers, wood-thrushes, robins, rose-breasted grosbeaks, a blue golden-winged warbler, and I forget what else. I had not traveled so far, half disabled as I was, to listen to birds of their quality. And the ravens? Well, at that moment they must have an engagement elsewhere. Perhaps they were still instructing their young in the art of volitation.

And now, having walked "about a quarter," I was at Zeb McKinney's. There was no need to inquire if he were at home. Through the open door I could see that the only occupants of the house were two women: one young, one very old and stiff. The latter, as was meet, came to speak to the stranger. No, Mr. McKinney was not at home; he had gone down to the sawmill. Ravens? Yes, they saw them once in a while, but she did not remember noticing any for some time back. The spring was just below the house; I should find a gourd to drink from.

I drank from the spring, pondered the woman's "once in a while," took a look about me, and then retraced my steps, having in mind a comfortable nooning-place, out of sight of the houses, where I would eat my luncheon, and observe the ravens at my leisure as they crossed from one mountain to another above my head. For all the unexpectedness of the old woman's dubious phrase, I was not discouraged. Why should I be? Mr. Burroughs did not find the English nightingale all at once, nor did M. Tartarin

kill a lion on his first day in the Algerian desert; and if these men had exercised patience, so could I.

At the right spot, therefore, where the shade fell upon a handy stump, I took my seat. First a line or two in my notebook, and then I would dispose of my luncheon. At that instant, however, two boys came down the road; and when I spoke to them, they waited for no more explicit invitation, but planted themselves on the ground, one on each side of me. If I asked them a question, they answered it; if I kept silence, they sat and looked at me. For aught that appeared, they meant to spend the afternoon thus engaged. Pleasant as popularity is, its manifestations were just now a trouble. The ravens might fly over at any moment, and it was important that I should be undisturbed, — to say nothing of my dinner. I remembered the saying of Poor Richard, — "Love your neighbor, but don't pull down your hedge;" and at last, seeing that something must be done, I rose, moved a few rods, and then, dropping suddenly upon the grass, said, "Good-by." The boys took the hint, and ten minutes later I saw them beside the brook, trying their luck with the fish. The quality of selfishness had proved itself twice blest, as happens oftener than we think, it may be, in this "unintelligible world."

This part of the story need not be prolonged. The reader has already foreseen that my luncheon was finished without interruption. No raven's wing darkened the air. I lingered till the case began to seem hopeless. Then I loitered as slowly as possible up the valley, and at last took the ascending road through the mountain woods toward the log school-house. By this time there were signs of rain, but with a three-hour jaunt before me it was useless to hurry. So at the schoolhouse corner I rested again, — partly to enjoy the sight of Rabun Bald, a noble Georgia peak, which

showed grandly from this point, — and then, all at once, thinking of nothing but the landscape, I heard a far-away cry, hoarse, loud, utterly strange, utterly unlike a crow's, and yet unmistakably coracious! That surely was a raven's voice. It could be nothing else. If I were out of the woods, where I could look about me! The bird, whatever it was, was evidently on the wing; the sound was now here, now there; but alas, it was receding. Fainter and fainter it became at each repetition, and then all was silent, till a heavy clap of thunder and a sudden blackness recalled me to myself, and I resumed the march homeward. Soon it rained. Then came a general pother of the elements, — wind, hail, lightning and thunder. Not far beyond me, as I now called to mind, there was a house, the only one I had seen on the mountain. I hastened forward, therefore, and took shelter on the piazza. A dog was cowering inside, too badly frightened to resent my intrusion or to bid me welcome. And there we stayed till the clouds broke. Then, refreshing myself with big hailstones which lay white in the grass, I took the road again for the long diagonal descent to the valley.

I was well fagged by the time I reached Highlands; but I had been to Turtlepond, and in my memory were some confused recollections of a few distant notes, probably a bird's, and possibly a raven's. To that complexion had the matter already come. It is marvelous how quickly certainty loses its color when once the breath of doubt touches it.

Two days afterward, finding myself not yet acclimated, I joined a company who were making a day's wagon-trip to Whiteside, the highest peak in the immediate vicinity of Highlands; a real mountain, said to be five thousand feet in height, but looking considerably lower to my eye, its surroundings being all so elevated, and the southern latitude, as

I suppose, giving to it a more richly wooded, and consequently less rugged and alpine appearance than belongs to New England mountains of a corresponding rank. On the southerly side it breaks off into a huge perpendicular light-colored cliff, from which it derives its name and much of its local distinction. Above this cliff rises its knob of a summit, with the sight of which I had grown familiar as one of the principal points in the landscape from the hotel veranda.

The wagon carried us by a roundabout course to the base of this rocky knob, and there the majority of the party remained, while two ladies and myself clambered up a steep pitch to the summit, to take the prospect and to feel that we had been there, — and perhaps to see a raven; for Whiteside had from the beginning been held up to me as one of that bird's particular resorts. "Wait till you go to Whiteside," I had been told again and again.

What had looked like a pyramidal rock turned out to be the end of a long ridge, over which we marched in Indian file for a mile or more, picking flowers (the nodding *Trillium stylosum*, especially, of which each new specimen seemed pinker and prettier than the last) and admiring the landscape, — a boundless woodland panorama, with clearings and houses in Whiteside valley, and innumerable hazy mountains rising like waves of the sea in every direction. The world of new leafage below us, now darkened by cloud shadows, now shining in the sun, was beautiful far beyond any skill of mine to picture it.

We were still walking and quietly enjoying — my fellow tourists being, fortunately, of the non-exclamatory type — when the silence was broken by loud screams. "Ravens!" I thought, — for when the mind is full it is liable to spill over at any sudden jar, — and, dropping my umbrella, I sprang to the edge of the cliff. The bird was only a hawk,

soaring and screaming, too far away to be made out; a duck-hawk, perhaps, but certainly not a raven. "How you frightened me!" said one of the ladies. "I thought you were going to throw yourself over the precipice." My hobby-horse amused her, — as it did me also, — but she was herself too sound an enthusiast to be really unsympathetic. A New Jersey grandmother, she made nothing of a thirteen-mile tramp, a thorough drenching, and a pedestrian's blister, when rare flowers were in question, and the next morning would be off again before breakfast, scouring the country for new trophies. Like Mme. Trépof, she would have gone to Sweden in search of a match-box, had the notion taken her. As for ravens, she had already seen one, only a few days before my arrival. It flew directly over the hotel, and she recognized it at once, not as a raven, to be sure, but as "the blackest crow she had ever seen." A man who happened to be doing some carpenter's work about the house heard her exclamation, and told her what it was, and by good luck he was to-day our driver. It was wonderful how much encouragement I received in my amusing pursuit. If only there were fewer stories and more ravens! I was ready to say.

Yet if I said so, it was only in a fit of impatience. In point of fact, I received with thankfulness every such bit of evidence that Dr. ——'s gloomy prognostications were ill founded. On the very morning after this expedition to Whiteside, for example, I was on my way to the summit of Satulah, — an easy jaunt, and a capital observatory, — when I met a young man carrying a gun, and proposed to him the inevitable inquiry. Oh yes, he saw ravens pretty often; he had seen some within a month, he thought. They never flew over without calling out; which, as I interpreted it, might mean only that when they kept silence he failed to notice them. Here was more proof of the bird's presence;

but the words "within a month" kept down any tendency to undue exhilaration.

That noon, at the hotel, I had an interesting ornithological conference with two residents of the town, both of them already well informed as to the nature of my crotchet. For a beginning, one of them told me that he had seen a raven that very forenoon, — and as usual it was "flying over." Then the talk somehow turned upon the whippoorwill, of which I had thus far found no trace hereabout, and they agreed that it was not uncommon at certain seasons. It was often called the bullbat, they added. They had seen it, both of them, I think, flying far up in the air in broad daylight, and crying *whippoorwill!* "Good!" said I. "I would rather have seen that than all the ravens in North Carolina." Here was a really novel addition to the familiar legend about the identity of the whippoorwill and the night-hawk, — a legend whose distribution is perhaps almost as wide as that of the birds themselves. But wonders were not to stop here. One of the men, the one who had that forenoon seen a raven, proceeded to inform me that catbirds passed the winter in the mud, in a state of hibernation. William —— had dug them up, and they had come to and flown away. He himself had never seen this, but he knew, as everybody else did, that catbirds disappeared in the autumn, there was no telling how or when, and reappeared in the spring in a manner equally mysterious. I hinted some incredulity, to his great surprise, intimating for one thing that it was well known that catbirds migrated farther south; whereupon he appealed to his companion. "Would n't you believe it, if William —— told you he had seen it?" he asked; and there was a shout of laughter from the bystanders when the second man, after a minute's reflection, answered bluntly, "No."

It would be too long a story to set down all the answers I received from the

many persons whom I questioned here and there in my daily peregrinations. One man was sorry he had not heard of me sooner. A cow had been killed by lightning somewhere on the mountains, a week or two before. That would have been my opportunity. Ravens are sure to be on hand at such a time. But it was too late now, as they never touch flesh after it has begun to spoil. Another man, a German, living some miles out of the village, said, "Well, in my country we call them ravens, but here they call them crows." They were a nuisance; he had to kill them. He knew smaller black birds, in flocks, but no larger ones. He and the apothecary — who now and then laughed good-humoredly at my continued failure, as I stopped to pass the time of day with him, or to ask him about the way to some waterfall — were, as well as I remember, the only witnesses for the negative; so that the question was no longer as to the presence of the birds, but as to the degree of their commonness and the probability of my seeing them. It would be too much to say that the whole town was excited over the matter, but at least my few fellow boarders at the hotel either felt or simulated a pretty constant interest. "Well," one or another of them would say, as I dragged my weary steps up the hill to the door, at the end of a day's outing, "well, have you seen any ravens yet?"

One day there appeared at the dinner-table a bright, rosy-faced, clear-eyed, wholesome-looking boy of nine or ten years, and the gentleman who had brought him in as his guest presently introduced him to me, with the remark that perhaps "Bob" could give me information upon my favorite topic. Bob smiled bashfully, and I began my examination. Yes, he said, he had seen ravens. How often, should he say? Why, almost every day. When did he see them last? Yesterday. How many were there? One. It was flying over. Did it call? Yes, they always did. How

much bigger than a crow was it? Not much, but the voice was very different. This last was a model answer, — not at all the answer of a dishonest witness, or of an honest witness ambitious to make out a story. It was impossible to doubt him (his father and his older brother confirmed his testimony afterward), and yet I had been out of doors almost constantly for more than two weeks, and so far had not obtained the first glimpse of a large, wide-ranging, high-flying bird which this boy — who lived a few miles out of the village, it is true — saw nearly every day. Verily, as the unsuccessful man's text has it (and a comfortable text it is), "the race is not to the swift, . . . nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."

I speak unadvisedly. I *had* seen ravens; I had seen them here at Highlands. But it was in a dream of the night. There were two, and they were "flying over," — yes, and calling as they flew. One of them was partly white, an albinistic peculiarity at which I do not remember to have felt the least surprise. But indeed, if I may trust my own experience, nothing surprises us in dream-land. There, as in fairyland, everything is natural. Perhaps the same will be true in a world after this.

Meantime, if my eyes were holden from some things, I saw many others as I traveled hither and thither, now to a mountain top, now down one of the roads into the warm lower country, now to some far-away woodland waterfall. The days were all too short and all too few. Like a sensible man, to whom years had brought the philosophic mind, I had more than one string to my bow, and toward the end of my three weeks the very thought of ravens had mostly ceased to trouble me. Then, on my last day in the village, I met a barefooted boy near the hotel. "Howdy?" said I. "Howdy?" he answered; and then he asked, "Did you git to see your ravens?" Who is this, I thought, and how does he know

me? For I am not used to being famous. But I answered No, I had seen no ravens. How did he know I wanted to see any? "I saw you at Turtlepond," he said. He was out there with his cousin, Cling Cabe. With that it all came back to me. He was one of the boys who had paid me such flattering noonday attentions, and of whom I had taken so shabby a leave. I was glad to see him again. But he was not yet done with his story. Probably he had carried the burden of it for the last fortnight. "Two ravens flew over just after you left," he said. Was he sure they were ravens? Yes, his uncle Zeb¹ saw them, and said they were. Well, it was plainer and plainer that I had mistaken my game. I must leave it for younger eyes to see ravens, — in the flesh, at least. "Your old men shall dream dreams," said the prophet.

It was May 27 when, after an early breakfast, I left Highlands in a big mountain-wagon, bound for Boston by the way of Dillsboro and Asheville. I had come into the mountains from the south, and was going out in a northerly direction. The road was not highly recommended; it would be a rough, all-day drive, but it would take me through a new piece of country; and as for the jolting, I fancied that by this time I had become hardened to all that the steepest and stoniest of roads could inflict upon a passenger. On that point, I may as well confess, though it does not concern the present story, I was insufficiently informed.

It had been agreed that I should take my own time, making the trip as natural-historical as I pleased. "It fares better with sentiments not to be in a hurry with them," says Sterne, and the same is true of sciences and other pleasures. Again

¹ The great "war governor" and senator of North Carolina was born among the mountains of the State; and from what I heard, he seems to have left his name

"to be found, like a wild flower,
All over his dear country,"
as truly as Wallace ever did in Scotland.

and again I ordered the horses stopped as we came to some likely piece of cover, but little or nothing resulted. There were singers in plenty, but no new voices. After all, I said to myself, one does not study ornithology to any great advantage from a wagon-seat. Yet I remember one lesson — an old one rehearsed — that the morning brought me.

Soon after getting out of the village we passed Stewart's Pond. This had been one of my most frequent resorts. A considerable part of several half-days had been idled away beside it, and more than once I had commented upon the singular fact that its shores, birdy as they were, harbored no water-thrushes, while in several similar places I had heard them singing for more than a fortnight. There was something really mysterious about it, I was inclined to think. The place seemed made for them, unless, perhaps, the damming of the stream had rendered the current too sluggish to suit their taste. Now, however, as we drove past, and just as I was bidding the place good-by, a water-thrush struck up his simple, lazily emphatic tune. "Here I am, stranger," he might have been saying. Had he been there all the time? I did not know. One's investigations are never complete, even in the most limited area.

We had not gone many miles farther before we took what was for me a new road, which turned out presently to be like all the others: a road running mostly through the forest, uphill and downhill by turns, with here and there, at long distances, a solitary cabin, unpainted, perhaps unwindowed, yet pretty certainly with a patch of sweet-william and other old-fashioned flowers in the "front yard." The rudest one of all, in the very loneliest of clearings, had before the door a magnificent eglantine bush that would have made the fortune of any Northern gardener. The mountain side might be all aflame with azalea and laurel, but the woman's heart must have

a bit of garden, something planted and tended, to make the cabin more like a home.

For some hours we had been traveling thus, and were now come to an open place in the town of Hamburg, so the driver told me. Here, all at once, I nudged him with a quick command to stop. "There it is!" I cried, as I whipped out my opera-glass. "There's a raven!" "Yes," returned the driver, "that's the bird." He was flying from us in a diagonal course, making toward a hill or mountain, — at a comfortable distance, in the best of lights, and most admirably disposed to show us his dimensions; but he was silent and in tremendous haste.

"Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he."

If you would only *say* something! I thought. But he did not "call out," perhaps because he was not "flying over." I held the glass on him till he passed out of sight, — a really good look, as time counts under such circumstances. Yes, at the last moment I had seen a raven! Would the driver, when he got back to Highlands to-morrow evening, have the goodness so to inform Dr. — for his comfort?

Another thing I had accomplished: I had supplied three male Hamburgers with abundant material for a week's gossip; for even in my excitement I had been aware that we had halted almost directly in front of a house, — the only one for some miles, I think, — in the yard of which three men were lounging. I looked at the bird, and the men looked at me. It gave me pleasure afterward

to think what a story it must have made. "Yes, sir, it's gospel truth: he pulled out a spy-glass and sat there looking at a raven. I reckon he never see one before."

I speak of excitement, but it was a wonder to me how temperate my emotions were, and how quickly they subsided. Within a half-mile our progress was blocked by a large oak-tree, which the wind had twisted partly off and thrown squarely across the road. The driver had brought no axe along, and was obliged to go back to the house for help, leaving me to care for the team. Straight before me loomed the Balsam Mountains, a dozen peaks, gloriously high and mountainous; not too far away, yet far enough to be blue, with white clouds veiling their lower slopes and so lifting the tops skyward. I looked at them and looked at them, and between the looks I put the raven into my notebook.

For the day it kept its place unquestioned. Then, long before I reached Massachusetts, I punctuated the entry with a question mark. The bird had been silent; its apparent size might have been an illusion; and my assurance of the moment, absolute though it was, would not bear the test of time and cold blood.

Here ended my raven-hunt. I had enjoyed it, and would gladly have made it longer, — in that respect it had been successful; but the "collection" I was to have made, my little store of "first-hand knowledge," had fared but poorly. As far as ravens were concerned, I was bringing home a lean bag, — a brace of interrogation points.

Bradford Torrey.

THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE.

XXIII.

March 14. After dinner this evening I went to see Mrs. Blodgett; for, miserable as I felt, my mental suffering was greater than my physical. The footman told me she had just gone upstairs to dress for a ball, but I sent her a message begging for a moment's interview; and when he returned, it was to take me to her boudoir, — a privilege which would in itself have shown me how thoroughly I was forgiven, even if her greeting had been less warm.

In a few halting and broken sentences I told her of my love for you. She was so amazed that at first she seemed unable to believe me serious; and when I had persuaded her that I was in earnest, her perplexity and curiosity were unbounded.

Why had I behaved so? For what reason had I never called on Maizie? Such and many more were the questions she indignantly poured out, and she only grew more angry when I answered each by "I cannot tell you." Finally, in her irritation, she demanded, "What have you bothered me for, then?"

"I want you to tell me, if you have the right, whether Miss Walton is engaged to Mr. Whitely," I answered.

"Practically," she snapped.

"She has told you so?"

"I cannot tell you," she replied; adding, "How do you like your own medicine?"

"Mrs. Blodgett." I pleaded, "if you understood what it means to me to know the truth, you would not use this to punish me for what I cannot help. If I could tell any one the story of my life, I should tell you; for next to — to one other, you are dearer to me than any living person. If you love me at all, do not torture me with suspense."

She came and sat down by me on the lounge, and took my hand, saying, "Mr. Whitely asked Maizie to marry him four years ago, but she said she would not marry a business man. He would n't give up trying, however, though he made no apparent headway. Indeed, Maizie told me herself, last spring, just before she sailed, that she could never love him, and she was convinced that loveless marriages were wrong, being sure to end in unhappiness or sacrifice of one or the other. So I thought it would come to nothing. But he persisted, and he's succeeded, for she told me last week that she had changed her mind, and was going to marry him."

"Do you know why she has done so?" I asked dreadingly.

"I think it is that book of his. Not merely is she pleased by the position it's given him as a writer, but she says it has convinced her that he is different from what he appears in society; that no man but one of noble character and fine mind could write from such a standpoint."

I sat there dumb and stolid, yet knowing that all my past suffering had been as nothing to this new grief. Oh, my blindness and wickedness! To think, my darling, that it was I who had aided him to win you, that my hand had made and set the trap! Why had I not ended my wretched existence three years ago, and so, at least, saved myself from this second wrong, tenfold worse than that I had endeavored to mend? For my own selfish pride and honor, I had juggled, deceived you, Maizie, the woman dearer to me than all else, and had myself doomed you to such a fate.

I suppose I must have shown some of the agony I felt, for Mrs. Blodgett put her hand on my shoulder. "Don't take it so to heart, Rudolph," she begged, giving me that name for the first time.

"There can still be much true happiness in your life."

I only kissed her hand in response, but she instantly pressed her lips on my forehead. "I am so sorry," she sighed, "for I had hoped for something very different."

"Mr. Blodgett told me," I answered; and then I spoke of the resolution I had come to last night.

When I had finished, she said, "We won't talk of it any more at present, Rudolph, for Agnes' sake as well as yours, but perhaps by and by, when the suffering is over, you will come and talk to me again; for if you ever feel that you can be a good husband to my girl, I shall not be afraid to trust her to you, if you can gain her consent."

I rose to go, and she remarked, "Yes. You mustn't stay, for as it is, my dressing will make us very late. If the carriage is at the door, tell Maxwell to drive you home, and then return for us. You mustn't walk in the slush with that horrid cough of yours. Does your landlady give you blankets enough? Well, tell her to make a steaming glass of whiskey toddy. Wrap some woolen round your throat and chest, and go straight to bed. Why, Rudolph, you are not going without kissing me good-night?" she continued, as if that had been my habit, adding, "Some day I shall make you tell me all about it."

I went downstairs, intending to follow her directions; but as I passed the drawing-room door I heard the piano, and thought I recognized, from the touch, whose fingers were straying at random over the keys.

"Isn't that Miss Walton?" I asked of the servant, as he brought me my hat and coat.

"Yes, Dr. Hartzmann. Miss Walton is to go to the ball with the ladies, and is waiting for them to come downstairs," he told me.

I left him holding my coat, and passed noiselessly between the curtains of the

portière. Your back was turned to me as you sat at the instrument, and I stood in silence watching you as you played, till suddenly — was it sympathy, or only the consciousness of something alien? — you looked around. I should almost think it was the former, for you expressed no surprise at seeing me standing there, even though you rose.

"Don't let me interrupt you," I begged.

"I was only beguiling the time I have to wait," you replied.

"It will be a favor to me if you will go on," I said, and without another word, with that simple grace and sweetness natural to you, you resumed your seat and went on playing, while I sat down on the divan.

Your bent, like mine, was for some reason a sad one, and what you played reflected your mood, stirring me deeply and making me almost forget my misery. Presently, however, I was seized with a paroxysm of coughing; and when I had recovered enough to be conscious of anything, I found you standing by me, looking both startled and compassionate.

"You are ill, Dr. Hartzmann," you said.

"It is nothing," I managed to articulate.

"Can I do anything for you?" you asked.

"Nothing," I replied, rising, more wretched than ever, because knowing how little I deserved your sympathy.

"It would be a pleasure to help you, Dr. Hartzmann, for I have never been able to show any gratefulness for your kindness over my book," you went on, with a touch of timidity in your manner, as if you were asking a favor rather than conferring one.

Won by your manner, before I knew what I was doing, I spoke. "Miss Walton," I burst out, "you see before you the most miserable being conceivable, and you can save me from the worst anguish I am suffering!"

Your eyes enlarged in surprise, both at my vehemence and at what I had ut-

tered, while you stood looking at me, with slightly parted lips; then you said sweetly, "Tell me what I can do."

I had spoken without thought, only conscious that I must try in some way to save you. For a moment I hesitated, and then exclaimed, "I beg of you not to marry Mr. Whitely!"

Like a goddess you drew yourself up, even before you could have perceived the full import of my foolish speech, and never have I seen you look more beautiful or queenly than as you faced me. After a brief silence you answered, "You can hardly realize what you are saying, Dr. Hartzmann."

"I am indeed mad in my unhappiness," I groaned.

"You owe me an explanation for your extraordinary words," you continued.

"Miss Walton," I said, "Mr. Whitely is not a man to make you happy, and in hopes of saving you from him I spoke as I did. I had no right, as none can know better than myself, but perhaps you will forgive the impertinence when I say that my motive was only to save you from future misery."

"Why should I not be happy in marrying Mr. Whitely?"

"Because you are deceiving yourself about him."

"In what respect?"

"His character is other than you think it."

"Be more specific."

"That I cannot be."

"Why not?"

"It would be dishonorable in me."

"Not more so than to stop where you have."

"I cannot say more."

"I do not recognize your right to be silent. You have said too much or too little."

"Maizie," called Mrs. Blodgett from the hall, "come quickly, for we are very late."

"I shall insist, at some future time, upon your speaking more clearly, Dr.

Hartzmann," you said, as a queen would speak, and picking up your wrap, without a parting word, you left me standing in the middle of the drawing-room.

I came home through the cold, and have sat here regretting my foolishness and groping for the right course to pursue. Oh, my darling, if only my honor were at stake, I would sacrifice it. I would gladly tell you the whole story of my deception, even though I disgraced myself in your eyes. But try as I may to prove to myself that I have the right, I cannot, for I feel that more than my own honor is concerned. I shall speak to you of Mr. Whitely's hardness, and beg you to ask Mr. Blodgett if he would give Agnes to Mr. Whitely or advise you to marry him. My heart yearns to aid you in your peril, but I can think of nothing more that I can do. May God do what I cannot, my dearest. Good-night.

XXIV.

March 15. I was so miserable with my cough to-day that I could not summon the energy to drag myself to Mr. Blodgett's office, and did not leave my room till after eight, when your note came.

"Miss Walton," it read, "feels that she has the right to request Dr. Hartzmann to call this evening, in relation to the conversation uncompleted last night."

I understood the implied command, and thought that I owed what you claimed, while feeling that in obeying I could for this once forego my scruple of entering your door. The footman showed me into the library, and left me there. It was the first time I had seen it since my thirteenth year, and I cannot tell you the moment's surprise and joy I felt on finding it absolutely unchanged. Even the books were arranged as formerly, and my eye searched and found, as quickly as of yore, all the old volumes full of plates which had once given us such horror and pleasure. For the instant I for-

got my physical suffering and the coming ordeal.

When you entered the room, you welcomed me only with a bow. Then seeing my paleness, you said kindly, "I forgot your cough, Dr. Hartzmann, or I would not have brought you out in such weather. Sit here by the fire." After a short pause you went on: "I hope that a day's thought has convinced you that common justice requires you to say more than you did last night?"

"Miss Walton," I replied, "to you, who know nothing of the difficult and hopeless position in which I stand, my conduct, I presume, seems most dishonorable and cowardly; yet I cannot say more than I said last night."

"You must."

"I can hardly hope that what I then said will influence you, but if you will go to Mr. Blodgett and"—

"Does Mr. Blodgett know what you object to in Mr. Whitely?" you interrupted.

"Yes."

"I went to Mr. Blodgett this morning, and he told me that he knew of no reason why I should not marry Mr. Whitely."

"Then, Miss Walton," I answered, rising, "I cannot expect that you will be influenced by my opinion. I will withdraw what I said last night. Think of me as leniently as you can, for my purpose was honorable."

"But you ought to say more. You"—

"I cannot," I replied.

"You have no right to"— But here a servant entered, with a card.

"Dr. Hartzmann," you announced, when the man had gone, "I wrote Mr. Whitely yesterday afternoon, asking him to call this evening, with the intention of accepting his offer of marriage. He is now in the drawing-room, and unless you will have the fairness, the honesty, to explain what you meant, I shall tell him all that has occurred, and give him the opportunity to force you to speak."

"I shall only repeat to him, Miss Walton, what I have said to you."

You stood a moment looking at me, with a face blazing with indignation; then you exclaimed, "You at least owe it to him not to run away while I am gone!" and passed into the drawing-room.

You returned very soon, followed by Mr. Whitely.

"Dr. Hartzmann," you asked, "will you repeat what you said last night to me?"

"I advised you not to marry Mr. Whitely, Miss Walton."

"And you will not say why?" you demanded.

"I cannot."

"Mr. Whitely," you cried, "cannot you force him to speak?"

"Miss Walton," he replied suavely, and his very coolness in the strange condition made me feel that he was master of the situation, "I am as perplexed as you are at this extraordinary conduct in one who even now is eating bread from my hand. I have long since ceased to expect gratitude for benefits, but such malevolence surprises and grieves me, since I have never done Dr. Hartzmann any wrong, but, on the contrary, I have always befriended him."

"I have been in the employ of Mr. Whitely," I answered, "but every dollar he has paid me has been earned by my labor. I owe him no debt of gratitude that he does not owe me."

"You owe him the justice that every man owes another," you asserted indignantly. "To make vague charges behind one's back, and then refuse to be explicit, is a coward's and a slanderer's way of waging war."

"Miss Walton," I cried, "I should not have spoken, though God knows that my motive was only a wish to do you a service, and I would give my life to do as you ask!"

For an instant my earnestness seemed to sway you; indeed, I am convinced that this was so, since Mr. Whitely ap-

parently had the same feeling, and spoke as if to neutralize my influence, saying to you, "Miss Walton, I firmly believe that Dr. Hartzmann's plea of honorable conduct is nothing but the ambush of a coward. But as he has been for two years in the most intimate and confidential position of private secretary to me, he may, through some error, have deluded himself into a conviction that gives a basis for his indefinite charges. I will not take advantage of the implied secrecy, and I say to him in your presence that if he has discovered anything which indicates that I have been either impure or criminal, I give him permission to speak."

Even in that moment of entanglement I could not but admire and marvel at the skill with which he had phrased his speech, so as to seem absolutely open, to slur me by innuendo and yet avoid the risk of exposure. It left me helpless, and I could only say, "I have not charged Mr. Whitely with either impurity or criminality."

You turned to him and said, "This conduct is perfectly inexplicable."

"Except on one ground," he replied.

"Which is?" you questioned.

"That Dr. Hartzmann loves you," he answered.

"That is impossible!" you exclaimed.

"Not as impossible as for a man not to love you, Miss Walton," he averred.

"Tell Mr. Whitely how mistaken he is," you said to me.

I could only stand silent, and after waiting a little Mr. Whitely remarked, "You see!"

"It is incredible!" you protested.

"You must deny it, Dr. Hartzmann!"

"I cannot, Miss Walton," I murmured, with bowed head.

"You love me?" you cried incredulously.

"I love you," I assented, and in spite of the circumstances it was happiness to say it to you.

You stood gazing at me in amazement,

large-eyed as a startled deer. I wonder what your first words would have been to me if Mr. Whitely had not turned your mind into another channel by saying, "I do not think that we need search further for Dr. Hartzmann's motives in making his innuendoes."

"Miss Walton," I urged, "my love for you, far from making your faith in me less or my motive that of a rival, should convince you that I spoke only for your sake, since you yourself know that my love has been neither hopeful nor self-seeking."

I think you pitied me, for you answered gently, and all traces of the scorn you had shown just before were gone from your face and manner.

"Dr. Hartzmann," you said, "I cannot allow myself to listen to or weigh such indefinite imputations against Mr. Whitely. I will give you one week to explain or substantiate what you have implied; and unless within that time you do so, I shall accept the offer of marriage which he has honored me by making. Do not let me detain you further. Good-evening."

I passed out of the room a broken-hearted man, without strength enough to hold up my head, and hardly able in my weakness to crawl back to my study. As I sit and write, every breath brings with it the feeling that a knife is being thrust into my breast, and I am faint with the pain. But for this racking cough and burning fever I might have made a better fight, and have been able to think of some way of saving you. Oh, my dearest love, the sacrifice of life, of honor, the meeting ignominy or death for your sake, would be nothing to me but hap—

XXV.

January 10, 1895. This evening I have for the first time re-read this — I know not what to call it, for it is neither diary nor letter — the story of my love;

and as I read, the singular sensation came over me that I was following, not my own thoughts and experiences, but those of another man. Five years ago, half mad with grief, and physically and nervously exhausted to the brink of a breakdown, I spent my evenings writing my thoughts, in the hope that the fatigue of the task would bring the sleep I sought in vain. Little I then wrote seems to me now, in my new life, what I could ever possibly have confided to paper, much less have felt. Yet here is my own handwriting to vouch for every word, and to tell me that the morbid chronicle is no other than my own. I cannot believe that mere years have brought so startling a mental change, and I therefore think that much of it is an expression, not of myself, but of the illness which put an end to my writing. If proof were needed of the many kinds of men each man contains, this manuscript of mine would furnish it; for the being I have read about this evening is no more the Donald Maitland of to-night than — Ah, well, to my task of telling what has wrought this change, since it must be written.

For four weeks I was confined to my bed with pneumonia, and the attack so weakened me that I did not leave my room for five weeks more. During that time Mrs. Blodgett's kindness was constant, and her face is the only memory that stands out from the hours of my acute torture. While I was convalescing, she came once, and sometimes twice, each day, bringing me flowers, fruit, jellies, wines, and whatever else her love could suggest. It was amusing to see her domineer over the doctor, trained nurse, and landlady, and I soon learned to whom to make my pleas for extra liberty or special privileges. No request, however whimsical, seemed too much for her affection, though my demands were unceasing, in the selfishness of my invalidism. Only one thing I dared not ask her, and that was not from fear that it would be refused, but from cowardice.

I longed to have her speak of you, but during those weeks she never mentioned your name.

The day before Mrs. Blodgett left town she took me for my first airing in her carriage, and told me that she was leaving a man and horses in town for a month longer in order that I should have a daily drive. "Mr. Blodgett really needs a carriage more in the summer than he does in the winter, but he never will consent to let me leave one for him, so I've used you as an excuse," was the way she explained her kindness. "By the end of the month I hope you will be well enough to come up and make us a visit in the Berkshires, for the change will be the very best thing for you."

"I hope to be at work again by that time," I said.

"You are not to see pen or paper till the 1st of October!" she ordered; and when I only shook my head, she continued, "For three years you've been overworking yourself, and now the doctor says you must take a long rest, and I'm going to see that you have it."

"You mean to be good to me, Mrs. Blodgett," I sighed, "but if you knew my situation, you would understand that I must get to work again as soon as possible."

"I don't care about your situation," she sniffed contemptuously, "and I do care about your health. I shall insist that you come up to My Fancy, if I have to come back to the city to bring you; and when I once get you there, I shan't let you go away till I choose."

Loving my tyrant, I did not protest further, though firm in my own mind as to my duty. As it turned out, I need not have denied her, for the end of the month found me with but little added strength; and though I tried to work two or three times, I was forced to abandon the attempts without accomplishing anything. My wonder is that I gained strength at all, in my discouragement over the loss of Mr. Whitely's work, my

three months' idleness, the heavy doctor's bills, and the steadily accruing interest on the debt.

On the 21st of June Mr. Blodgett came to see me, as indeed he had done daily since Mrs. Blodgett left town.

"The boss writes," he announced, "ordering me to come up to-day, and directing that before I leave New York I am to do forty-seven things, ranging in importance from buying her the last novels to matching some white" — he looked at his letter, and spelled out — "'f-l-o-s-s' as per sample inclosed. I have n't time to do more than forty-five, and I'm afraid I'll never hear the last of the remaining two unless you'll save me."

"How?"

"Well, three times in her letter she tells me that I've got to bring you, the last time as good as saying that my life won't be an insurable risk if I don't. Since she puts so much stress on your presence, it's just possible that if I fill that order she'll forget the rest."

"I would go, Mr. Blodgett, but" —

"Oh, I understand all that," he interrupted. "Of course, if you stay in the cool fresh air of the city, you won't run any risk of the malaria the Berkshires are full of; I know the New York markets have peas as large and firm as bullets, while those in our garden are poor little shriveled affairs hardly worth the trouble of eating; our roads are not Belgian blocks, but only soft dirt, and we haven't got a decent flagged sidewalk within ten miles of My Fancy. I understand perfectly that you'll get well faster here, and so get to work sooner; but all the same, just as a favor, you might pull me out of this scrape."

I need not say I had to yield, and together we took the afternoon express. On the train we found Mr. Whitely, — as great a surprise, apparently, to Mr. Blodgett as it was to me.

"Hello!" exclaimed the banker. "Where are you bound for?"

"I presume for the same destination you are," Mr. Whitely replied. "I am going up to see Miss Walton, and if Mrs. Blodgett cannot give me a night's hospitality, I shall go to the hotel."

"Plenty of room at My Fancy, and I'll guarantee your welcome," promised Mr. Blodgett pleasantly. "Here's the doctor going up for a bit of nursing."

Much to my surprise, my former employer entered the compartment, and, offering me his hand, sat down by the lounge I was stretched upon. "You've had a serious illness," he remarked, with a bland attempt at sympathy.

I only nodded my head.

"I hope you will recover quickly, for you are needed in the office," he went on.

I could not have been more surprised if he had struck me, though I did not let it appear in my face.

"Whitely's been trying to go it alone on his editorials, and the papers have all been laughing at him," chuckled Mr. Blodgett. "Just read us your famous one, Whitely, — that one about The Tendency of Modern Art, with the original Hebrew from Solomon you put in."

I saw my employer redden, and in pity for his embarrassment I said, "I do not think I shall ever come back to the office, Mr. Whitely."

"Why not?" he exclaimed. "You committed an unwise action, but business is business, and I see no cause why we need let a single mistake terminate a relation mutually profitable."

"I have learned that one cannot sell one's honesty without wronging other people, and I shall never do it again."

"This is purely sentimental," he began.

Mr. Blodgett, however, interrupted by saying, "Now don't go to exciting the doctor, for he's to sleep on the trip. Besides, I've got something in mind better than the job he's had under you, Whitely. Come and have a smoke, and leave him to nap a bit."

They left me, and I set to puzzling

over many questions: how you would greet me at My Fancy; how you would welcome Mr. Whitely; what was the meaning of his friendliness towards me; and what new kindness Mr. Blodgett had in store for me. Finally I fell asleep, to be awakened only when we reached our destination.

Agnes met us at the station, and at the house Mrs. Blodgett gave me the warmest of welcomes, but not till I came downstairs before dinner did you and I meet. Your greeting was formal, yet courteous and gracious as of old, almost making me question if our last two interviews could be realities.

Before the dinner was finished Mrs. Blodgett ordered me to the divan on the veranda, and sent dessert and fruit out to me. You all joined me when the moment came for coffee and cigars; but the evening was cloudy and rather breezy, and presently Mrs. Blodgett said it was too cold for her, and suggested a game of whist indoors. "You must stay out here," she told me, "but if you feel cool be sure to use the shawl."

You turned and said to Mr. Whitely, "You will play, I hope?" and he assented so eagerly that it was all I could do to keep from laughing outright when you continued, "Agnes and Mr. Whitely will make your table, Mrs. Blodgett, so I will stay here and watch the clouds." The whole thing was so palpably with an object that I felt at once that you wished to see me alone, to learn if I had anything more to say concerning Mr. Whitely; and as I realized this, I braced myself for the coming ordeal.

For a few moments you stood watching the gathering storm, and then took a chair by the divan on which I lay.

"Are you too honorable," you began, — and though I could not see your face in the darkness, your voice told me you were excited, — "to pardon dishonorable conduct in others? For I have come to beg of you forgiveness for a wrong."

"Of me, Miss Walton?"

"Last April," you went on, "Mrs. Blodgett brought me a book and asked me to read it. A few pages revealed to me that it was a journal kept by an old friend of mine. After reading a little further, I realized for the first time that I was violating a confidence. Yet though I knew this, and struggled to close the book, I could not, but read it to the end. Can you forgive me?"

"Oh, Miss Walton!" I protested. "Why ask forgiveness of me? What is your act compared to the wrong?" —

"Hush, Don," you said gently, and your use of my name, so long unheard, told me in a word that the feeling of our childhood days was come again. "Tell me you forgive me!" you entreated.

"I am not the one to forgive, Maizie."

"I did wrong, and I ask your pardon," you begged humbly. "Yet I'm not sorry in the least, and I should do it again," you instantly added, laughing merrily at your own perverseness. Then in a moment you were serious again, saying, "I never received the letters or the photograph, Donald. My uncle confesses that he put them in the fire." And before I could speak, a new thought seized you, for you continued sadly, "I shall never forgive myself for my harshness and cruelty when you were so ill."

"That is nothing," I replied, "since all our misunderstandings are gone. Why, even my debt, Maizie, ceases now to be a burden; in the future it will be only a joy to work."

"Donald!" you exclaimed. "You don't suppose I shall let you pay me another cent!"

"I must."

"But I am rich," you protested. "The money is nothing to me. You shall not ruin your career to pay it. I scorn myself when I think that I refused to see you that night, and so lost my only chance of saving you from what followed. My pride, my wicked pride! It drove you to death's door by overwork, to give

me wealth I do not know how to spend. You parted with your library that I might let money lie idle in bank. I forced you to sell your book — your fame — to that thief. Oh, Donald, think of the wrong it has done already, and don't make it do greater!"

"Maizie, you do not understand" —

"I understand it all," you interrupted. "You must not — you shall not — I won't take it — I" —

"For his sake!"

"But I love him, too!" you pleaded. "Don't you see, Donald, that it was never the money. — that was nothing; but they told me his love — and yours, for they said you had known all the time — was only pretense, a method by which you might continue to rob me. And I came to believe it, — though I should have known better. — because, since you never wrote, it seemed to me you had both dropped me out of your thoughts as soon as you could no longer plunder me. Even then, scorning you, — like you in your feeling over my neglect of your letters, — I could not help loving you, for those Paris and Tyrol days were the happiest I have ever known; and though I knew, Don, that I ought to forget you, as I believed you had forgotten me, I could not do so. That I turned you away from my house was because I did not dare to meet you, — I knew I could not control myself. After the servant took the message, I sobbed over having to send it by a servant. I have never dared to speak in public of either of you, for fear I should break down. Try as I might, I could not help loving you both as I have never loved any one else. If I had only understood, as your journal has made me, — had only known that my name was on his lips when he died! No money could pay for what he gave to me. Could he ask me now for twice the sum, it would be my pleasure to give it to him, for I love him dearly, and" —

"If you love him, Maizie, you will let

me clear his name so far as lies within my power."

For an instant you were silent, and then said softly, "You are right, Donald, we will clear his name."

I took your hand and touched it to my lips. "To hear you speak of him" — I could go no further, in my emotion.

There was a pause before you asked, "Donald, do you remember our talk here last autumn?"

"Every word."

You laughed gayly. "I want you to know, sir," you asserted, with a pretense of defiance, "that I don't believe in love, because I have never found any that was wholly free from self-indulgence or self-interest. And I still think" —

Just then Mrs. Blodgett joined us, and inquired, "Have you told Rudolph, Maizie?"

"Yes."

"I went to see how you were the moment I heard of your illness," she said, with a certain challenge in her voice, "and I found that book lying on your desk just where you stopped writing from weakness. I read it, and I took it to Maizie."

"It was kismet, I suppose," was all I could say, too happy to think of criticism, and instantly her manner changed and she wiped her eyes.

"I had to do it," she sobbed.

"You have been too good to me," I answered, rising and taking her hand.

"There, there," she continued, steadying herself. "I did n't come out to behave like this, but to tell you to go to bed at once. I'm going to your room to see that everything is right, but don't you delay a minute after I'm gone," and she disappeared through the doorway.

I turned to you and held out my hand, bidding you, "Good-night, Maizie," and you took it, and replied, "Good-night, Don." Then suddenly you leaned forward, and, kissing my forehead, added, "God keep you safe for me, my darling."

I took you in my arms, and gave you back your kiss twofold, while saying, "Good-night, my love."

XXVI.

A man does not willingly spread on paper the sweetest and tenderest moments of his life. When half crazed with grief and illness I might express my suffering, much as, in physical pain, some groan aloud; but the deepest happiness is silent, for it is too great to be expressed. And lest, my dears, you think me even less manly than I am, I choose to add here the reason for my writing the last few pages of this story of my love, that if you ever read it you may know the motive which made me tell what till to-night I have kept locked in my heart.

This evening the dearest woman in the world came to me, as I sat at my desk in the old library, and asked, "Are you busy, Donald?"

"I am reading the one hundred and forty-seventh complimentary review of my History of the Moors, and I am so sick of sweets that your interruption comes as an unalloyed pleasure."

"Am I bitter or acid?" she asked, leaning over my shoulder and arranging my hair, which is one of her ways of pleasing me.

"You are my exact opposite," I said gravely.

"How uncomplimentary you are!" she cried, with a pretense of anger in her voice.

"An historian must tell the truth now and then, for variety's sake."

"Then tell me if you are too engaged to spare me a minute. Any other time will do."

"You are seriously mistaken, because no other time will do. And nothing about me is ever engaged, as regards you, except my affections, and they are permanently so."

"I've come to ask a favor of you."

"Out of the question; but you may tell me what it is."

"Oh, Donald, say you will grant it before I tell you!"

"Concealment bespeaks a guilty conscience."

"But sometimes you are so funny and obstinate about things!"

"That is what Mr. Whitely used to say."

"Don't mention that wretch's name to me! To think of that miserable little Western college making him an LL. D. because of your book!"

"Never mind, Maizie; here's a letter I received an hour ago from Jastrow, which tells me the University of Leipzig is going to give me a degree."

"That he should steal your fame!"

"My Moor is five times the chap my Turk was."

"But you might have had both!"

"And gone without you? Don't fret over it, my darling."

"I can't help"—

She always ends this vein by abusing herself, which I would n't allow another human being to do, and which I don't like to hear, so I interrupted: "Jastrow says he'll come over in March to visit us, and threatens to bring the manuscript of his whole seventeen volumes, for me to take a final look at it before he sends it to press."

"The dear old thing!" she said tenderly. "I love him so for what he was to you that I believe I shall welcome him with a kiss."

"Why make the rest of his life unhappy?"

"Is that the way it affects you?"

"Woman is born illogical, and even the cleverest of her sex cannot entirely overcome the taint. After you give me a kiss I bear in mind that I am to have another, and that makes me very happy. But if you kiss Jastrow, the poor fellow will go back to Germany and pine away into his grave. Even his fifty-two dia-

lects will not satisfy him after your labial."

"Oh, you silly!" she exclaimed; but, my dears, I think she is really, in her secret heart, fond of silliness, for she leaned over and — There, I'll stop being what she called me.

"We'll give him a great reception," she continued, "and have every one worth knowing to meet him."

"He is the shyest of beings."

"How books and learning do refine men!" she said.

"I am afraid they do make weaklings of us."

"Will you never get over the idea that you are weak?" she cried; for it is one of her pet superstitions that I am not.

"You'll frighten me out of it if you speak like that."

"You are — well — that is really what I came to ask for. You will, Donald, won't you?"

"The distinction between 'will' and 'won't' is clearly set forth in a somewhat well-known song concerning a spider and a fly."

"Oh, you bad boy!"

"Adsum."

"I'm really serious."

"I never was less so."

"I should not have become your wife if I had dreamed you would be such a brute!"

"You'll please remember that I never asked you to marry me."

She laughed deliciously over the insult, and after that I could not resist her.

"You have," I said, "a bundle in your left hand, wrapped in tissue paper and tied with a blue ribbon, which you sedulously keep from my sight, but which I can see in the mirror."

"And you've known it all this time! Perhaps you know too what I want?"

"Last spring," I told her, "I knocked at the door of your morning-room twice, and receiving no answer, I went in, to find you reading something that you in-

stantly hid from sight. There were on the lounge, I remember, a sheet of tissue paper and a blue ribbon. I suspect a connection."

"Well?"

"My theory is that you have some really improper book wrapped in the paper, and that is why you so guiltily hide it from me."

"Oh, Donald, it gives me such happiness to read it!"

"That was the reason I asked you why you had tears in your eyes, when I surprised you that day. Your happiness was most enviable!"

"Men never understand women!"

"Deo gratias."

"But I love it."

"I don't like to hear you express such sentiments for so erotic a book."

"Oh, don't apply such a word to it!" she cried, in a pained voice.

"A word," I explained, "taken from the Greek *erotikos*, which is derived from *erao*, meaning 'I love passionately.' It is singularly descriptive, Maizie."

"If it means that, I like it, but I thought you were insulting my book."

"Almost five years ago," I remarked, "a volume was stolen from my room, which I have never since been able to recover. Now a woman of excessive honesty calmly calls it hers."

"You know you don't want it."

"I want it very much."

"Really?"

"To put it in the fire."

"Don't!"

"Once upon a time a most bewitching woman wrote a story, and in a vain moment her husband asked her to give it to him. She" —

"But, my darling, it was so foolish that I had to burn it up. Think of my making the heroine marry that creature!"

"Since you married the poor chap to the other girl, there was no other ending possible. If the book were only in existence, I think Agnes and her husband

would enjoy reading it almost as much as I should."

"How silly I was! But at least the book made you write the ending which prevented me from accepting him that winter. What a lot of trouble I gave my poor dear!"

"I met the 'poor dear' yesterday, looking very old and unhappy despite his LL. D."

"Oh, you idiot!" she laughed. And she must like imbeciles, too, for — well, I'm not going to tell even you how I know that she's fond of idiots.

"Why do you suppose he's unhappy?" she asked.

"My theory is that he's miserable because he lost — lost me."

"I'm so glad he is!" joyously asserted the tenderest of women.

"Nevertheless," I resumed, "it was a book I should have valued as much as you do that one in tissue paper, and you ought not to have burned it."

"I am very sorry I did, Donald, since you would really have liked it," she said, wistfully and sorrowfully. "I should have thought of your feelings, and not of mine."

This is a mood I cannot withstand. "Dear heart," I responded, "I have you, and all the books in the world are not worth a breath in comparison. What favor do you want me to do?"

"To write a sort of last chapter — an ending, you know — telling about — about the rest."

"Have you forgotten it?"

"I? Never! I could n't. But I want to have it all in the book, so that when Foster and Mai are older they can read it."

"I have no intention of sharing, even with our children, my under-the-rose idyl with the loveliest of girls. And when the children are older, they'll be far more interested in their own heart secrets than they are in ours."

"Still, dear," she pleaded, "they may hear from others some unkind and per-

verted allusions to our story; for you know what foolish things were said at the time of our marriage."

"If I remember rightly, some one — was it my mother or Mr. Whitely?" —

"Both," she answered.

"— spread it abroad that I had trapped an heiress into marriage by means of an alias."

"Was n't it a delicious version!" she laughed merrily. "But no matter what's ever tattled in the future, if Foster and Mai have your journal, they will always understand it."

"Maizie," I urged, "if you let those imps of mischief read of our childish doings in this old library, they'll either finish painting the plates in Kingsborough, or burn the house down in trying to realize an Inca of Peru at the stake."

"But I won't read them those parts," she promised; "especially if you write a nice ending, which they'll like."

"Won't it do to add just a paragraph, saying that our fairy godmamma found and gave you the journal, and that then we 'lived happily ever after'?"

"No, Donald," she begged. "I want the whole story, to match the rest."

"Five years ago I knew the saddest and most dejected of fellows, whose misery was so great that he wailed it out on paper. But now I know only the happiest of mortals, and he cannot write in the lugubrious tone of yore — unless a lady of his acquaintance will banish him from her presence or do something else equally joy-destroying."

"Are you trying to bribe me into giving you a rest from my presence for a time?"

"Undoubtedly," I assented. "It's a fearful strain to live up to you, and it is beginning to tell on me."

"If I did n't know you were teasing, I should really be hurt. But I should like to ask you one thing."

"And that is?"

"In your journal — well — of course I know that you were — that I am not

—that your love made you think me what I never was in the least, Donald," she faltered, "but still, perhaps— Do you remember what Mr. Blodgett said? I hope you like my reality as much as your ideal."

"Have n't you changed your idea of me, Maizie?"

"Oh yes."

"And therefore you don't love me as much?"

"But that's different, Donald," she observed seriously.

"How?"

"Why, you treated me so strangely that, inevitably, I did n't know what you were like; and though you interested me very much, and though your journal brought back my old love for you, still, what I did was more in pity and admiration and reparation than—and so I could fall deeper in love. While you, being so much in love already, and with such a totally different woman"—

"Only went from bad to worse," I groaned. "Yes, I own up. I have done the worst thing a man can do. I have fallen in love with a married woman. And the strange thing about it is that you are not jealous of her! Indeed, I really believe that you are magnanimous enough to love her, too, though it's natural you should not like her as much as you do some others. But next August I'll leave her and go to India to study for my new book."

"The married woman will go too," she said calmly.

"I should n't dare risk her among those hill tribes."

"And she won't risk you where it is n't safe for her to go."

"I was only thinking of your lovely complexion," I explained.

"Old mahogany is very fashionable," she laughed.

"Can nothing make you stay at home?" I asked beseechingly.

"I wonder if there ever was a husband who did not love to tease his wife?"

"The divorce courts have records of many such unloving wretches."

"What I want," she told me, returning to her wish, "is to have you take it up just where you left off. Tell about your pneumonia, and how Mrs. Blodgett found your journal, but did n't dare give it to me till the doctor said you would recover; and then tell of my sending you flowers and jellies and everything I could think of, by her, to help you get well. How?"—

"I should have eaten twice as much and recovered much more quickly if she had only let me know from whom they really came," I interjected.

"And tell how I would n't listen to that scoundrel till you should have a chance to justify yourself; how, the moment I had read your diary, I wrote and rejected him, and would not see him when he called; how he would not accept his dismissal, but followed me to the country; tell how dreadfully in the way he was that evening, till Mrs. Blodgett and Agnes and I trapped him into a game of whist"—

"You Machiavellis!"

"Tell all about my confession, and how we all spoiled you for those months at My Fancy. Oh, were n't they lovely, Donald?"

"I thought so then."

"But not now?"

"A gooseberry is good till you taste a strawberry. There was a good deal too much gooseberry, as I remember."

"Then tell how the papers and people chattered about your assuming your true name; and how they gabbled when we were married; and how, on our wedding day, we endowed the hospital ward"—

"Have n't you made a slip in the pronoun?"

"I'll box your ears if you even suggest it again; half of the money was what you earned—endowed the hospital ward in memory of *our* dear father, and how happy we've been since."

"You've made a mistake in the last pronoun, I'm certain."

"You will write it to please me?"

"Oh, Maizie, I can't. It's all too dear to me."

"Please, Don, try."

"But" —

She interrupted my protest. "Donald," she said, the tenderness in her face and voice softening her words, "before knowing that I loved you, you insisted that debt must be paid. Won't you pay me now, dear?"

"I don't owe you money, Maizie!" I cried. "I owe you everything, and I'm a brute to the most generous of women. Give me the book, dear heart."

"You'll make it nice, like the rest, won't you?" she begged.

"I'll try." And then I laughingly added, "Maizie, you still have the technical part of story-telling to learn."

"How?"

"I can't write all you wish and make it symmetrical. In the first place, we don't want to spend so much time on Whitely as to give him a fictitious value; and next, to be artistic, we must end with our good-night that evening."

"Well, that will do, if you'll only tell it nicely."

And that, my dears, is why I write again of those old days, so distant now in time and mood. What is told here is shared with you only to please my love, and I ask of you that it shall be a confidence. And of Another I ask that each of you in time may find a love as strong as that told here; that each may be as true and noble as your mother, and as happy as your father.

Good-night, my children; good-night, my love. May God be as good to you as he has been to me.

Paul Leicester Ford.

AROUND DOMREMY.

It was a dark plunge into the Maid's country, through driving rain, about nine o'clock in the evening. We were hungry, for there had been nothing but madeleines and champagne where we had hoped to find dinner. This sensation vanished, however, when we stepped into void night, lost even from the little world of Domremy. This was Domremy-Maxey, the railway station. Across an unseen valley and the bridged Meuse lay Greux and Domremy.

The traveler who arrives in the daytime, and takes the kilometer or so afoot, will fall at once under the spell of the ancient Lorraine marches. But I would rather approach first as we did, and realize the sordidness through which the Maid sprung. All the trivialities of life are forced back into their natural place, and you are conscious of bracing for the

shock of most rugged peasant existence in a spot that has probably changed as little as any in the world during the past four hundred years. It is the spirit of the hills which meets you at her doorway.

The station-master, seeing our helpless state with some contempt, sent his boy into the unknown for a wagon. He then beckoned us to an inner room, and opened a hinged pane in a window. He listened mysteriously, satisfying himself that he was not overheard. It was most impressive. A round-bodied, rosy man is usually benevolent, however. He leaned toward us and whispered behind his hand, "Hotel Ferbus, monsieur-dame, Hotel Ferbus!"

We remembered afterwards that he did not praise Hotel Ferbus; he simply imparted the name, and we caught it as something precious. His manner was

the same as that of a Parisian modiste when she presses a garment upon you at two prices, — "For you, for you alone, madame!" When a gaunt woman arrived, driving like a witch of the night, we repeated the name again and again to her. "Hotel Ferbus! We will have nothing but Hotel Ferbus!" The boy, following with a belated man, heard our directions in silent disapproval which was discernible by lantern-light. I have no doubt that boy had seen his master send victim after victim to Hotel Ferbus in Greux, thus extracting toll for a friend before the traveler could escape to a decent little inn in Domremy.

When we next saw the woman who drove us, she told us she knew the chambers in Hotel Ferbus were not convenable, but what could be said? Monsieur was the good friend of Madame Ferbus. This woman's horse was a great raw-boned creature like herself, with the same animal patience in its face. It had the gait of a camel, and threw itself violently into darkness. Our wheels grated against the walls of houses in Domremy-Maxy. Our driver had a lantern beside her on the seat, and it showed her bare head, giving one the sense of terrible emergency, so that merely plunging into the dark valley and rolling upon the bridge was an adventure. But she put us down safely in what seemed to be the angle of a poultry-yard, and was the entrance to the Hotel Ferbus.

This primitive inn had a drinking-room with a sanded floor; a best room with a cupboard bed, where some German ladies were sitting, ready to laugh with us at our common predicament; a kitchen; and three upstairs chambers. The innkeeper was a woman. There is yet no lack of woman's prowess in the Maid's country. Chickens were roosting along rough stairs which led to the chambers, but the beds did not lack linen sheets. Evidently a housewife of northern France would go without wooden shoes before she would permit her beds to

go uncanopied and unprovided with the best linen to be found in shops about her.

Domremy is less than half a kilometer from Greux. It seems almost possible to throw a ball from one village to the other, yet each has its ancient church. "Domremy," says a current description of the place, "is divided by the little brook of Trois-Fontaines, an affluent of the Meuse." But you will look in vain for any such little brook. Greux is divided by a narrow stream,—the villagers abbreviating its name to "Trois,"—a full, gurgling throat of water which soon spreads out in shallows where the geese love to tread. This trifling misstatement about Trois-Fontaines illustrates the general haziness which so many biographers throw around Jeanne d'Arc. "She lived near Vaucouleurs," we read, when Vaucouleurs—twenty kilometers from her birthplace—seemed nearly as remote to her as Paris. She never saw the town until she went there to be sent into France. Bermont, Bury-la-Côte, Goussaincourt,—a long chain of villages stretched betwixt the Maid and Vaucouleurs.

With the return of sunlight we found in Domremy a very decent inn, diagonally opposite the church. Besides straggling along one street by the river Meuse, the Pucelle's town has a small overflow of houses betwixt two spurs of the long height following the river's course. That whole valley of the Meuse is something to remember in dreams. It gives you a feeling of nearness to the sky. Thrifty vineyards show on the slopes, and along the upland south of Domremy is a dense growth of oaks. The Meuse is not a large stream nor a brimming one at midsummer. Verdure creeps to its edge, though it has not the look of a depressed course in a grassy meadow, like the Indre in another part of France.

The Maid's church has a square, low tower, in which there is now a clock that strikes the hour twice. It is startling, after an interval of three minutes, to hear the strokes solemnly repeated, as if this

were a region where you were driven to take note of time.

A very gnarled and miserably crippled old woman sat on the church steps when we entered, such a creature as Jeanne would have waited upon tenderly. I gave her three copper coins, and she turned a blessing on my head which poured steadily for a quarter of an hour. From my crown to my shoes, within and without, in all my desires and hopes, with the favor and protection of all the saints, especially the high guardianship of St. Michael, she blessed me, until it was embarrassing to be so beatified for a few coppers. She may have had credit with heaven. At any rate, it is not a bad thing, when you set about any serious undertaking, to be copiously blessed by an old woman.

This parish church of Domremy has a pretty interior; not ambitious or imposing, but full of harmonious colors, with light and space in its arches. The most interesting spot is that chapel-like corner where Jeanne prayed, — the humble little soul, so far from the high altar! Here an altar has for several years been dedicated to her. The adored of her people had no need to wait on the process at Rome to be the saint of Domremy. Banners are stacked as tribute before her. Marble votive tablets crowd the wall beside the altar. A white pillar opposite is covered with pencil inscriptions left by passing pilgrims: —

“Honneur à Jeanne d’Arc.”

“Salut à Jeanne d’Arc, la Vierge Lorraine.”

“Honneur à Jeanne d’Arc, la Vierge Lorraine, de deux jeunes mariées en voyage.”

And so on, from the “young married” to the young soldiers and countless strangers who do not append their initials. The most impressive fact in Domremy is the brooding presence of the Maid. Every inhabitant feels a proprietary interest in that great memory. It is evidently transmitted from parent to

child, a valuable inheritance. The place was long ago a shrine, and people who live around a shrine partake of its dignity.

The sweetest nature in this world cannot escape the sarcastic critic, who grows funnier in proportion to his density to mighty spiritual stress. Jeanne’s love-compelling presence kept her neighbors from ridiculing her, but doubtless folks in Toul and Neufchâteau heard of her pretensions with as much amusement as the times permitted. When you are utterly incapable of any achievement yourself, the next best thing is to heap contempt on one who may be capable of it. Jeanne d’Arc should be the peculiar saint of those who bear scorn from their fellows while they labor upon their ideals alone. But in our day no Frenchman makes a jest of the Maid of France. She is his miracle. To speak odiously of her would be unpardonable blasphemy. Voltaire has that base distinction to himself.

There is a wretched kneeling statue, on a pedestal, at the right of the church entrance. South of Domremy, upon a plateau of the height, under the oak woods where Jeanne often prayed, a huge white Basilica was nearly finished. In this new church daily mass is to be celebrated for the soldiers of France. At its front, the centre of a group containing St. Michael, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret, is a touching and beautiful figure of the Maid hearkening to the Voices.

The picture of her shed-shaped home is familiar to everybody. The house stands back beside the rear of the church, on a lower plane of ground. The floor is now flagged with stone, and the white-breasted chimney lightens a dark interior. There are only three rooms in this house, one of which was used for fuel. But the child’s real home was bounded only by the horizon. She worked in the fields and ran on the hills, she helped her mother wash the family woollens in the

Meuse, and on Saturday afternoons in summer she went with other children to tend her pet lamb in the grassy ravine behind Bermont. Seven villages may now be counted from one hill over that populous valley. Less populous in her time, and harried by raiders, it was even then the forerunner of the French *côte* of continual settlements along a river-front.

Pigs, geese, and goats run in the paved streets of Domremy. A few well-built houses have walls and gardens about them, but the general domicile is a strong low stone cottage, having a coping around the manure heap under its window. The barnyard smell, however, is lost in the freshness of the hills. Southward, and far beyond the Basilica, a fine château is in sight, but it had no part in the life of the Maid, and no feudal rights over her village.

In summer, on the anniversary of Jeanne's birth, a tide of pilgrims rushes through the Meuse valley. Ordinarily, nothing could be quieter than this pastoral Domremy life. The long twilight of the hills descends, and the cows are brought home by dark-eyed slender girls. A woman in a white cap, short skirts, and wooden shoes comes down from the uplands, with a vineyard pannier on her back heaped with luzerne for the cattle. It is so still that you can almost hear the gliding Meuse ripple on shallows. Then the church clock strikes twice, and the bell rings, and you hear also the bell in Greux. A patter follows on the paving. Domremy convent sends out its little flock of pupils, led by nuns, to their evening devotions. The firelight shines through house doors. Perhaps a child may be heard setting up its plaintive twilight wail. The innocent people get early to bed, and even at the wine-shop there are no lingerers.

On this sweet monotone of existence the world sometimes breaks with rude shock. The whole village came out to look at a bareheaded man in a cart, tied

hand and foot with ropes. He had a rough crime-marked face, but complained volubly to the people who gathered around. They all looked at the prisoner; some replied; their attitude expressed humanity rather than sympathy. A *gendarme* walked behind the cart. He allowed his prisoner a glass of water, but no wine. The man drank, and resumed his cigarette, giving his tongue liberty between puffs.

"*Il fume!*" exclaimed the innkeeper's daughter, astonished that any one could console himself in such a situation. She told us he was a *voleur*; and worse still, an anarchist! The peasants of Domremy breathed more comfortably as the cart moved on. Such faces as his usually make their last appearance with a glassy grin in the Paris morgue. But they have their amusements meanwhile.

We had far more stirring sights in Domremy. One ceremony is worth going to France for, although Jeanne's townspeople have so often beheld it that they regard it with little attention. The jingle of bridles, clatter of hoofs, and rolling of heavy wheels brought us to the windows in time to see a regiment of French troops forming, on their way to Neufchâteau. The gun-carriages waited between house-rows. Men mounted on horseback, at a word from the officer, wheeled into line, facing the church and the Maid's birthplace. At another word, out went every right hand with its weapon. They presented arms to Jeanne d'Arc! How little it entered into the mind of the *Libératrice* that more than four hundred years after her death the troops of France would do her honor!

As soon as this act of homage was completed the men broke ranks, and took turns in dismounting and entering the church. All day, indeed, while this military body trailed through Domremy, soldiers might be seen hurrying in and out. Not one seemed capable of passing the shrine of Jeanne d'Arc without pausing there to bend his knees.

The road to Neufchâteau crosses the Meuse bridge almost opposite the church, and passes through Goncourt, a kilometer or two farther south. Here the mail arrives, for there is no post-office in Domremy. Along this track Jeanne's family and neighbors, driving their cattle and carrying what they could with them, fled from Burgundian raiders to Neufchâteau.

To reach Bermont you go in the opposite direction, northward, through Greux, and in doing so you cross the line into the Vosges country. Bermont, however, is not on the road. A rough track, better suited to pilgrim feet than to carriage-wheels, crosses a field and ascends wooded heights. Bermont château stands in sight, the tiny ancient chapel appearing to form one wing. To this chapel Jeanne often climbed joyfully, lingering there on her knees while her playmates went on down into the ravine, to dance or run on the grass, which is wonderfully green and fresh about the spring. "I do not remember that I ever danced," she said at her trial, "after I knew I had to go into France."

When the châtelaine of Bermont sees visitors approaching, she has the chapel bell rung in salutation, and comes herself to unlock the door, fluttering with pleasure at the homage done the shrine which she guards. She lives here with her brother and one servant during the summer, and returns to Orleans for the winter. The peasants in Domremy venerate the Maid; mademoiselle at Bermont adores her. The care of Bermont has been commended by the Pope, by a document wherein special indulgences are granted to those who come there to pray.

Though the chapel is small, its vaulted top gives it dignity. It is very dim, light coming from the east over the high altar. There are other windows on the north side under the eaves, but these are shrouded in shrubbery. On the left of the high altar is an ancient wooden

image of the Virgin holding the Child in her arms. The Child clasps in his hands a bird.

It is a steep descent down a thickly wooded hillside into the ravine behind Bermont chapel. The charm of this place, so moist and green, shady yet sparkling with light, is enough to have drawn the children from Domremy through every generation. Limpid water overflows from the spring and runs away among trees in a brook which makes just noise enough to give a voice to the silence. The châtelaine assured us that Bermont spring was full of health-giving properties; though, with French caution, she added some lumps of sugar to the draught.

Returning from Bermont, and again taking the road towards Vaucouleurs, you pass Goussaincourt at a twist it makes, climb the long shoulder of the Vosges hills, and come to Bury-la-Côte. Among the manure heaps of Bury it is easy to find the Laxart house, a good stone cottage, with the quaintest window and portal in that part of France.

Here is Jeanne's actual starting-point. Durand Laxart took her in his cart from this door to the captain of Vaucouleurs. She set forth from Bury-la-Côte on the journey from which she never turned back. You grope through a long, dark entry into the living-room and stand on an earthen floor. One window looks over the Meuse. There is a white-breasted chimney as in the Domremy cottage. The small brown joists are almost within reach, an arm's-length above. One who has courage to brave its odors, in its present dishonored state, may imagine that room again lighted by hearth fagots, and a voice piercing the stillness, — "Compère, I must go into France!"

The least reverent member of the party remained outside, however, exchanging English for French with a puzzled villager who kindly acted as guide. The raw wind of an American prairie

seemed to blow briskly through Bury-la-Côte, but the guide was as insensible to this influence as she was to the house's desecration. She thought no less of Durand Laxart's cottage because it now sheltered chickens and geese.

"It's an old place, you say?"

"Oui, monsieur," she responded, understanding the questioner's meaning only.

"Old enough to stink?"

"Oui, oui, monsieur, très-ancienne; où Jeanne d'Arc restait."

"Old enough to stink worse than the rest of Bury-la-Côte?"

"O, oui, monsieur!"

"Then I shall hold my nose out here."

"Oui, monsieur," piously assented the woman; for though it was impossible to catch the exact meaning of an American, it was equally impossible that he should fail to venerate any spot blessed by the passing of the Maid.

The peasant, closely associated with dumb creatures in his labor, has a brother's tenderness for them. He will house his draught-animals next his own chamber. No doubt, if Durand Laxart could return to Bury-la-Côte, he would commend the present use of his cottage, and would rather see it sheltering fowls than standing in empty ruin. We could not learn why the modern owner failed to keep the place sightly. Perhaps few pilgrims come to look at it. A little labor and no outlay of money would restore it to the state it was in four hundred and sixty years ago, allowing for the natural discoloration of wood and stone by time. These simple shrines of Europe make dwellers in a land of hastily built houses and sheet-iron business cliffs very low-spirited.

In the Meuse valley, as in other parts of France, the holdings are scattered. A man's vineyard may be on the hill slope, and his luzerne field a kilometer or so distant. His cottage and garden represent another oasis. If he is very rich, he will own many spots in the land-

scape. The ancient estates alone may be measured in continuous arpents and included within one boundary. Peasants were small landlords along the Meuse in Jeanne d'Arc's time.

The ancient way to reach Vaucouleurs was by the road winding up and down among the Vosges hills on the west side of the Meuse. This track Jeanne followed in Durand Laxart's cart; and many towns may now be counted where stretches of chalky soil then brightened the darkness of the short late winter day. Wherever you go, the sensation of being near the sky accompanies you. The hills lean thereagainst, with cushions of shifting vapor.

But the modern way to reach Vaucouleurs is to take a train at Domremy-Maxey and whiz over the twenty kilometers in a few more minutes.

Vaucouleurs — met in the dusk on the way down to Domremy — brought one's heart to the lips, and made one lean from the carriage window to look at the twinkling town, exclaiming joyfully, "This is Vaucouleurs! Now we are in Jeanne d'Arc's country! From the castle gate here she set out to Chinon!"

Encountered in the glaring white daylight of Vosges hills, it was still satisfactory as the great town of Jeanne's childhood, though, like most ancient walled places, it has nearly obliterated its former girth. A line of dark wall and one old tower remain in the centre. This wall once continued uphill to the Gate of France, that southern portal renamed from Jeanne's undertaking. A finer bit is below and a little northeast of the castle. This stanch survival of northern wall shows the kind of house which used to be built into fortifications; its dark stones are gloriously clothed in vines.

The main street of Vaucouleurs is called Rue Jehanne d'Arc. With tiny winding ascents and descents branching from it in all directions, it leads to a fine open square; crossing that, you will find a house of three stories, with yel-

low shutters and a small iron balcony, in a block with other houses. In a high niche on its front stands an image of the Virgin with a fleur-de-lys underneath. On this spot was the wheelwright's home, where Jeanne stayed during her three weeks of waiting. She daily crossed the square westward and ascended a flight of stone steps leading to the castle.

The ascent winds betwixt walls deep as canals. The ruins of the castle are giving place to another huge white Basilica in the Maid's honor, and this will inclose the crypt of the old chapel where she prayed daily to be sent into France. This province seems as remote from Parisian France in our day as it was in 1429, when cut off from the Dauphin by five hundred miles of debatable ground.

The castle foundations are very deep. In one place, under a gateway, where workmen were picking, they unearthed many forgotten bones. These crumbled easily at a touch. Some skull-fronts were thicker than an ox's. And they needed so to be, in their day, when deeds of arms were done with mace and battle-axe, and a man's helmet was so heavy that he gladly loaded it on the horse of his squire during his light moments of riding without encounter.

Locust and plane trees, cottonwood, box elder, and maple grow along the terraces of Vaucouleurs' hillside, and in the wide alluvial strip which separates it from the Meuse. Everywhere the garden, hidden for its owner's delight, may be detected within high inclosures. It is here, however, that one is sincerely convinced that the rivers of France must sometime run soapsuds. A hill tributary to the Meuse, swift and narrow, is stained by the labors of the washerwomen, who kneel in rows, their boxes in front of them and their paddles whacking. Echoes drop back from the castle height. These unreserved laundresses have great dignity. You cannot help feeling they are conferring some kind of public benefit, and the thanks of the

state are due them. Yet with all such contributions along its course the Meuse runs limpidly green, as if only bruised grass were hidden in its depths.

The peasants have a form of salutation which one does not hear outside this valley, — "Bon jour, monsieu'-dame!" with a sharply rising inflection on the last word. They are a long-limbed, well-built, hardy race. The old woman who brought luggage to the inn on a wheelbarrow was apt with her load, and by no means appealed to compassion. There lingers a hint of Jeanne d'Arc in the girls who walk about in wooden shoes, dark-eyed, gentle-mannered, and quickly kind. They have not the heavy stupidity of peasants farther west. These were always a freer people. A shady court in Vaucouleurs showed as in a picture six or seven girls who had drawn their chairs together, all sewing on some white stuff. Becoming conscious that strangers passed and glanced in, — for who could help glancing in at a picture? — they took up a song and sung it together, neither offensive nor defensive, devoting themselves to working and singing. One was reminded of the Maid's attention to the task set before her, and her simple indifference to the world outside of that.

The principal church of Vaucouleurs is not very interesting. Its side door, which is most frequently used, is so placed as to be seen at the top of a long, ascending street, like a shrine to reward the climber.

This pilgrimage into the Maid's country is not for people who must have the luxuries of Paris; though at any inn, except the one in Greux, meals are served in courses and on delicate china, and the best bleached linens cover your canopied bed. In Greux, even, the kindness of your hostess atones for her rude provisions. But one who goes reverently into that Meuse valley of rainbow lights leaves and remembers it with an aching regret akin to the long homesickness of

the Maid. Her cradle is worthy of her. St. Michael might have floated over those hills, and St. Catherine and St. Margaret may well have met her in the oak woods. In all France the greatest tribute to her memory is this valley's devotion to her. You hearken to the bells of Domremy and Greux and Bury-la-Côte, and wish that you also might distinguish Voices.

Around Domremy there are, of course, many sights which escape the eye of one

who comes on a pilgrimage. The uplands are indeed very stony; but you forget that in recalling the story that here the Maid was once blown along without touching the ground, and she herself saw nothing strange in this until her companions cried out. Or the skylark circles down from the zenith to fall rejoicing on the hilltop. It is a beautiful and in some measure a blessed country where the skylark lingers and Jeanne d'Arc was.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

THE FARTHEST VOYAGE.

UPON a voyage soon must thou be gone,
Longer than admiral e'er sailed. Thou, who
Art all unskilled to manage ship or helm,
Without a chart or azimuth or clue,
Thyself the pilot and the crew,
Art called to rival and outdo
The mighty captains of the watery realm, —
Columbus, Madoc, Hudson, De Leon.

The hour approaches, near or far,
The ship will clear the harbor bar;
The pilot, watching with keen eyes,
Will see the lights of land he steered by fast
Vanish and sink behind the mast,
And like a lighted city left astern
The world on the horizon cease to burn,
And feel the deck in grasp of Ocean sink and rise,
While in his face the mists of the Unknown
Fall damp, as though by some great trade-wind blown.

Is there a word to say or sing
To which the heart may cling,
When, anchor up, the final start is near,
And one by one the harbor-lanterns disappear, —
A saying large enough, a prophet's dole,
To serve as compass for the soul,
When naught is left aloft, before, behind,
Save endless paths of wave and star and wind?

Hear what the stars revealed to me,
The secret of the sea.

Who for the condor reared the Andes' crest
 Hath many a summit where the soul of man may nest.
 Arcturus keeps a hidden saying for my ear,
 Aldebaran hath that to tell which I must hear.

Offshore a friendly gale
 Awaits to swell the sail
 And steer the bark afar
 To friendly ports in orb and star.

This is the secret sweet
 Whose knowledge fires the stars and waves the wheat.

'Tis what the meadow knows
 In spring when the arbutus blows,
 Nor quite forgets amid December's gloom.
 It is the secret of the corn-flower's hue

And of the heaven's blue.
 I learned it on the hillside where I lay,
 When in the hazy, long September day
 A million asters burst in bloom,
 A million spikes of goldenrod
 Lifted heads and smiled in the face of God.

I learned it when Katahdin's pinnacle
 Bore me all night amid the vast
 From star to star, — each as it passed
 Saluting me and crying, All is well! —
 Until night ended, and the dawn
 On the horizon lay uncurled,
 A great, lit haven, whither, near and nearer drawn,
 The globe, as some great ship with canvas furled,
 Arriving, damp with the night dew,
 On every side a pæan grew
 Of welcome, welcome home!
 And louder yet from gulf and crimsoning dome
 Day's thousand trumpets blew
 Wild welcome to the world.

Ay, as God lives, a sweetness greater than we know
 Abides in death, as zones of summer bud and blow
 Undreamed of while men shiver in a hut of snow.
 There is prepared a mightier surprise
 Than any dares to dream, or hope for, or surmise.

William Prescott Foster.

THE JUGGLER.

X.

It was with a mild countenance and a chastened heart that Tubal Sims rode up to his own door, the next evening, and slowly dismounted, his old brains, stiff with the limited uses of a narrow routine, dazed and racked by the brisk pace which they had been fain to conserve in the wide circuits which they had traveled in his absence. Never had the cabin on the river-bank looked so like home; never had home seemed so like heaven. For Tubal Cain Sims, in his secret soul, cared little for the bedizennments of crowns, and the superfluities of harps, and the extravagance of streets paved with gold, and the like celestial scenery of his primitive hymnology. The sight of Jane Ann Sims on the porch, her bulky arms akimbo, the flutter of Euphemia's pink dress with the dark red roses from the slope of the dell where the spring lurked, could have been no dearer to him if they had had wings, — which appurtenance, however, in his lack of spiritual imagination, would have reduced them to a turkey-like standpoint or other gallinaceous level. He hardly remembered to dread Jane Ann's questionings; and perhaps because of this beatific ease of mind, the humble works of fiction, which the puritanical might denominate lies, that had occupied his faculties during his return journey, were exploited with a verisimilitude which received the meed of credulity. He stated that the thought of Jerry Gryce, his brother-in-law, and a paralytic, dwelling in Piomingo Cove, had weighed so on his mind, in wakeful hours of the night, that he had felt obliged to rise betimes and journey thither to see that all was well with him. And a cheerful report he was able to give of that invalid, — for indeed he had stopped at Gryce's on the way back, — who had charged him with some

asperity, however, being a superstitious man, to have a care how he took the liberty of dreaming about him, or nourishing presentiments in which he was concerned, or viewing visions. "I kin do all my own dreamin' an' ghost-seein' too, thanky kindly," he had said satirically.

Jane Ann Sims was the less penetrating as she herself had developments of interest to detail. In a wheezy, husky whisper that had less the elements of confidential relation than a shriek might have compassed, she made plain the altered state of Euphemia's affections and the understanding which she and the juggler had reached.

It is wonderful how little mental capital a man need possess to deceive the cleverest wife. Tubal Cain Sims, seated in the open passage, tilted far back against the wall in his chair, his saddle on the floor beneath his dangling feet and his mare cropping the grass beside the step, sustained every appropriate pose of surprised interest as successfully as if Mrs. Sims's story were new to his ears. How could she, even if infinitely more astute, have dreamed that it was the recital of these same facts which he had overheard that had sent him straight to Colbury with the instant determination to have his would-be son-in-law incarcerated on a criminal charge, before more romance could come of the juggler's stay in Etowah Cove? She had expected opposition, having divined Tubal Sims's objection to his guest from his perturbed and unwontedly crusty manner, and was scarcely prepared for the mildly temporizing way in which he received the disclosure.

"Humph — a — waal, we-uns will hev ter gin it cornsideration, Jane Ann, a power o' cornsideration, an'" — he suddenly remembered his piety — "some pray'r. Watch an' pray, Jane Ann."

"I'm eka! ter my prayin' 'thout yer exhortin's," she retorted, with proper spirit. "An' ef ye don't want'er set Phemie agin ye, ye'd better do yer own prayin' powerful private." She could not forbear this gibe, albeit at the idol of them both. It was in graver and agitated mood that she revealed how the idea of an elopement had seemed to appeal to the young man's mind, — so much, indeed, that she began to fear he would welcome any parental opposition which would make it practicable. And here she found Tubal Cain at one with her own thoughts, so a-quiver with her own fears that she felt all at once bolder, as if by communicating them they had mysteriously exhaled. Not so Tubal Cain Sims. It is to be doubted whether in all his life he was ever so earnestly and markedly benign and courteous as when he again met the juggler. His whole manner was so charged with the sentiment of placation that the young man's quick discernment easily divined his state of mind and his covert terrors. It eliminated for the present any other course of action than drifting along the smooth tides of love's young dream, for no elopement was possible when there was naught from which to flee.

What wonderful days they were, as the full, strong pulses of June began to beat with the fervors of July! The long, ripe hours from early dawn to the late-lingering twilight held all the choicest flavors of the year. Never was the sunset so gorgeously triumphal; never was the dawn so dank with dew, so fresh of scent, so winged with zephyrs. The wilderness rang to the song of the thrush and of the mocking-bird, not less vocal than with the impulse of spring. The brimming river yet ran deep in its rocky channel, and the voice of the cascade below the mill in the full-leaved joyous woods could be heard for miles on a still night. How still were these nights of silent splendor, with the stars so whitely a-glitter in the deep blue spaces above, and a romantic mystery on the mute

purple mountains below, and the great bespangled gossamer Galaxy, as if veiling some sanctity of heaven, scintillating through all the darkness! Not till late — till so late that no one was awake to heed or behold — a yellow waning moon with a mystic glamour would glide over the eastern summits, and in its precarious hour before the flush of early dawn illumine the world with some sad forecast, with slow troublous augury of change and decline and darkness.

Flowers in myriads budded at night to blow in the morning. Everywhere the strong, rich, vigorous growths unfolded to the sun. The leaves were thick in the woods, the shadows were dark and cool, and rivulets glanced in the midst of them like live leaping crystal. Anywhere down deep ravines, did one look long enough, were to be seen all the creatures of woodland poesy, evoked from the glammers of the June, — hamadryads at their bosky ease, and oreads among the craggy misty heights, and naiads dabbling at the margin of sheltered springs, and elves listening alert with pointed ears to the piping of the wind in the reeds.

These June days seemed to Royce as if he held them in perpetuity, — as if there could be no change save for the slow enhancement of all the charms of nature, bespeaking further perfections. The past was so bitter; the present was so sweet; and he thought no more of the future. He was content. He had developed a certain adaptability to the uncouth conditions of the simple life here, or love had limited his observation and had concentrated it. All the artificialities of his wonted standards had fallen from him, and he was happy in the simplest way. He wondered that he should ever have thought the girl beautiful and charming hitherto, so embellished was her loveliness now; as if she too shared the ineffable radiance and grace of the June, like the fair and faintly tinted roses known as the maiden's-blush that grew just outside the door. He had told her

that they were like her, and when he learned the old-fashioned name he wore one always stuck in the clumsy, ill-worked buttonhole of his blue-checked cotton shirt. So pervasive was the sentiment of happiness in the house that it suffused even the consciousness of the two old people; Jane Ann accepting it willingly and with vicarious joy, and Tubal Cain yielding after many a qualm of doubt and tremor of fear, and still experiencing strong twinges of remorse. He had been led to believe, by the crafty sheriff's show of indifference to his disclosure, and repeated rejection as naught the significant points of the suspicion he had entertained, that he had been wrong from the first in his conclusion. He had begun to argue from the officer's standpoint, and he was amazed and somewhat dismayed to perceive how slight were the grounds on which any reasonable charge could be based. As this conviction grew more decided, he began to anticipate, with an ever increasing terror, the possible visit of which the sheriff had casually spoken. Although he was sure now that, officially considered, it could but be a flash in the pan, still it would reveal to the juggler his host's hideous suspicions and flagrant breach of hospitality, and from this Tubal Sims winced as from corporeal pain. He thought that the sheriff already considered him a preposterous fool; and albeit that judgment from so great a man—for Tubal Cain Sims's self-conceit had been much abated by his trip to Colbury—was humiliating to his pride, it would be far more poignant, multiplied by the number of inhabitants in the Cove, when published abroad and entertained by every man who dwelt in its vicinity. Moreover, it would deliver the graceless informer, bound hand and foot as it were, into the power of Jane Ann Sims, and it might prove the wreck of Euphemia's happiness and prospects in life; and he had begun of late to value these. Whenever he was not mulishly resistant, he fell much under the influence of Jane

Ann Sims, and her views of the preëminent qualities of the juggler's mind and manners and morals affected his estimate. She laid great stress on the fact of the young man's elaborate education, and was wont to toss her large head with a vertigo-provoking lightness as she averred, "Phemie warn't a - spellin' year in an' year out ter marry one o' these hyar Cove boys ez dunno B from bull-foot!" And Tubal Cain would sneer in sympathetic scorn, as if both he and his wife were not in precisely that sublime state of ignorance themselves. He shared her pride in a plan which the juggler had evolved to open a school in the little "church-house" when the crops should be laid by, and in the fact that this suggestion had met with the readiest acceptance for miles around, despite the prejudice touching his feats of magic.

One night, Jane Ann Sims, with the dish-cloth in her hand, was alternately wiping the supper dishes in the shed-room and cheerfully wheezing breathless snatches of a most lugubrious hymn, while Royce and Euphemia sat on the steps of the passage, where the moon, now in her first quarter, drew outlines of the vines on the floor, with here the similitude of a nest, whence now a wakeful, watching head protruded, and now a lifted wing, and now a downy, ball-like bulk; and here, with indistinct verges, a cluster of quivering trumpet-flowers, all dusky and blurring, like the smudging black-and-white study of some impressionist artist. Tubal Cain Sims, seeking company, was aware, as he entered his domicile, that he would find no welcome here, so he betook himself, with his pipe in hand, to the leisurely scene of his helpmeet's labors. There triumph awaited him, for Jane Ann Sims left the table and the dishes to the tallow dip and the candle-flies, to sink down in a chair and detail the fact that while he was gone to the blacksmith's shop to get his team shod a wonderful event had happened. Parson Tynes had been here again!

Tubal Cain Sims's lower jaw dropped. Parson Tynes figured in his mind only as the troublous advocate of a dead-and-gone love, and he thought it a breach of the peace, in effect, to seek to disinter and resuscitate this ill-starred attachment. He growled adversely, but he did not reach the point of articulate remonstrance, for Jane Ann Sims majestically waved her limp dish-cloth at him as a signal to desist, and opened her mouth very wide to emit the cause of her prideful satisfaction in a loud and wheezy whisper, — which discreet demonstration came sibilantly to the ears of the young people outside, the only other human creatures within a mile, and occasioned them much un-filial merriment.

Parson Tynes no longer dwelt on marrying and giving in marriage. Ambition had been his theme. It seemed that once, not long ago, being in Colbury when a conference was held, he had had the opportunity to preach there through some wild rumor of his celebrity as a mountain orator; and afterward a certain visiting elderly minister had taken him aside and urged him to study and to cultivate his gifts, and above all to acquire a delivery. The visiting minister, being a man who appreciated the Great Smoky Mountains as a large and impressive element of scenery, and having never seen them except gracing the horizon, did not realize that in all their commodiousness they had scant accommodations for learning. On his part, Tynes did not appreciate any special superiority in the delivery of the men he had heard. His slow drawl and his mispronunciations were, of course, unperceived by him, and, speaking from a worldly point of view, he was chiefly refreshed at the meeting by the consciousness that there were many more ideas in his sermon than in that of the visiting city minister. He wondered satirically how the good man would have received the converse of his charge had he dared to exhort him in turn to cultivate thought and acquire

ideas. The meeting had done Tynes no good. It had only hurt his pride, and roused a certain animosity toward the larger world outside his life and the round of his work, and caused him to contemn as spurious the pretensions of the luckier clergy. He did not accord the advice he had received a single thought, so much more important it seemed to him what a preacher says than how he says it. But Jane Ann Sims had talked much and pridefully to her cronies in the Cove about the juggler's "readin's," and their fame had reached the parson's ears. Shortly after, he chanced to encounter Royce at the mill, and for the first time was impressed by the charm of a cultured enunciation in a naturally beautiful voice. "I'd like powerful well ter speak like *that*, now," he said to himself, with a sudden discrimination of superiority. And this afternoon he had come to say that he had heard of the projected school, and that he would like to know whether the juggler had ever been taught elocution and was qualified to impart his knowledge. Royce had read for him, — or rather, had recited from memory, — and Tynes had been surprised and delighted, and had averred that he read "better'n all the men at the conference shook up in a bag together, the elderly minister at the bottom."

"But ye would hev been s'prised, Tubal," said Mrs. Sims, her fat face clouding and her dimples turning to creases, "ter hev viewed the gamesome an' jokified way ez John Leonard conducted himself ter the pa'son — plumb scandalous — made a puffeduck laffin'-match o' the whole consarn; though arter a while the pa'son seemed some less serious, too. But he an' John Leonard air a-goin' ter meet every day, beginnin' day arter tomorrow, in the schoolhouse, ter take lessons in readin'. An' the pa'son pays him fur it. Jes' think o' that!" Her hand with the limp dish-cloth in it extended itself impressively. "Teachin' the pa'son — the pa'son, mind ye — ter read!"

Tubal Cain Sims sat electrified by the honor. Now and again his stiff old visage relaxed with a broad smile, and this some grave thought suddenly puckered up. In the midst of his satisfaction and his appropriation of the honor that had descended upon his house, ever and anon a secret thought of his earlier distrust of the juggler intruded with a vaguely haunting fear of the promised visit from the sheriff. This he had latterly put from him, for the long silence and the passage of time warranted him in the conclusion that it had been merely a device of the officer to satisfy a meddlesome old fool, and was from the beginning devoid of intention. He hardly dared to wonder what Jane Ann Sims would have thought of his folly, as he remembered that from the moment of the juggler's entrance on that stormy evening she had rated the young guest as highly as now. But then, it had never been her chance to hear those strange, mysterious utterances from the turmoils of his midnight dreams.

"Jane Ann," Tubal Sims said, with quavering solemnity, "I know this hyar young man be powerful peart, an' thar 's nobody in the kentry ter ekal him, not even Pa'son Tynes : but what would you-uns think ef ye war ter hear him call out, like I hev done, in the night, — 'way late, 'bout the darkest hour, — 'Fur his life! — his life! — fur his life! — what can I do! — fur his life! — his life! — it must be! — his life!'"

As he mimicked the cabalistic phrases that had so strongly laid hold upon his imagination, the very inflections of the agonized voice were duplicated. The sentiment of mystery, of awe, with which the air was wont to vibrate was imparted anew. The despair, the remorse of the tones, sent a responsive thrill like a fang into the listener's heart. Jane Ann Sims, her face blank and white, sat staring dumbly as she listened. The leaves darkly rustled close to the window. Dim moonlight flecked the ground on the slope beyond with shadow and a dull suffusive

sheen. The wind, rushing gustily past, bowed the flame of the guttering tallow dip, feebly flaring, in the centre of the table. As she put out her hand mechanically to shield it from extinction, the motion and the trifling care seemed to restore her mental equilibrium.

"That sounds powerful cur'ous, Tubal," she said gravely, and his heart sank in disappointment with the words and tone. He had expected Jane Ann Sims to flout the matter aside loftily, and indignantly decline to consider aught that might reflect on her much admired guest. It was he himself who began to feel that it was of slight moment and hardly worth detailing; the sheriff had barely listened to it, without lifting an eyelash of tired and drowsy eyes. He was sorry he had told Jane Ann. What a pother women are wont to stir up over a trifle!

"Why ain't you-uns never spoke of it afore?" she demanded.

"Kase I 'lowed 't would set you-uns agin him," said the specious Tubal tentatively.

Jane Ann sniffed contemptuously. "Waal, I ain't been 'quainted with no men so powerful puffed in all thar ways ez I kin be sot agin a youngster, what eats a hearty supper, fur talkin' in his sleep. I'd be a powerful admirer of the 'sterner sex,' ez Pa'son Greenought calls 'em, ef I knowed no wuss of 'em 'n that."

"Wha— wha— what ye goin' ter do 'bout'n it, Jane Ann?" sputtered Tubal Cain, seeing her ponderously rising, determination on her strong features.

"I be goin' ter ax him what he means by it, that 's what," said Jane Ann. And before Tubal Cain could protest she was leaning out of the window and wheezily calling to the young people slowly strolling along the slope before the door.

"Kem in, chil'n. I want ter ax John Leonard a kestion."

She met him at the door of the passage, the tallow dip in her hand, glowing with a divergent aureola of white rays against the dusky brown shadows and green

leaves of the vines opposite. He paused, expectant, while Euphemia, in her green dress, stood on the sill amongst the swaying vines, hardly distinguishable from them save for her fair ethereal face, looking in as if from elf-land, so subtly sweet was its reminiscent expression. But he was intent of attitude, with a question in his waiting eyes; not lingering in the world he had left, but already a denizen of this.

His face changed subtly as Jane Ann Sims, watching him narrowly, repeated the words of his somnolent speech. "What air ye talkin' 'bout, John Leonard, whenst ye say them words agin an' agin an' agin, night arter night?" she asked him inquisitively.

He did not hesitate. Still, he had a strange look on his face, as if summoned many and many a mile thence. "I dream that I am dead, sometimes, and others need me back again, and I cannot go. I can do nothing. I often dream that I am dead."

It so fell out the next day that this seemed no dream. He was so surely dead that he walked the ways of this world an alien. He was not more of it than if the turf in the far cemetery, beside the marble that bore his name, grew green and lush with its first spring veritably above his breast. He had no premonition of the deterioration of the spurious animation which had of late informed the days. The dawn came early, as was its wont in these slow diurnal measures of July, and cheer came with it. The explanation he had given of his strange words was more than satisfactory, and all about him was instinct with a sort of radiant pleasure in him which reflected its glow into his own heart.

As he stood in the passage lighting his pipe, after breakfast, he noticed a salient change in the landscape. No smoke was rising from the high promontory where was situated the primitive kiln of the lime-burners.

"Ye jes' f'und that out?" said Tubal

Cain, with a chuckle, as, tilted against the wall in his chair, he listlessly dangled his feet. "Thar ain't been no lime bu'nt thar fur six weeks." He chuckled anew, so cordially did he accept the sentimental cause of the juggler's lapse of observation. "I reckon that thar lime is made up inter mortar an' air settin' up prideful ez plaister now, an' hev done furgot it ever war rock."

The young man placidly endured the raillery; in fact he relished it, for it was proof how genuine had been his absorption, and he was deprecatory of self-deception. That alert commercial interest never quite moribund prompted his next question.

"I don't see that lime is used in the Cove," he said, reflecting on the stick-and-clay chimneys, and the clay daubing in the chinking between the logs of the walls of the houses. "What was the purpose of that extensive burning of lime, Mr. Sims?"

"Ain't you-uns hearn?" demanded the host, with another cheerful grin expanding his corrugated leathern-textured countenance. "Pete Knowles would n't tell a-fust; he got the job somehow."

"Afraid of underbidding." The juggler nodded comprehension of the motive.

"So he bu'nt, an' bu'nt, an' bu'nt, an' the lime it piled up in heaps in that thar dry rock-house what 'minds me powerful o' the sepulturs o' the Bible. But it air six weeks sence they bar'led it up an' wagoned it off 'bout ten mile or mo'."

"What did they want it for, and who are 'they'?" inquired Royce, still interested.

"'They' is them hotel men over yander at the Sulphur Springs, an' they wanted the lime ter plaister the old hotel what ain't been opened afore sence the war. They 'lowed 't war cheaper ter git the lime bu'nt at the nearest limestun rocks 'n ter buy it bar'led an' haul it fifty mile from a railroad."

This was a proposition of a kind that

might well secure the juggler's business-like consideration. But his eyes were fixed with a sudden untranslated thought. His pipe had turned unheeded in his hand, fire, tobacco, and ashes falling from it into the dewy weeds below the step, as he stood on the verge of the passage. His expressive face had altered. It was smitten with some prophetic thought, and had grown set and rigid.

"A hotel! Summer resort, of course. I did n't know there was anything of the sort in the vicinity," he said at last. "What kind of place is it?"

"I dunno!" exclaimed Sims, dangling his feet back and forth in an accession of contempt. "*I never tuk the trouble ter ride over thar in my life, though I hev knowed the hotel ter be a-runnin', ez they call it, fur thirty year.*"

Royce stood in silence for a time, moodily leaning his shoulder against the wall of the house, one hand thrust in his leather belt, the other holding the pipe at an angle and a poise which would seem to precede an immediate return of the stem to his mouth. But he did not smoke. Presently he put the pipe into his pocket, drew his hat over his eyes, and wandered down the road; then climbing a fence or two, he was off in the woods, as safe from interruption as if in the midst of a trackless ocean. He walked far and fast with the constraint of nervous energy, but hardly realizing the instinct of flight which informed his muscles. When at last he flung himself down at the foot of great rocks that stood high above a shelving slope in woods so dense that he could not see farther than a yard or two in any direction, for the flutter of the multitudinous leaves and the shimmer of the interfulgent sunshine, he was saying to himself that he was well quit of all the associations of his old world; that he had found safety here, a measure of content, a means of livelihood, and the prospect of a certain degree of simple happiness when he should be married to a girl whom he had learned to love and

who loved him, — a beautiful girl of innate refinement, who had mind enough to understand him and to acquire an education. He would do well to still resolutely that sudden plunging of the heart which had beset him upon the knowledge that his old world was so near at hand, with all those endearing glammers as for the thing that is native. What avail for him to hover around them, to court the fate of the moth? He remembered with a sort of terror the pangs of nostalgia which had so preyed upon him, and should he deliberately risk the renewal of these poignant throes, possibly spent forever? Regret, danger, despair, lay in the way thither; why should he long to look in upon scenes that were now as reminiscences, so well could he predicate them on experiences elsewhere? He wondered, fretfully and with a rising doubt of himself, that when he and Euphemia had climbed the mountain and looked down at the shimmer of the small towns in the furthest valley, and he had felt no stir of wistfulness, he should have interpreted his tranquillity as a willing renunciation of the life he had left, — as if the treadmill limitations and deprivations and mental stagnation of a village were the life he had left. And suddenly — though he had chosen this spot because it shut him in, because naught could be seen to deflect his errant mind, in order that he might realize and earnestly grapple with this wild and troublous lure — the illusions of a sophistry glimmered even in these scant spaces. He was reconciled, he told himself, to his destiny. It was only his imagination that vaguely yearned for the status he had left. With a touch of reality the prismatic charms of this bubble of fancy would collapse. Or the glimpse of conditions native to him, the sound of familiar speech as of his mother tongue, the sight of men and women as compatriots in this long exile as of a foreign land, would prove a refreshment, a tonic, an elixir, renewing his strength to endure. He was a coward to deprive

himself — for fear of discontent — of something to enjoy in the present, to remember, to look forward to, in recurrent years.

He had not thought to notice when the dwindling shadows betokened noon and the waiting dinner which Euphemia had made ready with many a remembrance of his preferences. The sun was westering apace when, as if impelled by a force beyond his control, he found himself in the country road, forging ahead with that long swift stride, the envy of his comrades of the pedestrian club of his urban days. His heart seemed to divine the way, for he scarcely paused to debate which fork to pursue when the road diverged; he gave no heed to the laurel jungles on either hand, or, further on, to the shady vistas under the towering trees; he only perceived at last that the density of the woods had diminished. Soon peaked and turreted roofs appeared among the thinning boughs, and as he crossed an elaborately rustic foot-bridge, coquettishly picturesque, flung across a chasm where deep in the brown damp shadows a silver rill trickled, he recognized this as an outpost of artificiality. A burst of music from a band thrilled his unaccustomed ears; a vast panorama of purple and azure mountains, a vermilion sun, a flaring amber sky, great looming gray crags, and the bronze-green sunlit woods beyond were asserted in an unfolding landscape; he heard the laughter cadenced to express the tempered mirth of polite society, and the stir of talk. The verandas of the two-storied hotel were full of well-dressed people. His swiftly glancing eye marked the dowagers; the very costumes were familiar, — black grenadines or silks with a subdued inclination toward a touch of lavender decoration, and some expert softening of the ravages of time by the sparing use of white chiffon or lace, with always something choice in the selection of dainty shawls on the back of a chair near at hand (how often had he resignedly borne

such a wrap over his arm in the meek train of a pretty girl's chaperon!): he knew the type, — clever, discreet, discerning. On the lawn two games of tennis were in progress, the white of the flannel costumes of the men enhanced in the sun against the green grass. Along the road beyond, two or three smart little carts were coming in with the jauntiest of maidens in daintily tinted summer attire and sailor hats. An equestrian couple — the young man of a splendid physique and elegantly mounted — went by him like a flash, as he stood, dazed and staring, by the rail of the bridge. He retained barely enough presence of mind to dodge aside out of the way, and he received a volley of sand, covering him from head to foot, from the heels of the horses before they disappeared in the woods at the steady hand-gallop. On the crag at the verge of the bluff were groups of young people, strolling about or seated on the ledges of the cliff, the young men dangling their feet over the abysses beneath, such being the accepted fad; now and then, one not emerged from the hobbledehoy chrysalis would, by means of grotesque affectations of falling, elicit small complimentary shrieks, half terror, half mirth, from the extremely young ladies whom he favored with his improving society. At one side there was a meeting of fir boughs, a dank and cool dark vista, a great piling of fractured and splintered rocks, a sudden descent, and down this bosky way was so constant a going and coming that Lucien Royce divined that it led to the hidden spring.

He stared at the distorted scene through the tears in his eyes. To him who had never had a home it was home, who had never dreamed of heaven it was bliss. He would have given all he could imagine — but, poor fellow, he had naught to give! — to be able to communicate in some mysterious way the knowledge of his quality to one of those high-nosed, keen-eyed elder women, of com-

posed features and fine position and long social experience and much discrimination in the world's ways, and to have her commend his course, and counsel prudence, and pity his plight. He looked at the elder men, whose type he also knew, — men of weight in the business world, lawyers, bankers, brokers, — and he thought what a boon might be even the slightest impersonal conversation with one of his own sphere, his equal in breeding, in culture, in social standing. He was starved, — he had not realized it; he was dying of mental inanition; he was starved.

The next moment two of the tennis-players, ending the diversions of the afternoon with a walk, approached the bridge: the man in his immaculate white flannels, his racket carried over his shoulder; the girl in her picturesque togger. Royce, dusty, besprinkled with sand, conscious of his coarse ill-made jeans clothes and his great cowhide boots, colored to the roots of his hair as her eyes fell upon him. In adaptation to the custom of the mountaineers, who never fail to speak to a stranger in passing, they both murmured a "Good-evening" as they went by. Royce, rousing with a galvanic start, lifted his hat to the lady, hardly realizing why the young man should glance at him in obvious surprise and with elevated eyebrows as he hastily put up his hand to his natty white cap in response. For one moment Royce pondered fruitlessly on the significance of this trifling incident. The solution of the mystery came to him with a monition of added caution. The social training of the mountaineer does not comprise the ceremony of touching the hat in salutation. If he would sustain the rural character he must needs have heed, since so slight a deflection was marked. He heard them laughing as they went, and he thought, with all the sensitiveness incident to a false position, that he was the cause of their mirth, the incongruity of this "million of manners" with such a

subject. With an aversion to a repetition of this scene he betook himself out of the way of further excursionists, noticing that several couples were slowly strolling in the direction of the bridge. But as he moved forward from under the shadows of the fir and into the clear space of the lawn he could scarcely sustain the observation which he felt leveled at him, Argus-eyed, from the verandas, the lawn, the tennis-court, the crags. His pride was in arms against his humble plight. His face burned with shame for his coarse garments, the dust, the very clumsiness of his rough boots, the length of his overgrown silky red-brown hair, his great awkward hat, the uncouth figure he cut in respectable society. But despite the flush on his cheek, and a thrill hot and tingling ever starting with each searing thought to his dry eyes, as if tears were to be shed but for the sheer shame of it, he laughed scornfully at his pride, and despised himself to be so poor, so forlorn, so outcast of his native world, yet so yearning for it. "What odds is it?" he said to himself. "They don't know me. Lucien Royce is dead, — dead forever." He walked on for a few minutes, the trained gait of an athlete, his graceful bearing, the individuality and distinction of his manner, all at their best, mechanically asserted as an unrealized protest in some sort that those lorgnettes on the verandas should not conceive too meanly of him. "I suppose I thought the ghost of a dude like Lucien Royce would be a mighty well set up affair, with a sort of spectral style about him and an unearthly chic. But what does it matter what they think of a nonentity of a stray mountaineer like this? Lucien Royce is dead, — dead forever!"

He had merely ventured partially to skirt the lawn, bending his steps toward the shelter of a small two-storied building at the nearest corner of it, and somewhat down the road. The lower portion of this structure, he perceived, was used as a store, containing a few dry goods,

but dispensing chiefly pins and needles, especially hairpins, and such other commodities of toilet as the guests might have forgotten or exhausted or could be induced to buy. He paused in the doorway: even the sight of the limited stock ranged decorously on the shelves, the orderly counters, the smooth countenance of the salesman, seemed pleasing to him, as reminiscent of the privileges of civilization.

"Can we do anything for you, sir?" asked the clerk suavely.

Royce caught himself with a start. Then speaking with his teeth half closed to disguise his voice, and drawling like a mountaineer, he said, shaking his head, "Jes' viewin' the folks some."

He had a sense that the imitation was ill done, and glanced furtively at the face of the man behind the counter. But the clerk was devoid of speculation save as this faculty might explore his customers' pockets. Royce noted, however, a second warning, and since the sun was down and the lawn depopulated, save for here and there a hastening figure making for the deserted verandas, he ventured out in his shabby gear upon the plank walk that stretched along the bluff where no crags intervened, but the descent was sheer to a green and woody slope below. The early tea was in progress; the band that for some time had been heralding its service, playing within the quadrangle, was silent now, and the shadows were abroad in the mountains; mists were rising from dank ravines on the opposite range. A star was in the flushed sky. A whippoorwill's plaintive tones came once and again from the umbrageous tangles that overshadowed the spring. Yellow lamps were flaring out into the purple dusk from the great looming unsubstantial building. He marked the springing into sudden brilliancy of a row of windows on the ground floor, that revealed a long, bare, empty apartment which he identified as the ballroom. There would be dancing later on. A

cheerful clicking as of ivory against ivory caused him to pause abruptly and peer down the slope below, where a yellow radiance was aglow amongst the trees and rocks and precipitous descents. It came from the billiard-room in the pavilion picturesquely poised here among the rocks and chasms, and looking out into a wild gorge that gave glimpses of the darkening valley, and the purple glooms of the mountains towering along the horizon. It was the airiest type of structure. With only its peaked roof and its supporting timbers, the floor and the flights of steps, it seemed free to the breeze, so wide and long were the windows, all broadly open. Royce, looking down into its illuminated interior, glowing like a topaz in the midst of the dark foliage that pressed close about it, had a glimpse of the green cloth of the tables, the red and white balls, the dexterously poised cues, the alertly attitudinizing figures, — still loitering in white flannels, although the lights now agleam in bedroom windows told that all the world had begun to dress for the ball, — and heard the pleasant, mirthful voices.

Why did he linger here, he asked himself, as he repressed the natural mundane interest which almost spoke out his criticism as he watched the game with the eye of a connoisseur. This was not for him. He was not of this world. He had quitted it forever. And if he were mortified to fill a place in a sphere so infinitely removed from that to which he was born and entitled, would it better matters to emerge from his decent obscurity and his promised opportunities, his honest reputation and his simple happiness, to the conspicuous sensation as the cynosure of all eyes in a criminal trial, and to the permanent seclusion of a felon's cell? For that was what he risked in these hankering after the status and the sphere from which he was cast out forever.

He was in the darkening road and plodding homeward before this admonition to his own rebellious heart was con-

cluded, so did the terrors of that possible ignominious fate dominate his pride, and scorch his sensibility, and lay his honest self-respect in the dust. He was tired. The drops stood on his forehead and his step lagged. Thrice the distance in the time he had walked it would not have so reduced his strength as did the mental perturbation, the inward questionings, those tumultuous plungings of his strong young heart. He was pale, and his face was lined and bore some vague impress of the nervous stress he had sustained, when he came up the steps of the open passage at Sims's house, and Jane Ann bent her anxious flabby countenance toward him.

"Waal, before the Lawd!" she exclaimed, holding the tallow dip in her hand so as to throw its light full upon him, — and he divined that at frequent intervals in the last two hours she had emerged thus with the candle in her hand to listen for his step. — "hyar the chile be at last! Whar in the name o' sense hev ye been, John Leonard?" she demanded, as Phemie fluttered out, pale and wistful despite her embarrassed laughter at the folly of their fright, and old Tubal Cain followed stiffly, with sundry grooves of anxiety added to the normal corrugations of his face.

"In the woods," replied the juggler; and then realizing that he spoke with a covert meaning, "I lost my way."

He slept the sleep of exhaustion that night, and the next day he rose refreshed in body, and with the resolutions of his sober reflections confirmed.

"I am not such a snob as to care for the mere finery of existence, the mere wealth and show and fashion," he argued within himself. "It's partly the folly of my youth to care so much for those young fools over yonder, — so much like myself, or like what I used to be, — and dancing, and tennis, and wheeling, and flirting, and frivolity. A certain portion of these amenities has been the furniture of my life hitherto, and I am a

trifle awkward at laying hold on it now without them. I love the evidences of good breeding, because I have been taught to respect them. I am prejudiced in favor of certain personal refinements, because I was reared to think a breach of them as iniquitous as to crash all the ten commandments at one fell swoop. I revere culture and literary or scientific achievement, because I appreciate what they require in mental capacity, and I am educated to gauge the quality of their excellence. I should like to have some conversation, occasionally, with people near my own calibre in social status and mind, and with similar motives and sentiments and way of looking at things. But I *can* live without a ballroom and a billiard-table, and by the Lord, I'll brace up like a man and do it contentedly."

He went off cheerfully enough, after breakfast, to meet Tynes in the little schoolhouse. There he recited, in forgetfulness of his troubles, poems that he loved, and bits of ornate prose that he recalled, for he had a good memory; and he delivered sundry sound dicta touching the correct method of opening the mouth and of the pose of the body, and a dissertation on the physical structure of the vocal organs, illustrated by diagrams which he drew on the fly-leaf of the reading-book, and which mightily astonished Absalom Tynes, who learned for the first time that such things be. The leaves of the low-swinging elms rustled at the windows; the breeze came in and stirred up the dust; the flying squirrel who nested in the king-post of the roof, and who had had an early view of the juggler upon his first appearance in this house, came down and sat upon a beam and with intent eyes gazed at him. Tynes, in an unaccustomed station among the benches used by the congregation, watched and listened with unqualified commendation as Royce stood upon the platform and made the little house ring with his strong, melodious young voice. Abdicating the vantage-ground of spirit-

ual preëminence, Tynes subordinated his own views, and when he read in his turn sundry of the secular bits of verse embalmed in the Reader — he seemed to think there were no books in the world but school-books and the Bible — he accepted corrections with the mildest docility, and preserved a slavish imitation of the spirited delivery of his preceptor. He rose into vigorous rebellion, however, when, with many a “Pshaw!” Royce rejected the continued use of the elementary Reader for the vital defect of having nothing in it fit to read, and took up, as matter worthy of elocutionary art, the Bible. Tynes, struck aghast by the change of delivery, the reverent, repressed, almost overawed tones, the deep, still gravity of the manner, listened for a time, then openly protested.

“That ain’t no way ter read the Bible,” he stoutly averred. “Ye hev gotter thunder it at the sinner, an’ rest yer v’ice on this word an’ lay it down on that, an’ lift it up” —

“Ding-dong it, you mean,” said the juggler, shifting quickly to his habitual tone.

“The sinner ain’t ter be kep’ listenin’ ter sech ez that. Jes’ let yer v’ice beat agin his ear till he can’t keep the gospel out ’thout he be deaf,” Tynes contended.

“Yes, and his senses accommodate themselves to the clamor, and his consciousness sways back and forth with the minister’s voice, and he does n’t hear more than one half of what is said, because the fellow yells so loud that the sound drowns out the sense. But the congregation looks pious, and folds its arms, and rocks itself back and forth with the rhythm of the sing-song, and the whole thing is just one seesaw. Do you believe that’s the way St. Paul preached on Mars’ hill?”

Tynes was suddenly bewildered. His manner assumed a sort of bridling offense; it seemed somewhat profane to speculate on the character of St. Paul’s delivery. “Your way ain’t the way the

men read at the conference, ennyhow,” he urged; for the conference, despite his wounded pride, had become a sort of standard.

“I’ll bet my old hat there was n’t anybody there who could come within a mile of my reading,” glibly wagered the juggler, unabashed.

Tynes reflected doubtfully a moment. “I dunno *what*’s the matter with it,” he said. “It hurts me! I could n’t git my cornsent ter read that-a-way. It sounds like ye jes’ been thar yestiddy, an’ it all happened fraish, an’ ye war tellin’ ’bout it, an’ ye hed n’t got over the pain an’ the grief of it yit — an’ mebbe ye never would.”

In the pause that ensued the juggler trifled with the pages, his eyes cast down, a smile of gratified vanity lurking in the lustrous pupils.

“Well,” Tynes said abruptly, “go on, John Leonard, go on.”

But as the reading proceeded, the face of the slight and pallid man sitting on the bench — now and again wincing palpably from the scenes enacted before him, from the old, old words all instinct with the present, from the terrible sense of the reality of those dread happenings of the last night in Gethsemane, and the denial of Peter, and the judgment hall — all at once lighted up with a new and vivid gleam of animation. The chapter was at an end, the lingering musical cadences of the reverent voice were dying away, and as the reader lifted his head there were tears in his eyes, and the fisher of men had seen them.

“Ye ain’t so far from the kingdom, John Leonard,” he said, in solemn triumph.

The juggler recoiled in a sort of ashamed self-consciousness. “Don’t deceive yourself!” he exclaimed. “It is only my literary sensibility. All the four Gospels — speaking profanely — are works of high artistic merit, and they can floor me when nothing else can.”

But the worldly ambition of Tynes

had suddenly fled. He was baiting his hook and reeling out his line; here was the prospect of a precious capture in the cause of religion. He might not learn to read the Bible in John Leonard's illusive and soul-compelling way, — and he hardly knew if he cared to do this, so did it seem to penetrate into the very mystery of sacred things which had less poignancy under the veil of custom and indifference and a dull sense of distance in time and place. — but he would learn of him in secular things, he would remain by him, and now and again insidiously instill some sense of religious responsibility; and the soul of this sinner would indeed be a slippery fish if it could contrive to elude his vigilance at last.

He listened indulgently as the juggler declared he would have no more of the Reader, insisting that such literature would wreck his mind. But Tynes, for his own part, was not willing to trust himself to learn the arts of elocution from the sanctities of the Holy Book read with that immediate and vital certainty which tore so at his heart-strings.

"I wonder," he said, his narrow, pallid face brightening with the inspiration, "I wonder ef thar ain't some o' them books ye speak of over yander ter the

sto' what that valley man keeps at the Sulphur Springs? They all bein' valley folks, mebbe he hev some valley books ter sell ter 'em."

"I have no doubt of it!" cried the juggler in delighted anticipation. He looked down for a moment, dubious of the wisdom of the course, but with a quick joy beating at his heart. It was but natural, he said to himself, recognizing the access of pleasure, that, young and debarred as he was from the society of his equals, he should experience a satisfaction in these fleeting glimpses of life as he had once known it, and in its attraction for him was no harbinger of regret and rue. Moreover, he judged that it would excite less attention for him to buy the book in person — he would make it appear that he was on an errand for some cottager of the summer sojourners — than if this ignorant parson should overhaul the literature of the Springs, with some wild tale of lessons from an elocutionary mountaineer. As to danger, he would hold his tongue as far as he might, and he deemed that he looked the veriest mountain rustic in the garb he so despised. "Rather a jaunty rural rooster, perhaps," he said to himself, "but as rural as a cornfield."

Charles Egbert Craddock.

IN THE STORM.

I HUDDLED close against the mighty cliff.

A sense of safety and of brotherhood

Broke on the heart: the shelter of a rock

Is sweeter than the roofs of all the world.

Charles Edwin Markham.

ON BEING CIVILIZED TOO MUCH.

THERE are certain phrases which people use, feeling that they express something fundamental and radical, although exactly what that something is they seldom take pains to inquire. Such is the phrase "close to nature." In the most obvious sense, a man is close to nature who prefers the country to the city, sunshine to steam heat, out of doors to indoors; who loves to buffet wind and weather, and to wander alone in the woods. So, also, a man may be described as close to nature if he deals with natural forces and objects at first-hand, as when he builds his own house, raises his own crops, milks his own cow, breaks his own colts, and constructs and sails his own boat. All these things and many similar things city people hire others to do for them, but country people know how to shift for themselves. A man who can tell the time of day by the sun is to that degree both more instructed and closer to nature than one who has recourse to a watch made by somebody else; and so of him who by natural signs, such as moss on the tree-trunks, can tell the points of the compass without the assistance of a gilded weathercock surmounting a church steeple.

Closeness to nature, in this sense, is wholesome and important to mankind; nay, it is so important that without it the human race could not long exist. The city, as we are often told, must continually be recruited from the country; and it has been remarked by President Eliot that the survival of particular families in the United States — families so strong in character as to give them in some measure a natural leadership in the community — depends upon the maintenance of a home in the country. An ideal arrangement would perhaps be one in which every family should re-

tain its country home; one generation tilling the soil, the next leading a professional or mercantile or artisan's life in town or city, the third returning to the farm, and so on until the line was exhausted. For a generation or two, possibly for several generations, if the circumstances are favorable, a city family may keep its standing; but commonly, even in the second generation, there is a diminution of force, and in the third generation, if there be one, something as a rule gives out, — the digestion, or the heart, or the liver, or the moral character. The most successful and the ablest professional man whom I know is the son of a New Bedford whaling-captain. There is a continual stream of college-bred country boys pouring into cities like New York and Boston, and ultimately they take chief positions there at the bar, in politics, in medicine, and among the clergy. In short, man can retain his strength only by perpetually renewing his contact with Mother Earth.

But there is another and a more important sense in which a man may be described as close to nature. There are in all of us certain natural impulses, or instincts, which furnish in large measure the springs of human conduct; and these impulses, or instincts, as they may be called with some exaggeration, are apt to be dulled and weakened by civilization. While they are still strong in a man, he may be said to be close to nature, in the essential meaning of that expression. He has a certain spontaneous promptitude of action and of feeling, akin to that which is displayed by all dumb animals. Man is a compound of feeling and intellect. In the savage, feeling predominates, and the intellect plays a very subordinate part. But now take your savage in hand, cut his hair, put trousers on his legs, give him a

common school education, an air-tight stove, and a daily newspaper, and presently his intellect will develop, and will exercise more and more control over his feelings. Pursue the process a little further, and soon you will have a creature who is what we call over-sophisticated and effete, — a being in whom the springs of action are, in greater or less degree, paralyzed or perverted by the undue predominance of the intellect. In every age and in every country, in the most civilized nations, and also, I suppose, in the most savage tribes, men will be found who illustrate all stages of this process. In fact, the difference is one between individuals more than between ages or races. Still, every age as well as every nation has a type of its own, which may be close to nature or far from nature. Man is at his best, does the greatest deeds and produces the greatest literature, when there is in him a perfect balance between the feelings and the intellect; when he is neither an emotional nor an intellectual being, but a happy compound of both. Such was the character of the age which produced Shakespeare and Sir Philip Sidney. If it were otherwise, if mere intellect could take the place of feeling, if knowledge could have the dynamic force of natural impulse, then indeed we might believe in that most absurd of all dreams, the perfectibility of human nature. For there is no limit to the progress of science and of education. In fact, however, every step in civilization is made at the expense of some savage strength or virtue. It is only now and then, in the history of the world, that a fortunate race strikes the right balance between the barbarism behind it and the sophistication into which it is soon to fall. "Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes; it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration.

For everything that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts, and loses old instincts."¹

To be close to nature is, then, to preserve certain primeval impulses, or instincts, of which the most important are the following: the instinct of pugnacity, the instinct of pity, and the instinct of pride. Nature herself has decided against the man who has lost these primeval impulses. He does not survive, he does not conquer and overspread the earth: and this appears most plainly when the instinct of pugnacity is considered. This instinct we share with the beasts of the field. If a dog has a bone, and a strange dog comes up and tries to take it from him, the result is a fight, which ends in the killing or disabling, or perhaps simply in the intimidation of one animal, so that the other is left to enjoy the bone of contention. In that humble contest we find the principle of most great wars. When the instinct is weakened, when people get too far from nature, they hire others to fight for them, as the Romans did in their decadence; and when that stage is reached the end is not far off. Nature will not tolerate the suppression of the instinct of pugnacity.

But this instinct is far more beautifully shown in questions of honor than it is in questions of mere property; and here too we find ourselves at one with the inferior animals. Dogs can insult one another as well as men can; and they have the same instinct to resent an insult. You will sometimes see two dogs walking around each other on their toes and growling, until presently one flies at the other's throat, and they fight it out. The bravest man who ever died on the field of honor was actuated by the same impulse; and though dueling may be a bad and foolish manifestation or exercise of the instinct, still the instinct itself is a good one, and upon its existence depend, in the last analysis, the

¹ Emerson, in the essay on Self-Reliance.

prosperity and permanence of nations. Before the time of the Civil War in this country, and even after the war had begun, the South thought that they would have an easy victory over the North, because, as the South supposed, the North had lost the instinct of pugnacity. They thought that we were so given over to trading and dickering, to buying and selling, that we could not fight. They thought that we were too far from nature to fight. The event proved that they were greatly in error. But nations have lost the instinct of pugnacity, they have become incapable of fighting; and when they have reached that stage, they have perished.

It is easy to see how the instinct of pugnacity is or may be weakened in the process of civilization; but it is not quite so easy to recognize the subtle way in which the instinct of pity, also, is weakened or perverted by the same process. We have all felt the instinct of pity. If we hear the cry of a drowning man, we have an impulse to jump in after him, or at least to throw him a rope. If our neighbor is ill or bereaved, our hearts go out toward him, as we say. Nature speaks in us. Upon this primeval instinct is based all pity, all charity, all benevolence, all self-sacrifice; and this instinct, too, we share not only with the savage, but also with the very beasts of the field. "The moral sense," Darwin remarks, "is fundamentally identical with the social instincts." And then he goes on to say: "The social instincts, which no doubt were acquired by man, as by the lower animals, for the good of the community, will from the first have given to him some wish to aid his fellows and some feeling of sympathy. Such impulses have served him at a very early period as a rude rule of right and wrong." In other words, Darwin bases not only benevolence, but the moral sense itself, upon the instinct of pity.

Of course, one does not mean that the instinct of pity is precisely the same in

the brute or in the savage that it is in civilized man. There is far more pity among civilized than among savage people. The instinct gains as well as loses from civilization. It must remain a capricious, uncertain thing until, in the process of civilization, it acquires the strength of a principle, of a rule of life, of a conscious duty. This is the first effect of civilization. But the second effect — the effect, that is, which results when the intellect overbalances the feelings — is to dwarf and stifle the healthy instinct of pity; to make man a cold, calculating, and therefore an inefficient though it may be a conscientious person. The point is this: when it is a question of duty toward one's neighbor, the first impulse, the natural impulse, is a good one, — nature tells us to befriend him. But then reason wakes up, selfish considerations present themselves to the mind, and perhaps the natural impulse is overborne.

Let us suppose that there is an accident in the street, and a child is about to be run over. A man is standing by, who might be described as close to nature. Without a moment's reflection, he dashes into the street to save the child's life at the risk of his own. There is no time for reflection; he cannot stop to think that it is his duty to save the child, or that the Humane Society may award him a medal for it; he has not even time to consider that he may be ashamed of himself afterward if he does not do it. He springs to the child's aid because he cannot help it; because he has an impulse to do so, just as he would have an impulse to save his own life. But let us suppose that the man who stands by is of a different character, — not so close to nature, although he may be a better man, more conscientious, a more valuable member of society. He too feels the impulse of pity, the instinct to save the child; but in him this impulse is not so strong; the selfish considerations that arise in his mind combat with it, and while he is

struggling to perform his duty the moment flashes by, the child is run over; all that can now be done is to take the victim to a hospital, and that he will do, even at much personal inconvenience.

I do not intend to assert that the one is exclusively a savage, and the other exclusively a civilized type. Both kinds of men undoubtedly exist in barbarous tribes, both kinds exist in civilization; but the tendency of civilization, or of what we call civilization, is to produce the man who stands still in the moment of peril to another. — the man who is far from nature, who has lost something of primeval instinct. An illustration might be found in the case of General Gordon, whom the English government left to perish in the city of Khartoum. This, indeed, is an apt illustration, because the dangerous situation of Gordon appealed to all three of those main primeval instincts which I have mentioned, namely, the instincts of pity or benevolence, of pugnacity, and of pride. England was moved to go to Gordon's assistance, first, out of pity for him; secondly, out of anger against his enemies; and thirdly, out of wounded pride, because it was a British citizen whose life was threatened. The members of the Liberal government felt these impulses, of course, as other Englishmen felt them, but they were precisely in the situation of Rousseau's philosopher, whose impulse to do a generous act was stifled by the selfish motives which occurred to his mind; and in this case, also, the selfish dictates of reason got the upper hand of the primeval instinct. Gladstone and his cabinet found many reasons for leaving Gordon to his fate. He had got himself into the scrape, they said, and they were not responsible for the result: if a rescue were attempted, it might not be in time; an expedition would cost a large sum of money, and might involve England in a war, and so on. In short, the government did nothing, until they were compelled at last by popular clamor to do something, and

then the expedition under Lord Wolseley was dispatched — but too late.

If now the question of going to Gordon's rescue or of leaving him in the hands of his enemies had been submitted, not to the Liberal government, but to the hedgers and ditchers of England, to the farmers or sailors, — to any body of men close to nature in the sense that I have indicated, — can it be doubted what the result would have been? But such men, it might be objected, would be thoughtless; they would not count the cost. That is precisely their merit, — they would not count the cost even if they had to pay it themselves, in money or in blood. England has become what she is partly by not counting the cost, by venturing upon forlorn hopes, by carving out her own path with what seemed at the time to be a reckless disregard of other nations. It was a different spirit which left Gordon to his fate, and which, later, held in check the army and navy of Great Britain while the Turks butchered the Armenians and ravished their women.

Mr. Watson's sonnet eloquently describes the degeneracy in this respect of the English government: —

"I had not thought to hear it voiced so plain,
Uttered so forthright, on their lips who steer
This nation's course! I had not thought to
hear
That word re-echoed by an English thane,
Guilt's maiden-speech when first a man lay
slain,
'Am I my brother's keeper?' Yet full near
It sounded, and the syllables rang clear
As the immortal rhetoric of Cain,
'Wherefore should we, sirs, more than they
— or they —
Unto these helpless reach a hand to save?'
An English thane, in this our English air,
Speaking for England? Then indeed her day
Slopes to its twilight, and, for Honour, there
Is needed but a requiem, and a grave."

There always has been, and probably there always will be, this strange anomaly, as it seems at first sight; that is, a moral obtuseness in the very class which is supposed to be the most moral, which

is perhaps the most conscientious, and which certainly is the best educated. The reason is plain. It is because, in this highly educated, sophisticated class, the intellect has passed beyond its legitimate borders; it has taken the place, in large measure, of those primeval instincts which exist in uneducated men and in children. The oft-quoted saying, "There is nothing so cruel as an idea," means, I suppose, that there is nothing so cruel as a man possessed by an idea. Such a man has cast off the restraints of nature. The natural impulses in him are stifled, and the misleading conclusions of the intellect have taken their place. The sensible people, the well-educated, respectable people of the day are almost sure to be on the wrong side of every great moral question when it first arises. They mean to do right, but they trust to their logical faculties instead of to their instincts; and the consequence is that they are eager to stone those very reformers of whom, in later years, they become the most ardent admirers. These men are for unrestricted vivisection to-day, just as they were for slavery forty years ago.

In what we call the uneducated part of the community there is a striking unanimity of judgment, which is conspicuously lacking among the clever and educated people. This was strangely shown when the Civil War broke out. At that time, among the leaders of the people, there was an extreme discordance of opinion. Most of them thought that it would be impossible to preserve the Union; to many it seemed that the Union was not a thing of very great value, — certainly not so valuable as to warrant a civil war for its preservation; not a few considered that the Southern States had a right to secede, and should be permitted to exercise that right; hardly anybody thought that the North could be united in a single, direct policy; and there was only one point upon which all the public men were agreed, namely,

that patriotism had died out of the country, and that only low and selfish views prevailed. This comes out very strongly in the correspondence of the time. The leading men of that day, with perhaps some exceptions, wrote to one another in a despairing mood. They had no conception of the mighty force which was soon to be aroused. But it was for the people, not for their leaders, to decide what should be done when the South seceded; and the decision was made with a wonderful approach to unanimity. The people did not sit down to reason the matter out; still less did they go to war for a theory or as a matter of duty. They went to war from impulse, from the natural, inherited instinct to defend that intangible entity which we call our country, — not the soil, for the soil of the South belonged to the people of the South. But there was an instinctive feeling at the North that a dismembered United States would lose its dignity and its pride, and the idea of consenting to such a dismemberment was not to be tolerated. Men who had never suspected that they were patriots, who had never dreamed of being such, found themselves driven to war by an impulse which they could not resist.

No doubt it will be the same in the future. When any great moral emergency arises, the people will act upon it with substantial unanimity, because they decide such matters, not by balancing arguments, but by trusting to their instincts. On the other hand, popular government would probably be impossible in a nation of clever, well-educated people. If everybody were sophisticated and artificial, if everybody reasoned about everything and took care not to act from natural impulses, harmonious political action would become impossible. We should have at first factions instead of parties, then individuals instead of factions, and then chaos. There is an approach to this condition of things in France to-day.

In Mr. Lecky's latest book there is a remarkable passage tending to uphold the theory which I maintain; and it is the more remarkable because the fact which Mr. Lecky states was forced upon his observation, and it does not readily find a place in his political philosophy. He says: "It has been the opinion of some of the ablest and most successful politicians of our time that, by adopting a very low suffrage, it would be possible to penetrate below the region where crotchets and experiments and crude Utopias and habitual restlessness prevail, and to reach the strong settled habits, the enduring tendencies, the deep conservative instincts, of the nation. Such an idea was evidently present in the minds both of Louis Napoleon and of Lord Beaconsfield, and it probably largely influenced the great statesman who based the German Constitution on universal suffrage." Bismarck himself has said: "True public opinion is that which is the outcome of certain political, religious, and social convictions, of a very simple kind, deep down in the national life, and to recognize and give effect to this is the task of the true statesman. I might call it the undercurrent of public opinion. Hence it is that I have never reckoned with our parliamentary screamers."

There is one political party or group in the United States from which, I think, a lesson can be drawn in this matter, namely, the Mugwumps. I have a great respect for them, — the sort of respect that a man naturally has for the party to which he himself belongs, or almost belongs. The Mugwumps, man for man, are about the most conscientious, the most moral, the best educated persons of our day. And yet there has always been a deep distrust of them among the people at large. I do not mean among the politicians; the politicians hate them because they are irregulars in politics. The people dislike them, in a measure because they resent what they believe

(perhaps erroneously) to be an assumption of superiority on the part of the Mugwumps, but in the main, it seems to me, because they have an instinctive feeling that the Mugwumps are governed by principles entirely different from those which govern them, and are deficient in certain respects in which the mass of the people are not deficient. This is exactly the case. The Mugwumps, almost without exception, are the kind of men whom I have endeavored to describe, — the over-sophisticated; they are persons who are far from nature, who distrust their natural impulses, who have substituted the feeble and erratic conclusions of the intellect for the natural promptings of the heart.

We have had recently a striking illustration of this. In the Venezuelan affair the President and his Secretary of State acted not without thought, and yet with an instinctive perception of what the honor and the ultimate welfare of the country demanded. They trusted to that instinctive perception, and the nation responded with remarkable unanimity. Even the bitterest enemies of Mr. Cleveland, in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, supported him, and the people at large, whatever their political opinions, supported their representatives. Mr. Cleveland, every one would admit, is a man close to nature, both in his virtues and in his failings, and it was almost inevitable that in such a matter as this the great bulk of his unsophisticated fellow countrymen should be at one with him. Those who objected to his policy were but a small minority. In the whole country, so far as I know, only five papers of any importance failed to support the President's position. These were the Boston Herald, the Providence Journal, the Springfield Republican, the New York Evening Post, and the New York World. Setting aside the World, which acted from well-known motives of private hatred, these are all Mugwump papers, or papers leaning in that direction.

Here, then, was a remarkable coincidence. The Venezuelan affair did not in the least touch upon peculiar Mugwump principles; it was not a matter of civil service reform or of any other reform. Moreover, the position taken by the Mugwump papers was not the result of concerted action on their part; it was a position for which each paper had an obvious predilection from the start, although undoubtedly they bolstered up one another afterward. I assume that these journals were wrong. Some of my readers may refuse to grant the assumption, but at all events this much is clear, that the Mugwumps are not in sympathy with the rest of their countrymen. In some respects, at least, they stand apart from the main current of national life. The difference between them and the great mass of the people is the difference between those who are far from nature and those who are close to nature. The Mugwumps belong to the former class, and in fact they are extreme representatives of it. Their conduct in the Venezuelan affair justified that popular distrust of them which I, for one, had always regarded as a mistake, but which I now perceive was founded upon the vague perception of a real truth.

In literature, even more than in politics, one sees the evil effects of getting far from nature. In a peculiar sense, literature is the business and the amusement of persons who are over-sophisticated. In fact, to take literature seriously is in itself almost a sign of decadence. It is remarkable that the times in which the greatest works have been produced were precisely those in which the least fuss was made over literature or over those who produced it. Shakespeare cut but a small figure in his day, and there were but few critics, essayists, or poetasters in his time. The greatest writers, almost without exception, being themselves close to nature and strong in natural impulses, have had a healthy contempt for their own occupation. Sir Walter Scott and

Carlyle are familiar examples of this truth. But when literature is at a low ebb, the talk made about it, and the number of persons who are busy with it in one way and another, are always vastly increased.

There is a primeval or basic taste for literature. That is, it is natural for man even in a savage state, still more in childhood, to like stories in prose or in rhyme. It would be difficult to overestimate the amount of pleasure which childish readers have derived from Robinson Crusoe, for example. Who can forget the exquisite thrill of mingled horror and curiosity which he felt when Crusoe discovered the print of a human foot upon the sands of his uninhabited island! To develop and refine this natural taste is the object of a literary education, and to lay down rules for gratifying it is the chief function of literary criticism. But there comes a time when readers and critics are so sophisticated, so far from nature, that to all intents and purposes they have lost their taste for literature, and occupy themselves with the rules and principles of literary art, or with the search for some novelty to stimulate their jaded palates.

Pleasure and pain, it should always be remembered, are the only safe guides of criticism. The first, the all-important question which the critic has to ask himself is, Does this work give me pleasure or does it give me pain, or am I indifferent to it? Criticism is of no value unless the critic has this lively, instinctive taste. Charles Lamb was a superlatively good critic because his tastes were so wholesome and so strong,—strong because they were wholesome. A good thing in literature gave him the most deep and lively pleasure, and to talk about the good thing prolonged the pleasure; so that Lamb's criticism was delightful for him to write, and it is delightful for us to read. Now, Lamb was one whom it is impossible not to recognize as being close to nature. He had almost

the confidence of Sterne in his own impulses and intuitions.

On the other hand, in a sophisticated age and among sophisticated people, works of literature or of the other arts almost cease to give pleasure; and a new criterion is adopted, which is, Does this thing conform to the rules? *Ought* I to like it and approve of it? I once heard a dramatic critic maintain with vehemence that a certain actress was deserving of the highest praise, and that the public were to blame for not caring much to see her act. "But," he was asked, "does her acting give you any pleasure? You are going to see her play to-night, for instance: do you look forward to the evening as something delightful to anticipate?" "No," he was candid enough to answer, "I can't say that I do." "Why, then," was the next inquiry, "do you call her a great actress?" "Oh," was his reply, "she is a great *artist*." That expressed perfectly the academic or sophisticated attitude of those who have got so far from nature that they cease to apply the test of pleasure or of pain. In other words, they endeavor to estimate chiefly by the intellect what nature intended them to estimate chiefly by their feelings.

I remember another occasion — if the reader will pardon me for recalling it — when, in a gathering of literary men, a dispute arose as to who was the greatest living poet in the United States. Some declared for this and some for that contemporary bard, but he who was most positive in his opinion fixed upon — as the man. For this preference he gave many well-sounding reasons; but finally one of his opponents put the following question to him: "Can you repeat a single stanza, or a single line, or even a single phrase from —'s poems?" And he was forced to acknowledge that he could not. He had derived no pleasure from —'s poems, but nevertheless he thought that he must be a great poet because his poetry seemed to fulfill

certain conditions that had been established by literary criticism. Such a man is hardly more competent to be a judge of literature than a tea-taster who had lost the sense of taste would be to fix the grade of teas.

Savages and children have a natural love for good bright colors, such as scarlet and blue; and their taste in this respect could be justified, if any justification were necessary, on physiological grounds. Everybody knows that these colors tend to raise the spirits, and therefore to improve the health; so much so, in fact, that they have been found efficacious in madhouses, in cases of melancholia. This natural, healthy sense of color may of course be cultivated and trained, so that those who possess it can learn to appreciate the beauty of more delicate shades; and in such persons there will be a happy union of natural taste with cultivation. But among the "aesthetes" of twenty years ago there was a marked absence of natural taste for color, which they supplied by a conventional and affected partiality for unlovely and depressing shades.

Nordau, in his famous work on Degeneracy, ascribes the perverted literary tastes of the present day to physical reasons, to weakness or disease either of the brain or of the nervous system. His notion, as I understand it, is that civilization and science will supply all that man can need to make him sane and successful, and that ignorance and disease are the only sources of danger. But history and experience show that there are other sources of danger, and that humanity may become ineffective without being ignorant or diseased: the project of converting man into an intellectual machine, governed solely by science and religion, will not work; it has been tried by almost every race which ever emerged from barbarism, and it has always failed. The true problem is, not to eradicate the savage in man, but so to train and control him that his strength of feeling, his spon-

taneousness and promptitude, shall be at the service of man's higher powers. It is for this reason that religion, which acts upon the feelings, has been, as a factor in civilization, a thousandfold more important than science, which can move only the intellect.

Nordau ascribes all those manifestations of degeneracy with which his book is concerned to a common spirit of lawlessness, an unwillingness to be hampered by morals or precedent or principle, or to submit to any kind of discipline. But all this is true rather of the degenerate authors of whom he treats than of the people who admire or affect to admire them. If we look about us, we do not see much lawlessness or much hysteria among the followers of Christian science or of Ibsen. These people are not immoral, nor ignorant, nor hysterical. On the contrary, they are usually well-to-do, well-informed, well-behaved persons, and — especially among the female portion of them — decidedly clever. Their trouble is that they are far from nature, — they have no strong root of opinion in themselves, no absolute standards, no instinctive way of separating the false from the true; and consequently they are at the mercy of every new fad as it arises. Moreover, being vaguely conscious of their own deficiencies, they have a natural readiness to take hold of any new idea or system which wears to them an aspect of strength. They cannot distinguish between strength and an hysterical appearance of strength, or between what is original and what is merely

bizarre. The peculiar literary manifestations of the present day indicate an atrophy, from over-sophistication, of all genuine, natural taste for literature. Such are the chap-books, the yellow-books, and those other similar publications, composed largely by effeminate poets, who derive their inspiration sometimes from their vices and sometimes from their illnesses. "You asked me," writes one of these in a dedication, "what my aim was in those 'dramatic interludes,' which, collectively, I called 'vistas.' I could not well explain, nor can I do so now. . . . The most intimate, in the spiritual sense, [was written] when, during recovery from a long and nearly fatal illness, Lilith came to me in a vision, and was withheld in words, as soon as I could put pen to paper." Let any one compare the preface to the *Endymion* with this kind of thing, and he will see the difference between a man and a manikin.

And yet how little do these degenerate authors matter! How small is the section of society which even knows of their existence! Nordau himself mistakes his clinical room for the world. Leave the close air of the office, the library, or the club, and go out into the streets and the highway. Consult the teamster, the farmer, the wood-chopper, the shepherd, or the drover. You will find him as healthy in mind, as free from fads, as strong in natural impulses, as he was in Shakespeare's time and is in Shakespeare's plays. From his loins, and not from those of the dilettante, will spring the man of the future.

Henry Childs Merwin.

MR. SLOANE'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

"AFTER all, let them condense, suppress, and mutilate as they please, it will prove very troublesome to make me disappear altogether." Yet on first glancing at the brave frame in which the Century Company has placed Professor Sloane's portrait of the Little Corporal, it seems for a moment that Napoleon was wrong, — *qu'on a réussi à le faire disparaître tout à fait*. A more careful examination, however, shows our suspicions to be ungrounded; for if we look curiously between the pictures, a rivulet of text is discovered which justifies the great leader's confidence in his future. The outlines of his portly person may be obscured, as in his coronation robes, but *disparu — tout à fait* — no!

While it is the text, we are almost ashamed to say, to which we propose to invite the reader's attention, we will pause for a moment before the "Persian apparatus." We wonder if Mr. Sloane does not sometimes long for Horace's unassuming chaplet of myrtle, his companions are so simply clad: Fournier in a close-fitting jacket of Lyncolne grene; Pierre Lanfrey neatly attired in olive; Seeley in his butternut coat; Thiers somewhat more conspicuous, indeed, but with a solid simplicity befitting the reign of the Bourgeois King. May not such display give rise to animadversions, if not to downright suspicions, among the more serious-minded? The student, at least, has learned by hard experience to shun sumptuous exteriors, yet nothing, perhaps, with half the external pretensions of Mr. Sloane's work has ever before come into his hands. Will he not promptly assume that it is not for him, and in so doing sadly limit the scope of the book's usefulness? He ought, however, to recollect that by some perversity of the publishers even good books may be adorned with inappropriate or absurd

illustrations. Henri Martin's scholarly history of France, for example, has a picture of the *moyen âge*, and another of Louis XIV. in pantalets, surrounded by his court, the latter not necessarily without interest. And this brings us to the question of a possible canon of criticism in dealing with illustrated historical works.

Our newer methods of pictorial reproduction have made it possible to provide the reader, often in an inexpensive form, with a profusion of more or less judiciously chosen illustrations. In the present work, the Century Company has (*not* inexpensively) included "eighty-eight reproductions of the masterpieces of painting in their original colors, and two hundred and twenty full-page engravings in tint and black and white." This newly developed power of accurately reproducing a variety of illustrative material can, if rightly used, do much to render our notions of the past vivid and correct and the study of history engaging. Germany has furnished a veritable model in the magnificent history of the world, in separate treatises, edited by Professor Oncken. One is filled with astonishment, on opening the volumes of the series, to discover the abundance of material available in almost every field of history. From France we have the beautiful colored facsimiles of mediæval illuminations in the new history of the French language and literature edited by M. Petit de Juleville. In our own country, Miss Putnam's William the Silent and the new edition of Mr. Fiske's American Revolution may be cited as good examples of judicious illustration. But there is surely a distinction to be made between Titian's Charles V. and Meissonier's 1814, between a facsimile of that wonderful philological monument the Oaths of Strass-

burg and A Wounded Cuirassier quitting the Field. The publishers of Mr. Sloane's work either have failed to recognize any such distinction, or have perversely neglected it. Not only have they violated every sound principle of selection, but by producing volumes in size somewhere between an unabridged dictionary and an atlas, and by using utterly irrelevant pictures, they have done all they could to deter the reader from the letterpress, and hopelessly to distract such attention as he may painfully bring to bear upon the historian's modest contribution to the work. Few maps are given; some even of those which appeared in the magazine have been suppressed, presumably because they were scarcely genteel enough. Much contemporaneous illustrative material of the greatest interest has been entirely overlooked: the caricatures of the period, for instance, which are more amusing and assuredly more instructive than pictures of Josephine choosing a new frock, and of Moreau, with his back to us, looking over a snowy precipice. A mediæval historian asks us to forgive his digressions, for these, he confidently claims, delight the reader as the tasty side-dish (*sapidum et extraneum mensæ appositum ferculum*) gladdens the heart of the hungry. But if the *hors d'œuvres* become too numerous, they threaten at once our stomach and our purse.

Mr. Sloane enjoys the great privilege and advantage of being the first to give to the English-reading public the benefit of the scientific investigation of the Napoleonic period, which has been so actively prosecuted during the past twenty or thirty years by European scholars. The layman had fallen sadly behind, and if he sought the best available accounts of the time was still thrown upon translations of the treatises by Thiers and Lanfrey, — works of great scholarship, indeed, but marred by partisan spirit. What Fournier has done for German

readers Professor Sloane has aimed to do for us; he has put it in our power to overtake, for the moment, the scholar. This is a great service; it is the primary merit of the work, and one to which we must not permit ourselves to be blinded by any fault of detail. The task is a very difficult one. Of all biographies, that of Napoleon is by far the most arduous for the biographer, both because of the vast range of Napoleon's activities, which identify his life, during a decade and a half, with the history of Europe, and because of the overwhelming mass of historical material to be examined. We may add to these difficulties the perturbing effects of the violent extremes of feeling which Napoleon aroused in his contemporaries, and which have perpetuated themselves until our own day. As M. Aulard once said to us, all historians of the French Revolution fall into two classes, those who favor the Revolution and those who do not. This somewhat primitive classification applies quite as well to those who have dealt with the succeeding period, although even among the subjects of the Empire some cool heads, like Miot and Pasquier, may be discovered. The success of Mr. Sloane's work — and it has received a species of ovation rarely accorded to historical treatises since the days of Prescott and Motley — is largely attributable to the public's well grounded conviction that it has at last an impartial account of the great Emperor of the French. The first question which the average intelligent reader asks, upon taking up a history, is whether the writer is unbiassed. To him fair-mindedness appears the prime essential, since he cannot, like the scholar, sip honey even from the most poisonous diatribe. In respect to its impartiality, the most captious critic could find no fault with Mr. Sloane's attitude. He neither exhibits the complacent confidence of Thiers that everything worked together for the glory of France, nor joins Lanfrey in his zealous search for new

traits of gratuitous fiendishness. There is, on the other hand, none of the namby-pamby of O'Connor Morris, who solemnly concedes that, with all his virtues, Napoleon "was not a pious or a scrupulous man."

Satisfied on the question of impartiality, the reader next asks, Does the work contain anything new? Newness, however, is relative. What is new to the public at large may, of course, be commonplace to the student. At certain stages in historical research, rare geniuses like Ranke and Macaulay have been able to treat great periods in a way to gratify both the scholar and the public, but such instances are exceptional, for the scholar demands a highly concentrated and explicitly substantiated account, which is too often unintelligible or distasteful to the general reader. Such happy appeals at once to the learned and to the simply intelligent and cultivated must become more and more infrequent, since the activity of research and what M. Brunetière has aptly called the *furor de l'inédit* almost preclude the possibility of pursuing time-consuming archival study, and at the same time mastering and presenting for the benefit of the public the vast range of already accessible material. In no instance would it be more difficult to perform this double task than in dealing with Napoleon. Even if we exclude second-hand accounts, which almost without exception are quite worthless, a small library could be made up of the published primary sources relating to Napoleon and his times. An Italian savant has begun a critical bibliography for this period, of which five little volumes have been published, reaching the letters "Bern." Napoleon's correspondence alone, including supplementary collections, fills forty or fifty stout volumes, while scores of those who fought his battles, conducted his affairs, or frequented his court have left each his record, filling its foot or so of shelf-room. We no longer hang upon the words of Bourrienne

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or Madame Junot, but Miot de Melito, Marmont, Madame de Rémusat, and Baron de Marbot may not be neglected. The literature of Germany is as abundant and almost as important as that of France itself; for it was in Germany that the Napoleonic régime left its most lasting effects, and there the first definite reverses were encountered. Much that offers itself as material is mere gossip, or is so diluted as to be quite properly ignored, and thus the really essential sources for a scientific account of Napoleon's career need not exceed, perhaps, three or four hundred volumes. But estimate the available material as we may, it is overwhelmingly great, so pray let us not demand or expect anything from the archives in a biography prepared for a popular magazine. Let us be thankful to have an unbiased account, based upon or controlled by Napoleon's own letters, Sandoz-Rollins' reports, Czartorsky's reminiscences, and the publications of Bailleu and Vivenot from the Prussian and Austrian archives. Let the story be but impartially and honestly retold from the material to be had in the libraries of Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, and the public may be assured that the archives hide little which can substantially modify the tale.

In one portion of his field, however, Professor Sloane claims to have gone farther than this, and in dealing with the early youth of Napoleon to have added something to even the scholar's knowledge. Misled by special study of an essentially obscure, and in its details relatively unimportant phase of the subject, he has devoted two thirds of his first volume, no less than one sixth of the entire work, to his "lanky" hero's adventures before the 13th Vendémiaire. The result is an ill-starred attempt to combine a contribution based upon original investigation with the requirements of a popular history. The student had already at his disposal at least two special works upon the early life of Bona-

parte, — Jung's, in three volumes, with many interesting documents, and Böhtlingk's Napoleon Bonaparte. Of the former Mr. Sloane has very properly made use, and he might much better have prepared a brief technical paper embodying any additions to or rectifications of the investigations of his predecessors, and thus spared the reader a most wearisome excursus. Should we ever learn the details of the origin and history of Shakespeare's strained relations with Sir Thomas Lucy, it would still be inexpedient, in our biographies of the poet, to allow such knowledge to interfere in any way with the fullest and clearest account of his later literary achievements and surroundings. Accounts of Lieutenant Bonaparte's Essay on Love or of the vicissitudes of his mother's mulberry plantation may perhaps gratify the reader's curiosity, but such things might well have given way to a full statement, for example, of the condition of France when Napoleon became its ruler, or of the New Germany of 1803. It is these general considerations which furnish the real key to Bonaparte's success, rather than trivial if more immediately personal incidents. Mr. Sloane is evidently half conscious of this, and makes repeated attempts to show the reader how the Corsican episodes discover the genius of later years.

While discreetly rejecting some of M. Jung's fantastic theories, Mr. Sloane seems in one place to have been led into error or obscurity by his predecessor. In speaking of the reasons for the elder Bonaparte's visit to Versailles in 1779, he says: "Necker was trying his promising schemes. There was among them one for a body consisting of delegates from each of the three estates, — nobles, ecclesiastics, and burgesses, — to assist in deciding that troublesome question, the regulation of the imposts. The Swiss financier hoped to destroy in this way the sullen, defiant influence of the royal intendants. In Corsica, the governor and

the intendant both thought themselves too shrewd to be trapped, securing the appointment from each of the Corsican estates of men who were believed by them to be their humble servants. The needy suitor, Charles de Bonaparte, was to be the delegate at Versailles of the nobility." Elected in the summer of 1778, the deputies arrived at Versailles in January, 1779. Their presence there is attested by documents which M. Jung has printed from the archives, providing that the three *députés de Corse*, one from each estate, shall be indemnified for their expenses. Both M. Jung and Mr. Sloane assert that these gentlemen were appointed and summoned to Versailles in consequence of Necker's reforms. Neither writer appears to realize that he has either made a startling historical discovery, or fallen into an error which any one familiar with the history of the eighteenth century should have avoided. What were these mysterious deputies doing at the French court? Necker, according to his daughter, never even dreamed of reviving the Estates General. In a memorial to the king in 1778, it is true, he advocated a system of provincial assemblies which were designed partially to replace the intendants; but the first of these assemblies was tentatively established in Berri, by a decree of July 12, 1778, a month after the date assigned by Jung for the election of Charles Bonaparte as a deputy of Corsica. The matter is easily explained, however, for Corsica was one of the provinces of France which enjoyed the privilege of sending deputies to the court, and the elder Bonaparte and his companions had doubtless been chosen to present the *cahier* of the Corsican assembly to the king.

Of the young Bonaparte's early career Mr. Sloane says most truly: "The story of his reception and adventures in Corsica has no fascination; it is neither heroic nor satanic, but belongs to the dull and mediocre realism which makes up so much of commonplace life. It is diffi-

cult to find even a thread of continuity in it: there may be one as to purpose; there is none as to either conduct or theory." Reviewing the hero's life up to his definite departure from Corsica at the age of twenty-three, our author sympathetically adds: "It is impossible to conceive of a lot more pitiful or a fate more obdurate than his so far had been. There was little hereditary morality in his nature, and none had been inculcated by training; he had nothing of what is called vital piety, nor even sincere superstition. A butt and an outcast at a French school under the old régime, he had imbibed a bitter hatred for the land indelibly associated with such haughty privileges for the rich, and such contemptuous disdain for the poor. He had not even the consolation of having received an education. His nature revolted at the religious formalism of priestcraft; his mind turned in disgust from the scholastic husks of its superficial knowledge. What he had learned came from inborn capacity, from desultory reading, and from the untutored imaginings of his garden at Brienne, his cave at Ajaccio, or his barrack chambers. What more plausible than that he should first turn to the land of his birth, with some hope of happiness, usefulness, or even glory! What more mortifying than the revelation that in manhood he was too French for Corsica, as in boyhood he had been too Corsican for France! . . . But the most prominent characteristic of the young man was his shiftiness, in both the good and the bad senses of the word. He would perish with mortification rather than fail in devising some expedient to meet every emergency; he felt no hesitation in changing his point of view as experience destroyed an ideal, or an unforeseen chance was to be seized and improved. Moreover, repeated failure did not dishearten him."

As has already been remarked, the task of depicting Napoleon's career is one of peculiar difficulty, since it is impossible to disassociate his personal his-

tory from the eventful history of his times. The French Revolution, which rendered his achievements possible, must necessarily be dwelt upon at some length; the conditions, not only in France, but in Europe at large, must be explained, if the reader is to understand even the elements of Napoleon's imperial policy. Thus, the biographer, do what he may to narrow his field, must write or reproduce the history of Europe during a fateful and complicated period of transition from the old order to the new; for the Europe of 1815 was not the Europe of 1792, in spite of the efforts of the Congress of Vienna artificially to restore some of the old appearances. A writer undertaking a life of Napoleon may, of course, presuppose a knowledge of the history of the period. But he might as well presuppose at the same time a knowledge of Napoleon himself, and lay down his pen. If the reader is familiar with the treaty of Campo Formio, the Confederation of the Rhine, and the Continental Blockade, he must be already acquainted with the Emperor of the French. The failure adequately to describe the stage upon which Napoleon and his fellow actors played constitutes the most conspicuous weakness of the work before us. In the first place, the Revolution, which was the primary and essential explanation of Napoleon's success, is treated with neither discrimination nor accuracy. The events described are ill chosen, and indicate no thorough grasp of the most significant phenomena of the period. The Reign of Terror is portrayed in the good old lurid fashion, and Sorel, Aulard, and Stephens would seem to have written in vain. We find the extraordinary assertion that "a single circumstance" — namely, the military organization of Carnot — "changed the French Revolution from a sectarian dogma into a national movement." Was the abolition of the feudal system a sectarian dogma? Was not the great national victory of civil liberty (which is

the most correct definition of the French Revolution) assured, long before Carnot became a member of the Committee of Public Safety? Marie Antoinette and the Count of Artois may have believed a restoration of the *ancien régime* to be possible, but even the most devoted royalists agreed, before Louis' deposition, that the old system was gone, never to return. Besides the larger misconceptions, there are a number of minor blunders and misstatements which are difficult to extenuate. For example, Mr. Sloane says that after the fall of the Bastille the king "came to *reside* among his people in Paris." Louis' stay in the capital did not extend beyond two or three hours. Napoleon is spoken of as receiving a certificate in the fall of 1790 to prove that he was "devoted to the *new republican order*." This was several months before a republic was dreamed of, except by a half dozen enthusiasts like Desmoulins. "A rude and vigorous but eerie order of things had been inaugurated on November 24, 1793, by the so-called republic." To what does this refer? Other inaccuracies of statement might be noted which cannot be justified simply by the necessity of conciseness.

On turning from Mr. Sloane's description of affairs in France to his treatment of the conditions in the various states included in Napoleon's sphere of action, the inadequacy of his work becomes still more apparent. He assumes that the reader is familiar with complexities of German territorial relations which must be carefully explained even in books destined for Germans themselves. The reader will certainly fail to realize Napoleon's place in history if he is not given to understand that the territorial reconstruction of Germany in 1803 was one of the most significant events in the history of Europe for several centuries. This general want of clearness in presenting the great world-interests of the Napoleonic régime is intensified by inaccuracies similar to those already noted

in the case of France. Almost everything in the meagre account of the important treaty of Lunéville is sadly topsy-turvy. "The Grand Duke of Tuscany lost his land, and, like him of Modena, received no other compensation except a grant from the Breisgau in Germany; the Rhine from source to mouth was to be the French boundary." But there was, in reality, no hint of giving the dispossessed sovereign of Tuscany any portion of Breisgau. As for making the Rhine the boundary of France from its source to its mouth, it is hardly necessary to say that Napoleon never contemplated that, even at the height of his power. Article VI. of the treaty says explicitly that the Rhine shall hereafter form the boundary between the French Republic and the German Empire "from that point where the Rhine leaves Swiss territory to the point where it reaches Batavian territory." The Frick valley, in northern Switzerland, Mr. Sloane speaks of as about to be handed over to Austria, but the house of Hapsburg had been the happy possessor of the district for at least five centuries. The purpose really was, according to the treaty, to make this territory a part of Switzerland, to which it belongs geographically.

If, then, we look at Napoleon's career as dominated and explained by two great groups of circumstances, — by the conditions in France and Europe on the one hand, and by his own psychological make-up on the other, — it will be generally admitted that Mr. Sloane has been but moderately successful in elucidating the environment of the man. He tells us little which serves to explain how such insanely ambitious schemes as those of Napoleon came to be gratified, nor has he enabled us to measure the greatness of Napoleon's work even in France, not to mention the lasting effects of his influence upon Germany and Italy. But if the attempt to describe European conditions by innuendo has failed, Mr. Sloane

is more fortunate in his analysis of Napoleon's character and aims, and of his "supernal greatness."

He rightly attributes to Napoleon an idealism which was one of the chief secrets of his success; at bottom, perhaps, a selfish, personal ambition, but of such magnificent scope, so free from the trammels of immediate possibilities, that it may well be called idealism. "Never was a man more practical in his own eyes, or, from his own point of view, more concrete and direct in his motives or conduct. Seizing every opportunity as it arose, he was the type of what is to-day called in France an opportunist. But for all that, not the least element of his supernal greatness was an ever present idealism." Napoleon himself realized his double nature, and the presence of qualities perhaps never before combined in so high a degree in the same man. He once explained to Madame de Rémusat that he had, even as a very young man, the capacity of reveling in seemingly quite hopeless dreams of future greatness, and then, turning abruptly from the idealist into the man of expedients and hard sense, he could dwell upon immediate possibilities, and grasp all the details with an instinct for the merely practical most rarely associated with the tendency to build air-castles. Admit a supreme development in the same individual of these two contradictory and almost mutually exclusive qualities, take from him all hampering respect for morality and all regard for the bonds of affection, why should he not succeed?

Mr. Sloane refuses to fix the origin of Napoleon's ambitious plans so early as some have done. "Many historians proclaim," he says, "the existence of a great life-scheme, declaring that with satanic power the boy had prearranged every detail of his manhood. Of this there is not the slightest proof." Our author, in placing the conscious formulation of Napoleon's projects in the year 1803, when

he was thirty-four years old, appears to have overlooked the remarkable passage in the memoirs of Miot de Melito, reporting a conversation in June, 1797, with the conqueror of northern Italy.

"I found Bonaparte," Miot writes, "at the magnificent residence of Montebello [near Milan], on the 13th of Prairial, in the midst of a brilliant court, rather than the headquarters of an army. Severe etiquette was already maintained in his presence. His aides-de-camp and officers were no longer received at his table, and he exercised great care in the choice of those whom he did admit, it being considered a rare honor, obtained only with difficulty. He dined, so to speak, in public, and during the meal the inhabitants of the country were admitted to the dining-room and allowed to feast their eyes upon him. He showed himself, however, in no way embarrassed or confused by these exhibitions of esteem, and received them as if he had always been accustomed to such tributes. . . . Bonaparte took us for a walk in the extensive gardens of his beautiful residence. The promenade lasted towards two hours, during which the general talked almost continuously. . . . 'What I have done so far is nothing,' he said to us. 'I am but at the opening of the career I am to run. Do you suppose that I have gained my victories in Italy in order to advance the lawyers of the Directory, the Carnots and Baras? Do you think, either, that my object is to establish a republic? What an idea! A republic of thirty millions of people with our habits and vices! How could such a thing ever exist? It is a chimera with which the French are infatuated, but which will pass away in time, like all the others. What the French wish is glory and the gratification of their vanity; as for liberty, of that they have no conception. Look at the army! The victories which we have just gained have given the French soldier his true character. I am everything to him. Let

the Directory attempt to deprive me of my command, and they will see who is master. The nation must have a head, a head who is made illustrious by glory, and not by the theories of government, fine phrases, or the talk of idealists, of which the French understand not a whit. Let them have their playthings, and they will be content. They will amuse themselves and allow themselves to be led, if the goal is but cleverly disguised.” Miot, it may be said, is one of the most discreet and reliable of those who have given us their impressions of the period, and we have no reason to doubt that the swellingly audacious young general of twenty-seven said something very like the report just given.

Mr. Sloane concedes that Napoleon's motives, during the early months of the Consulate, may “properly be stigmatized as those of personal ambition; but they were much more. Half educated and half barbarous as he was in his disdain of human limitations, there was in his heart a clear conception that good can come only of good, and therefore he had a definite purpose to do the most possible in order to illuminate his own rise by the regeneration of society.” Yet this was mere calculation, for Mr. Sloane confesses that “even the notion of duty, not to speak of its practice, was foreign to him; generosity, honesty, and sincerity were utopian conceptions of which his world and his experience had never known. The attractive visions and ideals of virtue which mingled with the speculations of Rousseau or Voltaire had become, like the mirage of the desert, empty illusions that heighten the barrenness of self-interest and ambition beneath them. Human greed, passion, vanity, — such, Bonaparte declared, are the motive forces by which kings rule; the justice of governors was for him the safeguarding of comfort, of material prosperity, and of the superstitions which, under the name of religion, create a moral power necessary to the public order.” *Voilà tout.*

Mr. Sloane would have us note an occasional gleam of generosity, such as the regard shown for the venerable Wurmsers at the surrender of Mantua, or Napoleon's announcement, “in words full of pathos,” to General Clarke of the death of his nephew. “But the hours when the general-in-chief was war-worn, weary, tender, and subject to human regrets like other men were not those which he revealed to the world.”

That Napoleon regarded the Peace of Amiens simply as a short armistice, and asserted, as early as 1802, that he was doomed to fight almost without intermission throughout his term of office, Professor Sloane doubts; urging that “the notices of the time which have come down to us from those not in the thick of plot and intrigue — men like Rapp and others of his kind — create a different impression, that Bonaparte was heartily sick of war, and really desired peace. Yet it is impossible to feel sure of the First Consul's innermost desire, in view of the great army at his back, eager for war, and still posted at the most advantageous points of Europe. Where such an army exists there must be a powerful military party, and such a party must influence a great general. . . . But the charge that already in 1802 France was the destined victim of Bonaparte's ambition, and all Europe but its tool, remains unproved. He was not yet convinced that war was essential for the extension of his influence, and there is no proof until two years later that his dreams of western Europe had taken definite form.”

In regard to the title “Emperor,” which Napoleon chose for the new hereditary dignity, Mr. Sloane says: “The word has acquired a new significance in our age, but then it still had the old Roman meaning. It propitiated the professional pride which had taken the place of republicanism in the army, and while plainly abolishing democracy, it also bade defiance to royalism.” But

can it be true that after eighteen centuries of constant usage with an altogether different connotation, the word had retained any of its original meaning of "general" or "commander"? Charlemagne was the Emperor *par excellence* of French popular tradition, and with the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire and his theoretically imposing office all were of course familiar; but did any one, except the scholar, ever think of the origin of the term? Did any considerable number of the upstart army officers of the time know their Livy and Sallust well enough to have their "professional pride" tickled by this delicate allusion, on the part of their new ruler, to his military origin? Had the word lost its "old Roman meaning," a few months later, when Francis I. assumed the title "Emperor of Austria," or did he choose the term to propitiate the warlike courtiers?

The usefulness of Mr. Sloane's work is much impaired by a heaviness of style and an awkwardness of expression which sadly try the reader's patience. A sentence must often be re-read before its meaning becomes clear. The defective structure of sentences and paragraphs impedes the reader, for Mr. Sloane constantly violates that elementary rule of rhetoric which requires words to be so arranged as to produce a flow of ideas, instead of eddies and countercurrents of thought. In a serial history carelessness might perhaps be extenuated, on the ground that the publication by installments offers an exceptional temptation to eleventh-hour composition, with all its attendant evils. There is, however, no excuse for permitting these inadvertences to find their way into the final edition. We may pass over such minor infelicities as "pregnant step," "baubles necessary just so long as they were useful," the eye's "penetrating quality which veiled the mind within." "I shall not endure it," or even "*ancient friend*:" these do not hinder, although they may offend

the reader. The prevailing vice is an unskillful arrangement of words and sentences; for example, the latter part of the following extract: "It is not entirely clear where Buonaparte was during this time. It is said that he was seen in Valence during the latter part of January, and the fact is adduced to show how deep and secret were his plans for preserving the double chance of an opening in either France or Corsica, as matters might turn out. The love affair to which he refers in that thesis on the topic to which reference has been made would be an equally satisfactory explanation, considering his age."

Attempts to relieve the dreary monotony by an occasional recourse to the figurative are not more successful. Speaking of Napoleon's career of ambition, Mr. Sloane says: "His career had been marked by many blunders, and he had often been brought to a stand on the verge of some abyss which threatened failure and ruin; yet, like the driver of a midnight train, he kept the headlight of caution trimmed and burning. Careless of the dangers abounding behind the walls of revolutionary darkness which hedged his track, he ever paused before those immediately confronting him, and sometimes retreated far to find a hazardless circuit. Brumaire was almost the only occasion of his larger life on which, unwary, he had come in full career upon an open chasm. Fate being propitious, he was saved. Lucien, with presence of mind, opened the throttle, and, by releasing the pent-up enthusiasm of the soldiers at the critical instant, safely drove the machine across a toppling bridge."

This want of ease and naturalness is the more felt since Mr. Sloane is but an indifferent story-teller. We may perhaps experience a slight thrill at Lodi, but we are left cold at other equally exciting junctures. Surely, even the most modern historian need not sacrifice every jot of romance upon the altar of scientific precision. He ought, indeed, to

shift the emphasis, and to point out that certain events have been invested with a fictitious glamour which must disappear as we look at the facts more carefully ; but every ardent investigator will find new and neglected phases of his subject susceptible of enthusiastic treatment. It may well be that the crossing of the St. Bernard was quite as commonplace as Mr. Sloane depicts it ; certainly there was little danger ; many of the French troops crossed by other routes, and as Thiers long ago pointed out, Napoleon did not plan the expedition with the idea of taking the Austrians in the rear. The magnificent culmination of the campaign was an afterthought. Mr. Sloane's phlegm is justified in this instance ; but if the drama must be thus robbed of a thrilling situation, the reader might have been compensated by a more vivid presentation of some of the less familiar events. Even a slight tincture of controversy might have helped. We all feel more interested in the events which Napoleon and his admirers can be shown to have grossly misrepresented ; we enjoy, on the other hand, the refutation of the

surly suggestions of his enemies. Controversy, however, Mr. Sloane has sedulously avoided, — deterred, doubtless, by Lanfrey's ill-humored use of polemic. Still the reader cannot but feel aggrieved when he discovers Napoleon to have been so much less interesting than he had supposed.

There should be no hesitation, nevertheless, in declaring the book, in spite of all drawbacks, a most important addition to our historical literature. It may be cumbersome in style, it may show signs of haste and carelessness, it may fail to compass the whole world-embracing field of Napoleon's influence ; it can still justly claim to be the only fair-minded and scholarly biography of Napoleon in English which we possess. Its general excellence serves to throw its imperfections into relief. The work is evidently the result of such prolonged and painstaking research that, could it but receive the careful revision it merits, and be freed from the encumbrances which hinder a wide and useful circulation, Mr. Sloane's would probably long remain the great standard *Life of Napoleon I.*

MEN AND LETTERS.

THE NEW PATHOS.

It would be a curious study that should trace in detail the changing form of pathos in English fiction of the past fifty years. To state the case summarily, the novelist who, in his pathetic moods, used to be effusive, demonstrative, and melodramatic, jealous lest one tearful touch should escape the reader, has become restrained, epigrammatic, almost symbolic in his rendering of the sorrowful. Dickens's ostentatious making ready of the handkerchief set our fathers all sniveling, as they now indignantly assure

us, skeptics that we are. But his pathos leaves the modern reader, if not "most unusual cam" along with Pet Marjorie, with quite other emotions than the tragic ; whatever feeling of depression it produces relates more to the author himself, his taste and that of his contemporaries, than to the long-drawn sufferings of Little Nell and the others. Thackeray did his weeping more quietly. He had his moments of oh-ing and ah-ing, but his supreme strokes of pathos were the silent and controlled quivering of a strong man under a grievous blow. He could leave George Osborne lying dead

on his face, with a bullet through his heart, on the field of Waterloo, without so much as an exclamation point to remind the reader that here was the place for moist eyes. Colonel Newcome's Adsum gets only one sentence of comment. This is one of the qualities in which Thackeray anticipated the taste of a coming generation; certainly, in this particular of conveying poignantly the smart and despair of life he still beats Dickens off the earth in a way to satisfy Mrs. Carlyle.

There evidently was a powerful literary tradition leading writers of a half-century ago to think that grief must be made luxuriously expansive. Charlotte Brontë is a good example of the spell which this tradition laid upon a novelist of even her strength and poise. She was far from being a deliquescent and hysterical female; yet read such sentences as the following from *Villette*, really intended to make people weep:—

"Proof of a life to come must be given. In fire and blood, if needful, must that proof be written. In fire and blood do we trace the record throughout nature. In fire and in blood does it cross our own experience. Sufferer, faint not through terror of this burning evidence. Tired wayfarer, gird up thy loins; look upward, march onward. Pilgrims and brother mourners," etc.

Is this Charlotte Brontë or Marie Corelli?

It surely has rained since then, as the Spaniards say. Something has happened to make the pathos of Dickens seem absurd, though our tears still flow for those who know the way to their fountain. Ian Maclaren is a very specialist in pathos; he is all a-drip with it. Often you wish he were not quite so insistent upon it; that the hortatory instinct of his calling, or something else, did not lead him to "improve" his pathetic situations so faithfully. Yet through it all he is, by comparison, swift, condensed, reserved. But it is, of course, to Barrie

that one must turn for a master in this kind. He marks the extreme yet attained in the passing from the exuberant and iterative woe of Dickens. "Let it be told in the fewest words," he himself writes when coming to the heart-break at the end of *Margaret Ogilvy*. It is pathos reduced to its lowest terms in point of language; made intense only by the event, by a look or gesture, changing cheek or trembling lip. The old luxury of grief, the cries, the beating of the breast, are gone. The sky does not turn black,—we have got beyond that "pathetic fallacy." The writer neither lectures nor nudges you; he puts the uncolored fact before you, lets the rest be silence, and turns away that he may not seem to be curiously looking for your tears—if you have any.

Does all this argue that manners have really changed, as well as literary taste? Do we take our sorrows more stoically than our grandfathers did? That depends upon who we are and who our grandfathers were. The unconventional classes in society are now what they have always been. Having emotions of any kind, why should they conceal them? Children of nature, their grief is as immoderate as their laughter. Sorrow which did not shriek, lie on its back and kick, with a plucking of hair in its hand as certificate of sincerity, would be looked on with suspicion by them. It is, in part at least, a social convention which leads to the heart putting its own bitterness under lock and key. It is not good form to display powerful emotion of any kind. Now, fifty years have undoubtedly extended outwards and downwards the sway of social conventions. So it would be true that many more people nowadays feel the weary weight of the unintelligible world upon them without crying out so unguardedly; and in this sense it may be said that manners have really undergone a transformation.

Thus there would be reason for as-

serting that the new pathos in fiction is more realistic than the old; it sees and sets forth the fact more accurately. But it may well be that there is a larger truth to be considered; that novelists have, perhaps, not simply become more closely observant, have not merely disciplined their style and cut away the verbiage, but have been gradually emancipating themselves from a literary tradition imposed upon English literature from without. Classic grief was wonderfully expansive. Homer's heroes groaned and raved and wept as freely as a modern football captain or prize-fighter in defeat. The Greek chorus appealed for tears in the frankest manner. So of the great historic literatures of the south of Europe; their pathos was as unrestrained and expressive as the emotional life of the men and women from whom they drew their ideas of it. That is the point: Greek and Latin pathos, Italian and Spanish and French pathos, was wordy, passionate, uncontrolled. But it was realistic. It came from the life. It flung off all measure and restraint, because those meridional peoples were fluent and demonstrative, and without a thought of concealment in their sorrows. May not this idea of pathos have passed into English as a part of the great literary tradition taken over? May it not be that its incongruity with our cold, secretive northern strain has only of late been more clearly perceived? Whatever be said to this, the process of change in our treatment of the pathetic seems easy to establish. The old manner of first-rate writers is now seen only in writers of the second or third class. The masters no longer think that if they wish to see their readers weep, they must do a good deal of conspicuous blubbering themselves. The new pathos is that of the sigh, the averted gaze, the tender touch; not the loud asseveration of anguish too great to be borne.

Rollo Ogden.

PLAYS AND NOVELS.

ONE marked characteristic of the present drama, here in America at least, is that so many plays are founded upon novels. Twenty years ago playwrights were all for adaptations from the French or German. That sort of thing is now uncommon; the present fashion is to dramatize novels.

Seeing plays and reading about them, talking them over and being with persons who are interested in such things, one may easily be led to think the new fashion an advance on the old. True, a dramatic hack will perhaps make a mediocre play from a good novel, just as, twenty years ago, he could "adapt" a fair play from something in French or German. If the novel be popular, people may go to see the play whether it be good or bad, just because they like to see characters they have read about. But most things have their drawbacks; there are some points in the present vogue that seem rather good.

Professor W. L. Phelps remarks in a recent article that "this copying of the Elizabethan method of translating novels into plays is almost ideally bad." The closer and more intimate "relation between these two forms of art" will be, he thinks, "very unfortunate for both." Mr. Phelps does not profess to discuss the question at length; he touches it only so far as it concerns his more general subject. Looking into the matter more closely, one sees some aspects of the case that he did not consider.

One point that is not ideally bad is the use in the drama of material already familiar to the audience. A man who is making a play out of a popular novel has a really fine opportunity, — an opportunity which has been seized by almost all the great dramatists of the world. It is not copying the Elizabethan method, merely (and I should call it very unconscious copying in any case); it is copying the Greek tragedians as well, it is

copying Goethe and Racine, it is copying almost every great dramatist before the year 1800. In comedy, originality of plot would seem of advantage: such at least was probably the opinion of Aristotle, and such was certainly the usage of Aristophanes and Molière, of Goldsmith and Sheridan. But in tragedy, or in many powerful plays which, though we hesitate to call them tragic, are yet not comedies, there is something in having, as the great dramatists always have had, material well known to the audience. It may well be that the modern spur to originality, or rather to novelty, has been really a drawback to the English drama; at any rate, Shelley in *The Cenci*, Coleridge in *Revenge*, Browning in *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, Tennyson in *The Cup*, did not have the advantage of familiar material.

It is true that Ibsen, Sudermann, Echegaray, Pinero, among contemporary dramatists, follow the habit of our time, and so did Victor Hugo and Dumas fils. "During this century," says Mr. Phelps, "unless the contrary was distinctly stated, the playwright was supposed to have created plot as well as dialogue: hence, originality, particularly desirable in the depressed condition of our stage, has been at a premium." Certainly, the present habit in literature does demand, as a rule, originality of motive. This may well come from the preëminence of the novel. In poetry we do not always demand it. Browning generally conceived his plots, but Tennyson, in the *Idylls*, chose a familiar legend-cycle. Rossetti was original in theme, but William Morris usually chose old subjects. In the closet-drama of our century, novelty of plot has not been a *sine qua non*. In this respect, *Atalanta in Calydon* has only followed *Prometheus Unbound* and *Samson Agonistes*.

Mr. Phelps remarks that Shakespeare's motive in making plays out of novels "was simple and blameless: he selected this material, not because it was popular,

but because it was convenient." But without blaming Shakespeare (just noting that he was not above working over old plays according to the theatrical demand of the moment), it may easily be held that one great reason why such material was convenient was just because it was popular. Familiar material has advantages for author, audience, and critic. It relieves the dramatist from the temptation to push "originality" to extremes, — a temptation which not long ago led our playwrights to all kinds of extravagance in "realistic" situation. It relieves the audience of the mere curiosity to see how the play will turn out, and enables it to appreciate, or even to perceive, interesting matters which might otherwise pass unnoticed. It gives the critic certain bases for comparison, and for consideration of true dramatic effect.

It is true that a number of the recent dramatizations have been worth very little. *The Seats of the Mighty* (a singularly undramatic story as a whole) was a failure, and *Trilby*, doubtless, was carried by no especial excellence of its own. But not all recent dramatizations are of popular novels. Two good plays of this season were *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Romola*; both novels are well known, but hardly popular. Last season there were *Carmen* and *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Recently written, though not yet on the stage, are *Henry Esmond* and *The Master of Ballantrae*. This is not hurrying to make money out of the popular whim: it is doing the same thing that Mr. Comyns Carr did in *King Arthur*, or Mr. Gilbert when he wrote *Gretchen*; it is taking advantage of an opportunity that has always been open to the dramatist.

There are certainly some directions in which the present custom is really an advantage to those who like to appreciate a play in its strictly dramatic power. There have been, of late, some curiously excellent opportunities for speculation as to what we mean by the expression "strictly dramatic." Mr. Hamilton's

play of *Carmen* at once challenges comparison with the opera and the story. Such a triple presentation is not very common ; it occurred a little while ago in the case of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, when Signora Duse, for the moment, put in the shade the work of Mascagni and of Verga. Generally, however, we have to content ourselves with comparing an opera and a play, or a play and a novel. This play was immensely interesting ; it seems inferior to the opera, because in the opera no *Carmen* has been able to avoid giving us drama as well as music. And in the opera we are apt not to discriminate between musical effects and dramatic effects, as in the final moments of *The Huguenots* and of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, which are not musical at all. Musical effect aside, the play of *Carmen* is beyond comparison better. In the first and second acts one is haunted by a longing for the music ; in the third and fourth one shakes the feeling off, and sees that the dramatic power alone is sufficiently absorbing.

Of course a man who makes a play from a story need not be a mere adapter. He need not follow his story slavishly ; in some cases it is better not to do so. Mr. Shipman brings *The Master of Ballantrae* to an end with the duel between the brothers ; and rightly, because there ends the really dramatic part of the story. Mr. Stoddard, on the other hand, clinging closely to the text of *Tess* of the D'Urbervilles, ends with a scene at Stonehenge which is a horrible drop from the scene before.

Rather the best acting seen in New York last winter was that of Mrs. Fiske in this very *Tess*, and yet I suppose three persons out of four, in talking of the play afterward, said, " But not my idea of *Tess*." Nor was it Mr. Hardy's, for Mrs. Fiske gave an intellectualized *Tess* that the novelist had not in mind, nor, in all probability, the dramatist. In other words, just as Mr. Stoddard, taking

well known material, fashioned a play, so Mrs. Fiske, taking the play, fashioned a character. She made, perhaps, the only character she could have made ; one cannot easily imagine her the *Tess* of the novelist. So the question as to the actor's right to change the conception comes down, in this case, to the dilemma that Mrs. Fiske must either make a new *Tess*, or have nothing to do with the character. This question of the right of the interpreter is carried a step farther by Mr. Daly's version of *The Tempest*, of which one of the papers remarked, " If we have not *The Tempest* of Shakespeare, we have at least a superb representation built upon it." Mr. Daly is not an actor ; but such a manager is in a sense more than an actor, for he conceives a whole play as an actor conceives a single part.

The casuistries thus arising are many, but of course they are matters to be discussed by two or three friends before the fire or in a club corner. In print they become dull. It is worth noting, however, that these questions as to the dramatic character, as to the rights and responsibilities of the playwright, the actor, the manager, are aroused by the present fashion of making plays from novels. They show that there is some life in the dramatic world, and after all that is what we want. Just now we have not in America an Ibsen, nor even a Pinero. Still, it is something to be alive. People who are alive are often ridiculous, often vulgar, often ignorant. It is bad to be ignorant, ridiculous, vulgar, but the evil is sometimes outgrown. The important thing is that here we have a popular tendency. A popular tendency is a thing to reckon with : we cannot merely decry it out of hand ; we must ask ourselves whether it stifles artistic work or offers it opportunity. In the present case, in spite of inartistic accompaniment, there is certainly an opportunity for any one who can understand it.

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